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A

MEMORIAL

OF

EGYPT, THE RED SEA, THE WILDERNESSES OF SIN AND PARAN, MOUNT SINAI,

JERUSALEM,

AND

OTHER PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES

OF THE

HOLY LAND;

VISITED IN 1842;

WITH BRIEF NOTES OF A ROUTE THROUGH FRANCE, ROME, NAPLES, CONSTANTINOPLE, AND UP THE DANUBE.

BY THE

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PREFACE.

I THINK it right to avow, what the intelligent reader will, however, soon discover for himself, that as a literary production, this book is of small pretension. It is a sketch, and nothing more—just what its title indicates; and primarily intended to give my flock some instructive idea of the way in which the interval of my absence from them was spent. As a Pastor's familiar narrative, it contains many particulars in which the public cannot be expected to sympathize as those will who are so personally related to me.

My journey occupied something less than eight months—a space of time affording but little opportunity for adding to those stores of information already extant—the production of gifted authors, who taken altogether, may be said to have nearly exhausted most of the topics on which I have briefly touched in passing.

I had intended to intersperse my narrative with certain views of prophecy, which from time to time have presented themselves to my mind, in a way not as yet fully wrought out; and to add more extensive particulars of the state and prospects of Israel, as connected with those of the Ottoman empire: but I have been obliged to forbear, in the hope of turning my attention

to them hereafter; for my great difficulty has been to narrow my subject, without really contracting it; and yet to expand sufficiently without making it too diffuse. To be adequately treated, it would demand volumes. I do, however, indulge the hope, that those for whom this sketch has been more especially made, will not rise from the perusal with regret that they ever requested me to write.

I may perhaps be permitted to add, that my materials were hastily noted down from day to day, amidst the wearisomeness of travel; and, for the most part, under the influence of a trying climate; and that this Memorial has been drawn up, not in literary ease and leisure, but amidst those incessant and higher demands upon my time which are inseparable from the spiritual oversight of a large manufacturing population.

They who know me, and respect my motive in publishing, will look indulgently upon all the defectiveness in execution which they cannot fail to notice, and of which none can be more sensible than myself. I say not this to forestall criticism, but only to bespeak kindliness towards an effort for the gratification and instruction of others, in which, circumstanced as I am, I have done what I could.

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CHAPTER I.

EUROPEAN ROUTE—OUTWARD.

Motives, etc.—France—Boulogne—Romish Preaching—Caviglia—French Diligence—Lyons—Romish Superstitions—The Rhone—Avignon—Nismes—Genoa—Civita-Vecchia—Rome—Dogana—St. Peter's—Pantheon—Ancient Rome—Rome: "Holy Week"—The Pope—Papal Benediction—Italian Character and Habit—Albano—Velletri—Pontine Marshes—Terracina—Appian Way—Fondi—Mola—Tomb of Cicero—St. Agatha—Capua—Naples—Monte Posilipo—Virgil's Tomb—Puzzuoli—Biæ—Ancient Remains—Carmelite Monastery—St. Januarius—Naples—Popery—Purgatory—Pompeii—Ascent of Vesuvius—Vesuvius—Procession of the "Host"—Sicily—Scylla and Charybdis—Rhegium—Syracuse—Malta—Sea storm—Zante—Melita—Malta—Syra—Crete—Mahommedan Devotions—First view of Alexandrta—Arrival at Alexandria—Alexandria.

When preparing this narrative, principally for the perusal of the members of a beloved flock at whose request it was undertaken, I felt that, in order to give a view of the manner in which the period of my absence from them was passed, I must introduce many a scene and topic already familiar to those whose reading has lain in the way of voyages and travels. I do not expect to add much to the impressions made on the public mind by travellers more extensive, and authors more gifted than myself; but I just entertain the hope, that many, who have not had much opportunity for perusing what has been already written upon the scenes of my pilgrimage, may participate the deep interest I have felt, and share the instruction I have derived from a visit to the most intensely interesting localities in the world; and certainly, when I left the shores of my native land, with broken health and unfitness for the toils of parochial duty, it was under the persuasion that I was not about to travel for my own selfish gratification, but with an extended motive—and I think a

high one too, comprehending in it a desire to benefit my flock as well as myself.

It is not an easy matter to depict the state of mind with which I prepared for an undertaking that looked so much like enterprise, to one, whose life had been spent within the narrow ocean-girdle of Britain, and much of it in the comparatively retired occupations of a Christian pastor. Difficulties I knew were to be met, and dangers, perhaps, to be encountered, from the very nature of the countries and climates through which I proposed to travel, which might be trying and distressing to one, whose past connexion with home and the scenes and employments of home had been the source of comfort and delight; but still, a great point was to be gained; and scenes which had become endeared and sacred to me ever since the Bible first poured its light and truth into my heart, seemed to invite me at a distance; and well I knew that God, who had in ancient days manifested himself there to patriarchs and prophets and apostles—and especially in his own dear Son, would still be there in the energy of his power, and in the tenderness of his love, and in the richness of his gospel grace. As a Christian man, I went forth to visit the birthplace and cradle of Christianity, with my Bible for my guide-book and solace; and it is a record of impressions made upon a Christian mind that I wish to present in these pages.

It is neither my desire nor intention to describe emotions and sensations occasioned by the presence of venerable and sacred objects, for they, of necessity, must be peculiar to the tone and habit of individual minds, and therefore, not unfrequently obscure, and generally unsatisfactory to others, whose susceptibilities have never been awakened by the actual presence of the objects to which they may refer. Mere emotions and sensations are really very inconsiderable matters, though they commonly give a complexion to the actions of our daily life; they are not of us, but they are about and within us; they come and go unbidden, and without our control; they bear, in general, but little trace of their whereabout; they are

ready to take flight at any moment when the wing of time and change prepares to waft them away; and the heart on which they have lighted for a season, is apt to be as inconstant and changeful as they. But, there is a deep, inward process, far beyond sensation and emotion, which goes on in hearts directed and regulated in their movements by the Spirit of God, and which results in depositing impressions as enduring as the mind itself—impressions from a die formed with the lines of thoughtful reflectiveness, and intelligible, on their exposure, to other minds acted on by a similar influence.

The charm of all visible things, or the reverse, is the effect of some inward impression made by them on the seat of the intellect and the affections; and it is the province of such impressions to recall, not only the objects themselves, but all that stands in association with them, whether referring to the past, the present, or the future. And it is possible, in the way of simple narrative and description to give such a portraiture of events, persons and places, as shall bring them before the minds of others with startling vividness and reality; but that is not all we want. It is the invisible portraiture of things reflected on the heart, reproduced and given forth from mind to mind, which alone has power to satisfy the enquiring and rightly discerning spirit. And I am not without hope that such will read these pages with interest.

When we weighed anchor on the fifth of March, 1842, at the dawn of day, in the stirring port of London, and when I felt that a few hours would probably land me on a foreign shore, I could but look around amidst the forest of masts, and contemplate the indications they afforded of England's national greatness and commercial importance; and in that contemplation, I could not help blending a thought of the vastness of her responsibility as a Christian nation, blest with the fulness of gospel light, and enriched beyond other lands in gospel privileges.

Ten hours and a half of pleasant sailing brought us to the port of Boulogne. The first sight of the shores of France awakened in my mind many a train of thought bearing upon her past history as well as her present condition and prospects. True—the age of her chivalry was gone, and perhaps somewhat of her national glory departed: clouds had burst over her, and the volcanic eruptions of political terror had lacerated her: light and darkness had undergone many a conflict within her, and deep traces of the latter, in a spiritual form, were abundantly visible; but still no one could deny that there were yet left in France materials of a great and noble kind, on which a regenerative process, political, moral, and spiritual, might act successfully. For this every Christian heart should pray; and if it please God that the movement towards spiritual light which has happily begun, and towards which many influential minds are now inclining, both in and out of the Church of Rome, should grow and effectually extend itself, there is no height of national greatness to which France may not arise.

It was on Sunday—the day after our arrival at Boulogne, that an opportunity presented itself of hearing a style and manner of preaching in the Church of Rome, calculated to induce and propel such a movement as that to which I have referred. After having attended the service in the English Chapel with comfort and edification, the bells of the parish Church announced the hour of vespers. I entered while the congregation was assembling, and which consisted, as most Roman Catholic congregations in France do, chiefly of females of the humbler classes. But few men are ever found among them; which may tend to prove, that however the genius of Popery may prevail, yet that its outward symbols have but little charm for, or influence upon, the public mind. The café, the promenade, and the other various sources of mere gratification, seem to claim the Sunday hours of the greater part of the population.

After the usual service of vespers, upon which I make no comment, a young ecclesiastic—the beau ideal of a French

priest—ascended the pulpit, and addressed the congregation with great earnestness on the subject of the real presence of our Lord Jesus Christ in the eucharist. There was a degree of boldness and unrestraint in his manner of preaching, which left my mind impressed with the notion that it was not just on the side of the dogmas of a Church that he was declaiming, but on matters which were deposited in his mind with all the sanctity of eternal truth about them: and one remarkable feature of his ministry was, that he earnestly appealed to the *judgments* of his hearers—a novel appeal to come from the lips of a priest of the Church of Rome. Let but the people be invited and urged to form a judgment for themselves, and let the means and opportunities for right judgment be set before them by the unhindered circulation of the pure and unadulterated word of God, and the movement set on foot in France—the element of which was contained in this young preacher's sermon—must, under the Divine blessing, lead on to a happy issue for the spiritual interests of the French people, and others on whom their national influence may be exercised.

I cannot forbear to record here a circumstance which affected my mind very sensibly. On the evening of my arrival at Boulogne, I had retired to my room, and on opening my Bible for my evening portion, the first passage on which my eye rested, was Isaiah lxvi. 13—"*As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.*" I am not wont to use holy Scripture superstitiously, nor do I think it could justly be deemed superstitious, if I regarded this passage as given for my special solace and comfort on the very day I commenced my journey to the Holy Land. If there are any who would account me superstitious on this score, I should be much more willing to bear the imputation than forego the comfort which that word afforded me.

From Boulogne, our route lay direct to Paris. I dwell not on the objects of deep historical interest which arrested my attention while there. They are familiar to most readers

The genius of the French mind, and the habitude of the French people, are both strikingly exhibited in every thing that meets the eye in that remarkable capital. One thing which afforded me great satisfaction was the opportunity of meeting the venerable Caviglia, so celebrated for his twenty years' explorative residence in and about the Pyramids of Egypt. He was then in Paris. We had expected to find him in Egypt. Introduced by a note from a mutual friend, we visited him at his residence—a small attic, five or six floors upwards, with barely room for his bed, a small table, and a little collection of books. He received us with frankness and urbanity. The history of this man is very remarkable and instructive. After a long life, spent in scientific pursuits, and in the search of truth in her many avenues, or rather in the many avenues in which she is commonly sought; and after laboring in occult sciences and pushing his enquiries, as he now believes, through the personal agency of the evil one, to their extreme point, God was pleased to land him on the sure foundation of revealed truth; and though in communion, nominally only I hope, with the Church of Rome, yet he seems to be aware of, and disengaged from, her sorceries. He is as simple as a child, and his sweet, benevolent countenance beamed on us. He told us of the fact above alluded to, that there is a great movement, in the way of enquiry, going on in the Church of Rome in France; and in this he seemed heartily to rejoice, as every man would, who, like him, has found his religion in the Bible, apart from the traditions of men. I shall not easily forget him. There sat the enlightened, the distinguished, the Christian Caviglia, in his poor rude attic, without fire, without domestics, and almost without the usual conveniences of life, and with but few friends. He was within the mighty heart of Paris; but infinitely above all that makes it throb with ever changing emotions. He says his great desire is now *to die a little daily*, that he may not have it all to do at the last. He seems like a man of a better age than this; one who has fed on better hopes than the men of this generation.

He has lived so long above the ordinary habits of the world, that it is now no matter of self-denial to end his career in an attic. It seemed to afford him satisfaction to see my dear fellow-traveller and myself—two English clergymen on our way to the Holy Land; and when we rose to take our leave, he held us by the hand, called us his dear brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ, and prayed God to increase the number of devoted followers of our Divine Master. There was a touching solemnity in our parting. The door closed upon us. I felt that our next meeting might be where there will be no separation.

I have made this mention of the venerable Caviglia, in order to put before my readers a memorable instance of the unsearchable manner in which our heavenly Father is sometimes pleased to dispense his grace, and to seek and find those on whom he intends his glory should rest.

Our route lay from Paris to Chalons, through Charenton, Melun, Sens, Joigny, Auxerre, Avallon and Autun; and the whole of it was dreary enough. On quitting Paris, we experienced an instance of merciful protection not to be forgotten. The huge, unwieldy and overladen Diligence was driven by a wild, dashing and reckless fellow; and as we were turning a very sharp corner, with a rapid descent in the road, at full gallop, I felt the vast machine poising under me, and all but dashed down on its side. The driver himself looked back, pale with amazement at finding we had escaped. Had it been otherwise, the consequences must have been terrible. The exit from Paris towards Lyons is in the worst possible order; scarcely two carriages can go abreast; but notwithstanding our recent danger and escape, the driver dashed on as before, and I felt persuaded that under his misguidance something untoward must happen. However, we reached the end of our stage in safety; but another and another, as wild as he, assumed the reins throughout the journey, and surely it was no small cause of thanksgiving that we proceeded without mischief. The drivers of French Diligences are quite a people by themselves. Their endless talk

ings, shoutings, and cracking of whips by night as well as by day, admit of no hope of repose to the weary traveller. When we were near Sanlieu, suddenly one of the springs of the overloaded carriage broke. and rendered it problematical whether we should be able to proceed. A country *artiste* in timber bungled together a wooden support to the dilapidated spring, in the hope that we might be able to hold on our way. Notwithstanding our fracture, the heedless driver dashed on as if nothing had happened; and when we reached Autun, a striking ancient town, and had made a suitable delay for needful repairs, we proceeded for six hours more over roads impracticable enough to try the stability of any carriage less substantial than a French Diligence. Chalons was reached at last.

Our route lay from Chalons to Lyons, on the Saone, a delightful sail of eight hours. The first view of Lyons is far more impressive than that of Paris itself. The unequal surface, and the more distant parts of the town occupying elevated positions, give an idea of extent and magnitude for which I was not quite prepared, when thinking of Lyons as the second town in the French territory. The view of Lyons, and of the adjacent country from the observatory, is extensive and most interesting, and far exceeding in my estimation the view of Paris and its environs as obtained from the top of the triumphal arch of Napoleon. When the eye had traversed the far-stretching ranges of human habitations, and the busy, stirring scenes of trade, commerce, and giddy pleasure, which seemed to lie at our feet; and when it sought for still further objects of interest, there—in the distance, appeared the snow-capped "monarch of mountains," Mont Blanc, with Mont Cenis, and the range of the Alps towering away, with bold and well defined outline, in strong relief upon their clear atmospheric background. It was a scene never to be forgotten: but how difficult to present to the mental eye of others, by the feeble though graphic instrumentality of words. It seemed to stand before me like the beautiful creations of a dreamy hour; and I could scarcely believe that after so few

days of absence from home, my eye was resting on those noble and far-famed mountains.

After descending the observatory, we made a visit to the much celebrated and ancient Church, near at hand, dedicated to the Virgin, in connexion with whose name numberless miracles are said to have been wrought; in token of which, the walls are literally covered with pictures representing the scenes and circumstantials of the alleged miracles—some of them distressing, some ludicrous; and little models, in wax, of diseased members of the human body—hands, arms, feet, eyes, &c., said to have been healed, are suspended in innumerable rows. In one corner of the Church I observed a wooden leg of the usual construction—an offering made by a lame man, who had no further occasion for it, by reason of the miraculous restoration, I suppose, of the lost member, the place of which it had supplied. The useless wooden leg became thus a pious and votive offering to the Virgin. The mention of these things may at first excite a smile with many who see only the absurdity of them; but those who know what it is to live under the sober influence of a pure gospel, will see more than absurdity, and lament with me over these sad proofs of a degrading credulity, at variance with that faith which elevates the soul and purifies the heart. In the immediate vicinity of the Church were numerous shops for the sale of the various toys of Popery—rosaries, crucifixes, pictures of saints, martyrs, &c.; and amongst these degrading matters of commerce, a vast supply of wax models of members of the human body was ready to meet the intentions of every votive offerer. At the principal entrances to most of the parish Churches, there are stalls fixed for the sale of the small trappings of popish worshippers.

From Lyons, our course lay down the lovely and picturesque Rhone to Avignon—that ancient city, so celebrated in the history of the fate and fortunes of the Papacy. As the Rhone is less visited by English travellers than the Rhine, I dwell rather upon its rich and varied scenery; and do not hesitate to say, that it produced on my mind more vivid im-

pressions than even the Rhine itself, or the richer parts of the Danube which I visited on my return. The Rhone deserves far more attention than it has yet received. Travellers are frequently too ready to follow in a beaten track, and perhaps often admire scenes of celebrity more because others have admired them, than on account of any direct or comparative impressions which they themselves have received.

From Lyons to Avignon the scenery is for the most part progressive in boldness and picturesque beauty. Always rapid, frequently broad and expansive, the rich river-current flows on majestically. It effects a junction with the Saone at Lyons. The bold hills on the right, or western bank of the Rhone, are generally clothed with terraces of vines from the margin of the river to their very summits; and on some of them is produced the delicious Hermitage, the Vin du Perryae, as well as the Vin ordinaire of the country. The towns and villages on both banks are often bold, very bold, and always interesting as pictures, exhibiting as a prominent feature, the light gracefulness of the Italian style. White convents, and religious houses, occupying often difficult and elevated positions, give great enrichment to the scene. True, we have not on the banks of the Rhone those fine remains of ancient fortification which impart an aspect of majestic grandeur to the heights on either side the Rhine; but we have that which more than compensates—the noble range of the Alps, with their snow-capped summits stealing in upon the scene at various bends of the river, giving massiveness and grandeur to the whole.

While in conversation with an intelligent Englishman, whose avocations were connected with the Rhone navigation, I learnt, that among the mountain-population on either side of the river, an important Protestant movement was progressing; that the priests were fully aware of it, and that many of them did not hesitate to confess that the people were no longer to be driven, but must be led. There seems to be no doubt that the personal influence of the Romish priesthood in France is on the decline—perhaps more than that, not only in the

cities and towns, but in the more secluded parts of the kingdom also. This may be the effect of several causes—separately acting, or combined; such as the natural unwillingness of unregenerate man to submit to spiritual constraint, the growing influence of a practical infidelity, and a spirit of inquiry in the minds of the more thoughtful, which leads them to surmise the unscriptural nature of the spiritual and temporal dominancy of their Church. Dispensations and indulgences are however still sought for, and purchased at various prices, according to the wants and ability of the purchasers; and masses for the dead are doled out at from three francs and upwards.

The approach to Avignon was graced by large numbers of almond trees in blossom, enlivening by their delicate and florid tints, the groves of olive and cypress amidst which they are planted; and it was charming to find ourselves at length brief sojourners in the ancient city itself—venerable in appearance—venerable in its associations. Before the sun had begun to set, we ascended the elevation occupied by the fine old cathedral, from whence we commanded the continuous windings of the Rhone, along which we had so recently passed, and the rich hill-country through which it flows.

Pursuing our course towards Nismes, for the sake of visiting its ancient Roman remains, we again embarked on the Rhone, amidst the charms of a sweet spring morning, while the rays of the early sun shed a peculiar lustre upon the mist-enveloped city of Avignon and its surrounding hill and valley. On reaching Beaucaire, we proceeded by land to Nismes, and soon were engaged in exploring its interesting antiquities; in the foremost rank of which is the amphitheatre, in a state of preservation far beyond the more celebrated ruin of that kind in Rome. Viewed both from within and from without, on its walls and in its area, it presented to the mind a very perfect idea of the nature of those structures, in the barbarous use of which the Romans so greatly delighted. This amphitheatre still contains, entire, a great number of graduated sittings, capable, it is said, when in their perfect

state, of accommodating upwards of twenty thousand persons. It was delightful to view this ancient fabric, and to know that the purposes for which it was erected had long since passed away; that never again would the fierce conflict and the death-sigh of the gladiator be heard there—no longer would the cruel torture of contending wild beasts awaken a thrill of bloodthirsty delight in assembled thousands, enveloped in the shades of pagan darkness. A vast moral change had been wrought, and the record of its triumph is written by time on the crumbling walls of this scene of suffering and of blood.

From Nismes we proceeded by way of Arles to Marseilles, catching distant and lovely glimpses of the Mediterranean with its deep blue waters, on which we hoped so soon to be launched on our way to new scenes of interest. It was with a fresh and stirring breeze that we embarked for Genoa, that seat of ancient greatness, so replete with rich associations.

We were almost immediately under weigh—soon passed out of the harbor, and in a few minutes were upon the blue, beautiful and majestic waters, reflecting the deep azure of the heavens, and laughing in the bright sunlight. Day passed charmingly; and night, with her moonlit solemnities, kept me wakeful on deck for many an hour. When the morning broke, we found the shores of Italy on our left, bathed in that sweet misty light which enriches and mellows the landscape on which it falls. We were in the gulf of Genoa, and soon its port became distinctly visible. Genoa, as viewed from the harbor, is very lovely. It is flanked by a chain of mountains, of bold and graceful outline, on the sides of which the venerable mass is built; and far towards the left are seen the snowy summits of the Alps. The city was radiant with light, glancing and resting upon her towers, domes, turrets and marble-fronted palaces—those remnants and memorials of a grandeur and of a glory which have passed away forever.

Having but one day allotted to Genoa, we gladly stepped ashore at the very first opportunity, and soon filled our minds with Italian associations by a walk through the Strada Nuova

and Strada Balbi, where palace after palace of the most stately and graceful kind presented itself for our admiration. Three classes of objects occupied our attention, namely, churches, palaces of the Genovese nobility, and views of the city and its bay from elevated spots. The streets of Genoa, are for the most part narrow, yet bold; while the rich and graceful style of architecture which prevails, renders every street and alley a fit subject for the pencil. And then the moving and ever changing crowds of population, in all the varieties of national costume—women in their delicate gauze veils, or else of richly figured silk—shoals of ecclesiastics of various orders—monks, friars, and sisters of charity, in the habits of their several grades, made me almost feel as if what I had often seen in pictures was realized before me, till at length all seemed changed into one vast picture again; and it will be remembered by me, just as we remember a picture. The Churches are in general fine in their way, and profuse in the Italian style of decoration, to a degree that becomes offensive to the more chastened and Protestant taste of the English. While examining one of the Churches, I was much struck by the behavior of a poor feeble old man who entered shortly after me. He made his way direct towards a small picture of our blessed Lord on the cross, which hung rather low; and having fervently kissed the feet of the Saviour and gazed upwards with an apparently deep devotedness of manner, he sank slowly down upon his knees and seemed absorbed at once by the inward exercise of his soul—a scene worthy of a better form of Christianity.

Altogether, we spent a very charming though hurried day at Genoa; and in the evening embarked for Leghorn and Civita-vecchia—direct for Rome.

Civita-vecchia is a miserable little port, and presented on our arrival a scene of clamorous disorder not easy to be described. Shoals of squalid and eager porters awaited our setting foot on shore, with the most intense anxiety; and when our luggage was landed, each article was seized by a separate hand, while fierce contention raged for a time be

tween the successful and the disappointed members of this wild and ragged fraternity. At length luggage and travellers were safely conducted to the Dogana, where the former underwent the usual preliminary search on entering the papal states. Most of our packages, and especially a box containing my travelling library, were bound round with cords and sealed with an official seal, in order that they might undergo such a search at Rome as should satisfy a jealous and suspicious government, that nothing was imported tending to affect the safety of the "holy see." After a rough refreshment at a miserable hotel, we set out for Rome—distant about forty-eight miles English, with a very unhappy equipment, which made it necessary for us to rest at Palo till midnight, or rather to *wait*, for rest was out of the question, amidst the most clamorous set of French, Italian, Scotch, and English, I have ever beheld. Soon after midnight we resumed our wearisome journey.

The sun was just rising upon the "eternal city," when we approached it, on the twenty-third of March. Excessive fatigue benumbed in some degree the sensations with which, under other circumstances, I should have approached a spot so deeply affecting as Rome; but yet, I could not suffer the far-famed city to break upon my view without a retrospective glance at those by-gone days, along which the broad current of Roman story flowed on majestically, in contrast with the more modern associations which forced themselves upon the mind. Pagan glory, robed in darkness, as the characteristic of the former age; and spiritual degradation, hand in hand with vast and fearful depravity, as the indication of the latter, supplied the elements of the moral picture on which my mind rested, as I drove within the walls of the modern city, crossing the lazy waters of the ancient Tiber.

On reaching the city gates, we were instantly under the charge of a military escort—that sign of a tyrannical government—and conducted at once to the Dogana, where, at that early hour of the morning, our passports were demanded and our luggage all examined, with the exception of my travel

ing library, which had been secured by the papal seal at Civita-vecchia. This was detained, in order that on a future day, however inconvenient to me, it might be thoroughly searched by a proper officer, that I might not with impunity, bring into the papal territory, books included in the Index Expurgatorius of truth-hating Rome. Three days after our arrival, I attended at the Dogana, to be present at the examination of my books, after several hours spent in undergoing the various previous formalities. The system of espionage which prevails in the papal dominions, is disgusting in the extreme, and repulsive to an English mind. The whole proceedings, to which I was thus subject, breathed the very genius of the inquisition. I must, however, confess that when at last we came into the presence of the literary Censor, and the box and its contents were fairly exposed to his view, he behaved with the greatest courtesy and consideration; and though the entire Scriptures, in Hebrew, Greek, and English, together with several books bearing reference to the restoration of Israel and other subjects of Protestant theology, came under his inquisitive glance—he read out their titles—addressed me in good English, upon which he rather seemed to pique himself, and said, "If you are satisfied—so am I;" and permitted me to replace my little treasure of sacred literature in the box, and kindly facilitated my movements in what yet remained to be done at the Dogana; but I did not escape without paying a duty per pound upon my books, Bibles and all. Alas for Rome!

The "Holy Week" had commenced before we reached Rome; and so great was the influx into the city at that time, that we found it a matter of much difficulty to procure accommodation of any kind. Having at length succeeded, and refreshed ourselves after our wearisome journey, we proceeded at once to the objects of interest which claimed our attention. We allotted to ourselves six days for our sojourn in Rome—little enough it must be confessed; but we were anxious to press onwards to scenes of deeper interest still. Two main objects lay before me—the one, was to see all

that could be seen of Popery at head quarters; the other was to contemplate the remains of Rome scattered around me, with all their traces of ancient glory and ruined magnificence.

Our first excursion was from the Via del Babuino, over the bridge of St. Angelo, commanding the celebrated fort of that name—straight to St. Peter's. I feel difficulty in communicating to others the first and subsequent impressions made on my mind by that celebrated structure. On driving up to the grand area—so noble in its dimensions, with its cool gush of graceful fountains flinging up their feathery streams to a great height, and returning them in rich dews upon the thirsty pavements; and on gazing forwards to the cathedral itself, with its dome and stately colonnades on either side, and with the splendid elevation of the Vatican—the residence of the assumed vicegerent of Christ upon earth, looking down upon the vast pile with which it is connected, in silent majesty, and telling the dark story of many a departed day in the annals of the papacy—there was in my mind a sense of disappointment, which was not by any means diminished when I set my foot within the portico of the temple. On analyzing the state of my mind, I found that the sense of disappointment did not arise from any cause really induced by St. Peter's itself, but from the actually unprepared state of the mental perception. It is one thing to see with the natural eye; another to perceive with the inward vision of the mind. I saw St. Peter's at first only with the natural eye; and it appeared not indeed diminutive or insignificant, but small in proportion to the mental picture I had conceived of it. During my first visit I was not able to get my mind fairly at work upon the subject—so occupied was it by the various things which fixed my attention at once, and in succession; and thus St. Peter's was still an object of disappointment. It was only after the second and third visit that I discovered the cause of this; when I found, that as my mind expanded over the various details of architectural magnificence—so the grand whole expanded itself before my perception, till I

became overpowered by the full sense of vastness. Every mind, I am persuaded, must undergo such a process as this, before the full effect of St. Peter's is realized. I began by a comparative view of things. I first took one of the nave pillars nearest to me at the western entrance, and saw how diminutive the tallest men appeared at its base. I then gazed upwards to the foot of a marble statue, which was so boldly colossal, that when I carried my eye upwards to its full height, it seemed at a point of elevation sufficient to be the capital of a main pillar of any ordinary structure. Beyond the head of the statue the pillar towered loftily, joined itself to the vault of the immense nave, and fell into junction with a corresponding pillar on the other side, down which my eye travelled till it rested on its base. I tried to view these two pillars in their connexion with the arch of the nave —separate from the lengthened colonnade of which they were the commencement; and having imbibed the distinct idea of them, I suffered my mind to carry it on to every succeeding column, till, resting for a moment on the high altar, with its magnificent bronze and gold castings, I glanced onwards to the grand eastern termination; and then it was, while thousands and thousands of devotees and others were pacing the marble area like pigmies rather than men, that I was able to compass the idea of St. Peter's as a temple fitting, in its magnificence, the noblest of all purposes, though degraded to the uses of a base and God-dishonoring idolatry.

Of the statuary, with which every part of St. Peter's abounds, it is impossible to speak in terms of adequate admiration. It seems as if marble breathed and became eloquent, as well as graceful and majestic, under the hand of the sculptor-magician. I could fill this volume with details of such matters; but I must pause, and only mention one statue in particular, now designated as St. Peter, but once Jupiter. It is in bronze; and the hand which once wielded the thunderbolt, now grasps the key--an emblem of power not less terrible than the other. It is a fine, calm, dignified statue; and the right foot is actually worn by the frequent and fervent

kissing of devotees, to which it has been and is continually subject.

When we reached St. Peter's on our first visit, the vesper service had begun; and certainly the music, consisting of human voices, without any instrumental accompaniment whatever, was of the richest kind; but alas! the spirit of devotion seemed not to influence the hearts of the assembled multitudes. After the service was concluded, a procession of priests of various orders was formed, from which certain individuals advanced and enacted the accustomed ceremony of washing the high altar with wine and water; next followed an exhibition of relics, such as the spear-head, with which the side of our adorable Redeemer is said to have been pierced; a fragment of the "true cross," &c.; and lastly came processions of pilgrims from all parts of the world where popery prevails—carrying back our associations to the earlier ages of papal dominancy. The immense area of St. Peter's was thronged with visitors (amongst whom were many English), ecclesiastics of all grades and orders in their graceful and picturesque attire, and monks with their shaven crowns, and the various habits of their order. It was altogether a most imposing scene; but the great drawback upon it all, was the melancholy feeling, that religion—*the* religion which saves souls and glorifies God, had no place in this splendid temple of a false system.

On the twenty-fifth of March, being Good Friday, we had the happiness of attending divine service at the English Chapel, which is situated just outside the Porta del Popolo, on the road to Florence. The sermon was solemn and profitable, from Luke xxiii. 48. It was no small privilege to be permitted there—in the very strong hold of popery, to hear the truth as it is in Jesus, simply and faithfully proclaimed. We occupied a few hours afterwards in exploring some of the more distinguished churches in the city—splendid in decoration, as well as in architecture; as if human wealth were possessed only for one end—the giving lustre to the

various appointments connected with a religion, such as that professed and taught by the Church of Rome.

Passing onwards in our peregrinations, we reached the Pantheon—*the Pantheon* of ancient Rome. Time had been, when perishing mortals received apotheosis there. But things are changed, yet scarcely for the better. The beautifully proportioned and graceful structure is now overrun with popery. Altars are erected at every part of the bold circle; and popish devotees were actively engaged in what they deemed religious exercises, before each. On the steps of one altar lay a large crucifix, with wax candles in abundance burning on either side. Many persons knelt and fervently kissed the feet of the wax caricature of our adorable Redeemer, and at the same time dropped a small pecuniary offering into a little dish, placed for that purpose near the object of adoration. Money and devotedness are inseparably connected in the Church of Rome.

The next object which fixed our attention was the Mons Capitolinus—the site, and part of the ancient structure of the Capitol, around which memory congregates associations of the most heart-stirring kind. In front of the Capitol stands the undoubtedly ancient equestrian bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, with other works of art less perfect. It is as fresh as ever, and as nobly graceful. From the tower of the Capitol we obtained a general view of the chief remains of Rome's greatness, together with the far-spreading Campagna, and the course of the muddy Tiber. Directly under us, and somewhat to the left, were the Mamertine prisons—those gloomy abodes of torture and death, in whose sad shadows the great Apostle of the Gentiles once lay captive and bound; and near them, rather more towards the south, the remains of the temple dedicated to Jupiter Tonans, consisting of three exquisitely beautiful Corinthian columns of marble; to the right of these the portico of the Temple of Concord, and to the left, the richly sculptured Arch of Septimus Severus. And there, too, lay the site of the Forum Romanum—all silent and desolate: no voice of rivetting eloquence is there—save that of

other days which comes back on the breeze of fitful reminiscence. Carrying the eye onwards to the left, and passing the remains of heathen temples now transformed into churches, and bearing about them the trinkets and trappings of popery —the Colosseum, that noble monument which attests alike the greatness and the littleness of Rome, stands prominently in the field of vision. Viewed by daylight from the summit of the Capitol, or at night, when the rich flood of moonbeams is poured upon it—the Colosseum is indeed a wonderful object of interest. I contemplated it under both aspects, and the impression will not be easily obliterated. Time was, when the noble and the graceful, the royal and the gifted, the virgin and the matron, the poet and the philosopher found their places on those now crumbling seats, capable of containing their thousands upon thousands; and gazing on the vast area formed for deadly conflict, there sought, in the sad excitement of the scene, for gratifications which the graceful and rational pursuits of life had failed to afford. Popery has set up her symbols in that scene of pagan heartlessness, only exchanging one kind of darkness for another. Penitential stations now surround the area; a large crucifix occupies its centre; and indulgences are granted in proportion to the number of kisses which it receives from devotees. In the language of a forcible writer on this and other scenes of ancient and modern Rome, I only add—"Erected by a Pagan, purged of its inhuman rites by a Priest, and propped in old age by a Pope—the Colosseum shadows out some faint emblematical picture of Rome itself. It was once the stormy theatre of bloody deeds—it is now the peaceful asylum of holy crosses. Part of it still stands erect or renovated; part of it totters over its base; but the greater part of it has vanished. Eloquent in its silence, populous in its solitude, majestic in its adversity, admired in its decay; the ruins of the Colosseum, like the remains of Rome, excite the curiosity of the antiquary, the ruminations of the moralist, the zeal of the Roman Catholic, the admiration of the architect, the sigh of the philanthropist,

the sneer of the cynic, the humiliation of the philosopher, and the astonishment of all."

Glancing onwards from the Colosseum to the right, the eye rests upon the arch of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of Rome—Christian, alas!—whose way to the imperial purple was tracked in blood. As a work of art it is still noble; as a memorial, still valuable: but in the eye of the true Christian it is a blot on the escutcheon of the true faith. Returning up the Via Sacra, or Via Triumphalis, we find it spanned by the Arch of Titus, sculptured with the story of Jerusalem's fall under the Roman arms, and with the symbolic furniture of the temple in bold relief, restored after a lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, by a "successor of St. Peter." Whatever may be the feelings with which we contemplate the Arch of Titus and its sculptured trophies, and whatever the motive which led to its erection, whether pride, vanity, or ostentation—yet, there it stands, a record of prophecy fulfilled, and of the purposes of Jehovah accomplished in the destruction of Jerusalem, the sacking of the temple, and the final dispersion of God's ancient people; and there probably it will stand till the city of David shall again put on her glorious apparel, and the now scattered multitudes of Israel shall say, "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

To the right of the Arch of Titus, as seen from the Capitol, stands the Palatine Hill, crowned with the crumbling remains of those palaces in which the Cæsars moved the machinery of Rome's mighty and once irresistible empire. Not a trace remains of any thing, but of the perishableness of earthly greatness; and of this there is abundance. The ploughshare has passed over those scenes in which pride and luxury and cruelty held united sway; and now, rank overgrowth and squalid wretchedness are left to declare how the glory which was not after godliness has passed away like a dream If kings and empires were disposed to learn, a rich volume of instruction is to be gathered from the Mons Palatinus,

and the heart-humbling history which is embodied in the very name.

I feel I must not linger amidst these hoary remains of the most wonderful empire of the world, crowding as they do upon the memory, and each claiming a full and elaborate description. My business is rather with that which is now moving and acting in modern Rome.

During the "Holy Week," we availed ourselves of all opportunities for watching the ceremonies daily enacted in St. Peter's; and while marking the conduct of the thousands who thronged the area, even while the stated ceremonies were in progress, we could but notice the utter listlessness which pervaded them. It left an impression on the mind, that those who professed to account them sacred, were nevertheless entirely unaffected by them. Mere lightness and frivolity seemed to pervade all ranks, except perhaps a few ascetic monks, who paced stealthily along amidst crowds with whom they had but little sympathy. On one occasion, in the afternoon of Good Friday, turning from the general assemblage in the nave of the cathedral, we followed a large procession of ecclesiastics, of various orders, headed by a "Lord Cardinal," attended by his officers of state, into the northern side-aisle, where, after having taken his seat under an enriched canopy, he received the public confessions of those who chose to make them. Hurried—brief—formal was the process; after which, shoals of persons, both lay and ecclesiastical, knelt before him in succession, and received his benediction, which was administered by a touch on the head with a small gilt wand, something like a fishing-rod. Shortly after this, the Pope entered—not in full state, though abundantly attended; and, kneeling at a faldstool before the high altar, blessed the relics contained in a vault constructed beneath it. This is a custom of annual observance.

During the Saturday of the holy week, there is a cessation of ceremonies at St. Peter's, and time is allowed for fixing the various decorations, in order to give a stage-like effect to the sad drama of the following day—the day on which we

celebrate the resurrection from the dead of Him who "was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." Feeling that I ought to embrace every opportunity of seeing Popery in the magnificent form which it assumes at head quarters, in order that future protests against it might be based upon actual experience, I resolved on being present at St. Peter's on Easter-day. Popery, as it is, can be thoroughly understood only in Rome. We may read of it in books, and become intimately enough acquainted with its dogmas and doctrines and discipline. We may trace its insidious workings in our own land, whether it go like the serpent, or speak like the dragon; but as to its power to influence the mind, by captivating the imagination—this must be looked for in Rome!

As early as nine o'clock on Easter Sunday, we found the church thronged by those who were eagerly waiting for the ceremonies of the day; while the whole extent of the area was lined by the papal guards in their picturesque Swiss attire, keeping a due space for those who were to take part in the proceedings. All Rome was throbbing with life and animation. Its week-day dullness, and moping inactivity were quite banished. All was glitter and glare and display. Carriages of nobles and cardinals—the latter with their splendid gold and sumptuous scarlet trappings, thronged the streets, which resounded with the clattering of wheels and the cracking of whips. All notion of Sabbath quiet and peacefulness was at an end. I thought of Christ and his meekness, and asked within myself—are these the genuine followers of such a Master?—as my eye glanced upon nobles, cardinals, and inferior ecclesiastics, monks, pilgrims, and devotees, all pressing on together in a current of excited eagerness, as if to some secular spectacle.

I took my station on the south side of the high altar, amidst one of the largest assemblies I ever witnessed; and certainly, I must admit, one of the most picturesque and striking. Perhaps it would not be easy for the most vivid imagination to conceive any thing more splendid and dazzling in its way.

And there was something, too, in the season of the year—the blandness of the atmosphere without, and the brightness of the light within, that helped the mind and stimulated the imaginative faculty. It was at about ten o'clock that the great western doors of the cathedral were thrown wide open, while the choir within sang the introductory anthem. By and by, the papal procession began to enter, advancing up the middle of the nave, which had been kept by the pontifical guards. The procession was headed by soldiers in armor, followed by a large retinue of the civil officers of the Pope, in costume, and a great body of ecclesiastics, monks, friars, &c. in the various habits of their orders. Then came a representative of the Patriarch of the Greek Church—crowned, accompanied by several bishops of the same church, and their various officers and attendants; and after them, a very large assemblage of bishops of the Church of Rome, in their splendid and gold-embroidered robes and mitres; next, a great number of cardinals in their state attire of scarlet and purple, attended by their train-bearers and other officials. It was, perhaps, half an hour before those who formed the procession had taken the several places assigned for them. A large space behind the high altar, in which stood the papal throne, was carpeted and superbly decorated with gorgeous drapery of crimson and gold, and set apart for the distinguished members of the procession, except for the cardinals, whose place was immediately about the high altar, so as to be in attendance upon the Pope. As soon as all were in their places, a loud flourish of trumpets from without, responded to by another within the cathedral, announced the arrival of the Sovereign Pontiff. Every eye was turned towards the entrance on the south side, where there is a communication with the Vatican, and soon was seen the uplifted golden cross of the Pope, and next, himself, borne aloft over the heads of the people in his gilded chair of state, under a rich canopy, with fans of large dimensions made of peacock's feathers, continually waving from side to side. He wore his robes of state—white silk and gold, and his triple crown. He sat more like

an image than a living man, with his eyes for the most part closed, and occasionally moving his hands, as if in the act of benediction. His person is far from prepossessing, however the weight of years upon his brow might entitle him to be called venerable. I should speak of his countenance as being a bad specimen of the vulgar Italian. He was soon seated on his throne behind the high altar, and received the homage of bishops and others. His triple crown was then removed from his royal brow, and forthwith offered and deposited on the high altar; and then, wearing a plain white skull-cap instead, he was arrayed no longer in royal, but in priestly vestments, for the purpose of saying mass, according to annual custom. During the whole ceremony, the Pope, aged as he is, appeared like a hale and active man. The scene was certainly imposing and splendid in the extreme; but alas, no religious feeling could for a moment be connected with it. It seemed altogether a matter of mere external display and ceremonious pomp; and I could not but feel how gracious a lot was mine, that I should be a member of a church through which both the bread of life and the water of life are really dispensed to the people. And, alas! I thought, if a poor guilty and sin-withered soul, craving for salvation, had entered St. Peter's at that moment, he might have been dazzled by the church's splendor, so as to have forgotten for a season the burthen of his sorrows, but would have departed without an answer capable of bringing peace and consolation.

The Mass was complete—the host was elevated—the idolatrous adoration of the "bread-god" was performed, and the immense congregation began to disperse, in order—some to witness, and others to receive, the papal benediction from the front balcony of St. Peter's. Following the crowd, I made my way to the grand area without; and it was an overpowering scene, when I beheld its vastness thronged with masses of people waiting for the remaining ceremony. I cannot say that they appeared like persons expecting to receive a spiritual benefit, and so far they were right; but yet, there they were, alas! the vassals of a sovereignty, which based its magnifi

cence upon the ruins of spirituality. The blue of an Italian sky hung over us, and the lustre of the brightest sunlight broke upon the lovely fountains that were casting their misty streams far and wide. The great bell of St. Peter's and other bells were tolling, military bands were playing, and all were at the height of expectation, when at length, bells and music suddenly ceased, and a dead silence pervaded the bare-headed and attendant thousands. Immediately the Pope presented himself at the middle balcony, in his full pontifical robes and triple crown, borne forward in his chair of state, and gave the accustomed benediction—signing it, as it were, by the motion of his hands. Some prostrated themselves on the pavement, while others fell upon their knees, and a few remained erect, as mere spectators. As soon as the ceremony was complete, a volley of heavy cannon thundered from Fort St. Angelo; again the military bands burst forth with their acclamatory strains, and soon the area was empty and silent, except as it was traversed by the carriage of a lingering cardinal or noble, wending his way from the splendors of the Vatican. How sweet and refreshing was the simple scriptural worship in which we joined in the afternoon at the English Protestant Chapel: how affecting the contrast it presented to all we had witnessed in the lifeless formalities of popery, splendid and imposing as they were to the perception of the carnal mind.

It is quite impossible to convey an idea of the state of Rome during the "Holy Week." It is a season which seems to afford a strong stimulus to the whole sluggish, sensual, and listless population; and has power to bring up from the provinces great numbers of such as delight in a kind of religious dissipation. When the season is past, the dull habitude of indolent indulgence returns, and soon afterwards Rome is deserted by the many who shrink from the summer temperature which is approaching, and from the malaria which breathes up from the Campagna, and carries disease and death in its course.

Popery seems to be a system beyond all others adapted to

the tone of the Italian temperament, whose prevailing characteristic is indolence. The Church is every thing, and it does every thing. It leaves scarcely any thing for man to do for himself. I believe the Italian mind, generally speaking, in its present defective state of cultivation, is quite incapable of those intense processes of thought and reflectiveness which the individual pursuit of spiritual truth occasions. There is a mental diligence and labor connected with real Christian experience, such as the Italian mind is, as yet, unprepared to exercise. Hence, then, the unlimited influence of a system which professes to do for money, what cannot be accomplished by any other means. The sinner rests his responsibility upon the Church. The Church professes to relieve and cherish; and while drawing him to her maternal bosom, cheats him of the "sincere milk of the word," and binds him with a chain stronger than adamant.

It was on the thirtieth of March that we bade farewell to Rome, en route for Naples. Quitting the city by the Porta di San Giovanni, we had on our right the remains of the Appian way, with its fragments of ancient Roman tombs. On the left were the aqueducts—those splendid and costly means for supplying Rome with her overflowing fullness of fountains, carrying with them in their course the proofs of her greatness in design and vigor in execution. The Campagna, through which we passed, was in all other respects bare and uninteresting. Our route lay towards Albano, near to which the Appian way is met by the more modern road. A drive of between three and four hours brought us to Albano, from the heights of which the eye could range over the whole Campagna—bounded on one side by the Mediterranean, and on the other by the Apennines. And there lay Rome—that once "mighty heart"—with her now faint pulsation scarcely telling of life; for Roman animation is not life—life crowded with generous motives, and noble projects and elevated pursuit. But yet it was something thus to look down on Rome, as the scene of some of the earth's most astounding dramas—as the seat of apostacy's worst form.

On our right, as we descended from the carriage and proceeded on foot up the hills of Albano, we had a tract of rich agricultural country, bounded by the sea, which, from thence towards Terracina, was the scene of the latter half of the Eneid of Virgil. We were now on classic ground; but there was created in our minds an interest far beyond all that associations merely classical could impart: we were on the very road traversed by St. Paul, when, after his shipwreck, he went up to Rome by way of Appii Forum and the Three Taverns,* the usually assigned sites of which places lay before us. Although, in all probability, the country has in most of its details undergone considerable change since it was visited by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, yet it was deeply interesting to know, that its main features—the grand outlines of mountain, hill, valley, and ocean, as they now exist, had been gazed on by him.

On the evening of our first day's journey we reached Velletri, and being anxious to proceed with all convenient speed, we renewed our route after a suitable pause for rest and refreshment; and it was during the night that we crossed the Pontine marshes, the atmosphere of which is so injurious to persons who are not in robust health. Various and repeated efforts have been made for effectually draining these marshes, both previous and subsequent to the Christian era, but in vain. I was awakened from my midnight slumber in the carriage, by the wearisome croaking of the frogs, which swarm in all parts. It sounded like the heavy falling of waters at a distance; and had I not heard it with my own ears, I should have deemed it incredible that such a noise could be emitted by such creatures. I should think the sound, in a still night, might be heard at the distance of three or four miles. The Pontine marshes are of wide extent, and are the effect of an anciently commenced and perpetually continued contest between the earth and the bright waves of the Mediterranean; and notwithstanding all the efforts from time to time made to counteract their influence, so prejudicial to

* Acts xxviii. 11–15.

human life, still they send forth a malaria, which is irresistible in its effects. I awoke with a most distressing sensation of fever and thirst, accompanied by an oppressive fulness about the brain, which was probably the temporary effect of the pestiferous atmosphere. I asked for water where we stopped to change horses, but none was to be had fit for drinking; and in order to subdue in some degree the craving of thirst, I was glad to take a draught of poor sour Italian wine —not very palatable at the best, when compared with the bland and delicate productions of France.

It was Appius Claudius who first conceived, and who actually executed the bold idea of forming a solid road across these terrible marshes; and remains are still to be seen of the canals, bridges, and private ways which were parts of the bold undertaking. During a great part of the period of those wars in which Rome was so frequently engaged, this territory, over which so much treasure had been expended, became neglected; the consequence of which was, a perpetual succession of inundations; and, one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, extensive and costly reparations became necessary. After long neglect, Julius Cæsar conceived extensive projects for their improvement; Augustus followed them up; and Trajan, in his day, paved the main road, and rebuilt many bridges which had fallen into decay, and supplied additional ones. These lasted for a time; but it was reserved for Pope Boniface VIII. to make more suitable and permanent improvements; whose efforts were continued by Sixtus V. and Pius VI. Still, notwithstanding all attempts, the Pontine marshes are the region of misery and the abode of death. Ague, jaundice, dropsy, marasmus, palsy, mania, melancholy, there sit in watchful jealousy over the pulsations of human life.

It was shortly after day-break that we reached Terracina, which is washed by the blue waves of the Mediterranean; and though squalid and miserable in itself, as most provincial towns in the papal states are, yet it was a charming relief to us, after having encountered during the night the horrors of the

Pontine marshes. Terracina was a Volscian town, and anciently named Anxur, or Axur; but the Greeks called it *Trachina* (*i. e.* steep), on account of the bold white rocks by which it is flanked; and hence its modern name *Terracina.* The ancient Anxur was situated on the rocky height overlooking the sea; and remains of it are still visible. The Appian way passed through Terracina.

After several hours delay for want of horses, we resumed our route, in the hope of being able to reach Naples, sometime in the evening or night, however late. On arriving, however, at the barrier which separates the Neapolitan from the Papal States, the lynx-eyed officer of a jealous government detected a deficiency in our passports. Although we took the precaution, on leaving England, to have foreign office passports, and though they were properly signed by the British and Roman authorities at Rome, they had not received the signature of the Neapolitan minister. This was fatal to our progress, and very vexatious. No remedy suggested itself, but that of entrusting our passports to the next Neapolitan courier to Rome on the following morning, which involved the necessity of our return to Terracina, there to await the arrival of the precious documents. The hard-hearted official of the Neapolitan government had no commiseration whatever with us in our unhappy predicament; and back to Terracina we went with most unwilling steps. Having entrusted our passports to a courier, we waited their return with all the patience we could command—prisoners as we were in the hands of the papal authorities. Oh, highly privileged Britain! through whose length and breadth both native and foreigner, with equal freedom, may make their route without the espionage of police, or the hindrance connected with passports. I wish those who bellow about freedom, in a land of liberty like ours, could just taste the reverse of liberty, as the slaves of Rome and the serfs of some other continental governments do. It would, perhaps, bring them to a better judgment.

Terracina, like all other Italian towns, swarms with beg

gars; and troops of squalid and ragged children, trained to that odious habit of life, beset you at every step. You hear their small voices in little more than a half whisper, as if they were almost ashamed of themselves, craving for the smallest donation; and in this way they will continue to pursue you for several hundred yards, according as you may seem to look kindly on them or otherwise. The whole population of the papal states, so far as I had opportunity of observing, appeared miserably poor and destitute; and those at Terracina peculiarly so. No resident gentry are in the neighborhood to care for the people, or give a tone of moral improvement to their minds. The Italian peasantry have but few wants, and are content with what would be deemed destitution by the extravagant beer-and-dram-drinking people of England. True, the necessaries of life are far cheaper in Italy than in England; but I am persuaded that if an Italian peasant could have the income of an English artisan, he would account himself a wonderfully rich man, and never dream of hardship or discontent. In the neighborhood of Terracina, you now and then meet a fine intelligent-looking man, with a rich olive complexion, black hair and full black eyes, wrapped in his flowing brown mantua, and wearing the high-peaked and broad-brimmed hat. Though the Brigands are now nearly extinct, yet in the costume which I have just mentioned, you trace much that induces you to associate the idea of brigandism with any such you meet.

At Terracina I gathered oranges and lemons from the orchards by the wayside, giving a trifle of money to the proprietors for permission to do so. A single paul is quite sufficient to procure all your pockets full of oranges and lemons. We found a few palm trees, the first I had ever seen, mingled with olive, orange, and lemon trees. The appearance of their graceful feathery foliage in the landscape is very beautiful. In our walks we found great numbers of lively green lizards, scampering upon the rocks, and shining and sparkling in the sun. They are graceful creatures, both in their form and motion. Buffaloes are very much used in this country

for the purpose of draught, and appear to be very docile; and there is also a fine breed of noble long-horned oxen, many of which are also employed in a similar manner.

Having time at our disposal while delayed at Terracina, we availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded, for examining a part of the Appian way, which runs through the town towards Rome. We traced it distinctly in greater or less degrees of preservation, nearly to the point where it was met by the present road over the Pontine marshes; and the greater part of it is as fresh, and in as solid a state as at any time during the existence of ancient Rome. While walking on this memorable road, it was not by any means an effort of the imagination to conceive that our feet were actually pressing the very stones on which St. Paul trod in his way to Rome, after having appealed to Cæsar; for it is more than probable that he journeyed on foot, such being then the customary mode of travelling: and in earlier days it was usual even for persons of distinction to travel as pedestrians. Horace certainly passed over this road on foot, from Rome to Mola di Gäeta. Alas! what changes has Rome undergone since the day on which the Apostle trod the Appian way. How has gospel light become dim. How unlike is the Christianity now professed there, to that which had gained ground when he addressed his admirable epistle "to all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints." How deep must have been the emotion of his energetic and heavenly mind, when toiling along the Appian way, not only to make good his appeal to Cæsar, but also to visit the church which divine grace had planted in the heart of pagan Rome.

On the third day our passports arrived, and we hailed the prospects of emancipation with great delight. We were soon on the road to Fondi, having sent forward a messenger to provide a carriage from thence to meet us at the Neapolitan barrier. Our passports were sufficient, and we were at once permitted to go on. Whether the general mendicity of the people, or the mean rapacity of the Dogana, be the more disgusting feature of this most wretched place, I cannot quite deter

mine. The looks of the professed mendicants, and of the officers of the Dogana, were equally hungry and wolfish. Having passed the examination of baggage, and got free from the inquisitorial officials, we recommenced our route on the celebrated pass to Itri—the territory of Fra Diavolo, the once strong-hold of brigandism; and certainly, the very aspect of the road, thronged by terrible associations of blood and rapine, is such as to inspire dread and alarm, however safe it may have become in later years. The pass lies through mountains, bare, bleak, and rugged, which sometimes appear to hem in the traveller on every side, and to cut off every avenue of escape from a merciless banditti. Itri itself, the head quarters of brigandism with its strong-hold, occupies a bold and commanding position, and presents an appearance as wretched and degraded as Fondi.

From Itri to Mola di Gäeta, the route was through the most charming variety of rock and valley, clothed on all sides with fine bold plantations of olives and vines, interspersed with orange and lemon groves, enriched and heightened in their tinting by the influence of a tempestuous sky, from which ever and anon the sun burst forth with amazing splendor and brilliancy of effect. The manner of cultivating vines in Italy is very graceful. They are not trained in the dwarf gooseberry-bush form of those in France, but festooned from tree to tree. Mola di Gäeta is a lovely spot, bathed by the waves of the Mediterranean. At a short distance from Mola, on our right, we passed the tomb of Cicero—the erection of a manumitted slave who loved his master, and cherished his memory, when the artfully concealed blow of the cruel Antony and the dissimulating Augustus had laid him in the dust of death. It was on this spot, while on his way to a villa in the neighborhood, that he received the blow of the assassin. And though Cicero was great enough to fill Rome with himself, yet no friend, in any wise his equal, could be found, either affectionate or daring enough to speak out from the marble of the mausoleum, against the atrocity of his "taking off." Two lessons we learn, while standing at the base of the

sepulchral memorial; the one is, the emptiness and danger of the ambition which is of this world; the other, the fallacy of friendships which are not cemented by the love of God in the heart. The former laid bare his bosom to the knife. The latter directed, and gave terrible energy to the stroke.

At Mola di Gäeta we were in the midst of classic ground; the scene which the imaginative faculties of Homer, Virgil and Horace peopled with a race of heroes, gods, and demigods, from whose vices, passions, and achievements, the light and shade of the poetic page have been supplied. The dreams of fancy remain. The classic soil still breathes of other days; but the lyre of the poet is now silent as the dust of the grave in which his ashes repose. Homer is a name; Virgil—a name; Horace—a name!

It was a bright April morning, which shed lustre upon the whole picture, when we quitted Mola, on our way to Naples. From Mola to St. Agatha, the route was charming, having on the left, the chain of the Apennines with their snowy capes, and on the right, the tideless Mediterranean, presenting an aspect of sweet repose. The intermediate landscape on either side is composed of olive grounds, vineyards, and corn fields—a lovely scene of fertility and abundance. During this part of our journey, I observed for the first time, the abundant growth of aloes of an immense size, lining the hedge-rows, and spreading their broad bold leaves in a majestic manner, giving a very peculiar character to the landscape.

From St. Agatha to Capua, our route lay through a plain, richly cultivated, and abounding in vineyards and corn fields, as if the bounties of nature were lavished in profusion. Capua is a fortified town, and a princedom; but alas, how filthy, wretched, and squalid. Heartily glad were we, when the wearisome repetition of police examination was over, and we were permitted to make our way still onward over the plain of vineyards and fields which lies beyond Capua.

It was on the fourth of April that we entered Naples,—

a spot of the earth so lovely, that it has exhausted the power of lyre, pen, and pencil. What can I say of it, in a space so limited as that which it must needs occupy in this small volume? What need I say, when every form and variety of expression has been used, to convey an idea of its surpassing beauty? Earth, air, water, sky, cloud, flower, foliage, light, shade, mountain, rock, valley, enriched with associations classical and poetical, make up the enchanting picture! It is difficult to determine which is the most attractive point of sight from which this wonderful scene is to be viewed. If we ascend to the heights of the castle of St. Elmo, and gaze down and around upon the rich and varied panorama: or if from that point of the bay which commands Vesuvius and its neighboring campagna, we mark its own bold sweep, the rich tintings of its Mediterranean waters, and the varied grades of graceful and picturesque architecture—dome, spire, convent, and palace; or still further, if we wander round the bold and rocky promontory of Posilipo, with the rich bay, and the noble and admonitory Vesuvius on our left—all, all is alike, admirable and charming. I have seen much of nature's grandeur and loveliness, and much too that is noble and elevated in art; but in Naples, I found what I have never elsewhere met with, in such a state of wondrous and harmonious combination.

It needs a far more vigorous pencil than mine to sketch even the outward portraiture of the people of Naples; and who shall adequately depict the interior? All that can arise from the influence of climate—buoyant spirits—half-maddened vivacity—impetuous passions; all that can result from local associations—picturesque—fanciful—capricious; and all too that can proceed from such a civil government and such an ecclesiastical system—slavery, poverty, idleness, and moral degradation, are too visible on the very surface of the human current, as it ebbs and flows along the crowded avenues of the restless city. The whole population of Naples gives the idea of immortal creatures forced into a delusive miscalculation upon the purposes of existence; and who, contrary to all

evidence, have come to the conclusion, that gratification is the business of life, and that life and its prospects are compressible into a day. It would be difficult to associate the idea of a recognised responsibility with the aspect of a Neapolitan population. One would think that the almost only two faculties of the mind which they actively employ are the imagination and the memory; the former heightening the excitements of the present moment—the latter stimulating the causes of excitement. Alas! they are moral agents, yet without true freedom; and—nominally Christian, yet without Christ. Their freedom is but an evasive licentiousness. Their Christianity is the pageant of a depraved and fallen church. While my memory is filled with glowing pictures of the loveliness of Naples, my heart sickens at the idea of its moral degradation, which lies like a deep alluvion formed by the endless ebb and flow of human passions, corrupt systems, unbridled carnality and godless destitution. What human depravity, under the reign of paganism began—it has abundantly finished under the dominion of the papacy. Whatever may be the material for the regenerative influence of true religion to work upon, in the heart of the Neapolitans, I know not: but certainly, nothing would more fully prove the omnipotence of grace from on high, than the emancipation of such a people from their present debasement, and the uplifting of them to the true dignity of the children of God. But I forbear to dwell on this subject.

Having occupied a suitable time in forming some idea of the interior of Naples, we set out for some of its environs. Amongst the first objects of interest was the promontory of Posilipo, and the adjacent localities. We commenced our route by the way leading towards Puzzuoli and Baiæ; and found just on this side of the subterranean road or tunnel, hewn in the solid rock of Posilipo, the structure usually given in prints and drawings, as the tomb of the Bard of Mantua. But on reading the inscription, and examining the structure, we found it was not so ancient; that in fact, it was the monument of an admiring modern age, rather than the

tomb of Virgil. The tomb, we ascertained to be above—on the rock itself. Proceeding along the subterranean road, we met with a young Cicerone—a ragged Neapolitan elf, who led us by the delightful route over the Monte Posilipo, amidst vineyards and orchards of fig trees. At every step, some new and lovely scene presented itself—robed in that most magical combination of light and shade so common in this enchanting country. At length, after commanding one of the most superb views of Naples and its magnificent bay, we began to descend a little, and by degrees came to a spot, which might well have been selected by the Poet as the place of repose for his ashes. Though the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, and the pitcher be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern; and though the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it; though the grave shall be the abode of darkness, forgetfulness, and of loathsome corruption; yet there is something charming in the way of anticipation—however unusual the object of anticipation may be—to lay our bones in a spot where the loveliness of nature is lavished —as if to gaze upon it, out from the portals of the dark chamber, though debarred from all connection with the stirring interests and pursuits of human life. And thus the imaginative faculty of man carries a vague idea of consciousness and perceptiveness into the silence and solitude and forgetfulness of death. The remains of the Poet's tomb are but scanty, and consist of a small chamber of about twelve feet square, formed of rude stones on the exterior, and entered by a low arch, and lighted also by a similar one on the opposite side. Round the walls of the interior, are niches, in which have been deposited urns containing the ashes of the dead. The whole structure is of rough Roman masonry, gracefully overhung by a ponderous spreading branch of the Ilex, or evergreen oak—a chaplet woven and bestowed by nature in her poetic mood. The chaplet is as fresh and as green as the Poet's fame. The tomb itself looks, as it were, far abroad upon the bay of Naples—towards those waters on which the

eye of genius so often rested, as if he and they were to grow old together. The one has passed away. The others remain with all the weight of years, but yet with the freshness of youth, upon them.

I was anxious to visit Puzzuoli—the "Puteoli" at which St. Paul arrived, when, having "fetched a compass" from Syracuse and come to Rhegium, the south-western breeze bore him onwards to the Italian shore.* At length, my eyes rested on the honored spot; and, reviewing the course of my journey from Rome—partly along the Appian way, I was enabled to recall the scenes through which the great Apostle passed, pressing onwards to the "eternal city"—a prisoner in the hands of a Roman Centurion—a fearless witness of the "faith once delivered to the saints." Ages have rolled by—governments have flourished and decayed, and dynasties have crumbled; yet, amidst the wreck—two things have remained permanent; the track of the Apostle's journey in the cause of eternal truth, and the record of his apostleship, written in pages of living light by the finger of the Spirit of God.

Puzzuoli is now an insignificant town, as viewed at a little distance. Its inhabitants are very generally occupied in fishing. In the immediate neighborhood are the remains of a temple of Jupiter Serapis, many parts of which are in good preservation, and convey a pure idea of its original beauty. Indeed, the remains of ancient Rome, in the immediate neighborhood, are all deeply interesting to the antiquary, the poet and the philosopher. Proceeding onwards from Puzzuoli, we reached Baiæ, the site of so many villas in the palmy days of Rome, when luxurious indulgence sought to vary and multiply its transient delights, which drew from Horace the sarcastic remark, that the Romans, not content with their own inland territory, sought to grasp the possessions of the ocean. In our way, we particularly noticed the remains of a villa of Cicero, remarkable for being the spot in which he composed his "Quæstiones Academicæ." The wing of genius had

* Acts xxviii. 11—13.

been expanded there; and now—what is left? The broken arch, the ruined wall, and the mere echo of a name as immortal as genius could make it. Not far from this ruin, are those of the villas of Julius Cæsar and Nero. Cæsar, Nero, and their palaces, are alike dust. Time's wing has swept away the mighty and the cruel; and a "*has been*" is all that can be said of either. Oh, what a dream is human existence, when viewed through the retrospective vista of long past years.

The baths of Nero are still remaining; and the peculiar feature of them is, that they are supplied with naturally boiling water, the product of the volcanic soil, lying at the more distant parts of long and low passages bored in the solid rock. So high is the temperature of these springs, that eggs are easily boiled by being put into a bucket and immersed below the surface. We found the temperature far too high to admit of our proceeding to the extremity; and, indeed, the attendant at the bath returned with eggs boiled, and dripping with perspiration from every pore. At Baiæ, also, we found the lake Averno, the fabled mouth of the infernal regions; and also the famous Sybil's cave of Cuma. The former is but little calculated at present to stimulate the imaginative faculty, whatever may be said for the latter, through which we were conducted through long subterraneous passages, illuminated by torch-light; and at length were fairly borne through water on the backs of our guides to the very secret recess of the Sybil's chamber.

During our stay in Naples, we availed ourselves of an opportunity of visiting the monastery of Carmelites, situated just below the heights of the castle of St. Elmo. The monks were at vespers when we arrived; yet we were readily admitted, and proceeded direct to the church, where we found some very fine and effective specimens of fresco painting and rich marbles. The principal altar abounds in precious stones. We afterwards walked round the cloisters, in the centre of which is a small square burial ground, with little wooden crosses about a foot in height, just serving to mark the spots in

which are deposited the ashes of men who have worn out their small allotment of days in the sad and withering inactivity of monastic uselessness. It was a humbling picture. We entered several cells which were remarkable more for their bad odor and want of cleanliness, than for anything else. Their furniture was poor and scanty, and gave but a slender notion of comfort in any particular. In one cell lay an aged monk in bed, sick and helpless. My heart longed to set before him Christ Jesus and him crucified—apart from the lumber of the church of which he was a member; and it was sad to be obliged to leave him with the darkness of death and error about him. But there was no help for it.

We made a point of visiting as many as possible of the Churches of Naples, in which, however, we found nothing worthy of being compared with those of Rome. At the Cathedral—the patron saint of which is St. Januarius, (whose congealed blood, preserved in a phial, is said to undergo several annual miraculous liquefactions!) we spent an hour agreeably, however painfully the superstitions of a corrupt church acted upon the mind. The general effect of the structure is solemn and satisfying; and the statue of the patron saint, surmounting the high altar, is very effective. The chapel beneath the altar is extremely curious. We were conducted to it by some of the inferior ecclesiastics, bearing lighted wax tapers. In it we were shown the sarcophagus in which the remains of the saint are said to be deposited, as a distinguished object of sacred veneration; but the ecclesiastics who attended us appeared far more anxious to receive our money, than to magnify the sanctity of their patron saint. Perhaps they were wise enough to suppose that any efforts for that purpose would be sadly lost upon two heretics, such as they must have deemed us to be. They were very thankful on the receipt of half a ducat; indeed they seemed almost amazed at receiving so much. The clergy and monks of all orders swarm about the streets, and loiter in and about the churches. Idleness is the order of the day; and then, the too common filthiness of their per-

sons awakens disgust in all who have been accustomed to better things at home.

In Naples, the symbols of religion—the material objects of superstition meet the traveller at every turn. We noticed particularly in the evening, when the shops were lighted up, that in almost all—I think I might safely say, in every one, at the further end, there is to be seen either a picture or small statue of the Virgin, illuminated by lamps or candles—and more or less of these, according to the wealth or poverty of the people who are owners of them. And in almost every street, something like this is also visible. It is a common thing also to see fresco paintings on the walls, intended to represent souls in the flames of purgatory, with angels hovering over them; while beneath are inscriptions imploring *money—money*, for the church to secure her aid in the way of masses; and then there is a little box in which the *devout* and *pious* may drop their contributions in aid—not really of souls in purgatory, but of the cause of superstition and ecclesiastical rapacity. Though doubtless the great bulk of the Neapolitan populace are perfectly indifferent to such things, yet there are some with whom such disgusting daubs and craving solicitations have their weight and influence. The doctrine of purgatory and the practice of masses for the dead, are amongst the most profitable traffic of the papacy. It would be curious, though revolting and distressing to the Christian mind, to see an accurate return of the annual produce of impostures such as these in Roman Catholic countries.

We could not leave Naples without making a visit to Mount Vesuvius and Pompeii. The route lies through Portici and Torre del Greco, and is altogether destitute of picturesque objects. The distance to Pompeii is about twelve English miles. It was in the year seventy-nine of the Christian era, that the destruction of this celebrated abode of Roman vice and luxury was effected by a terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Evidences, too conclusive, of the degraded state of the Roman mind, are abundantly visible in the various articles discovered during the labor of excavation, which has

been progressing for many years. Some of these still remain in the form of fresco paintings on the walls; and multitudes of other kinds are deposited in the Museo Borbonico. Next to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah there has never perhaps, been a more signal and just retribution than that which overtook the luxuriously debased and brutalized inhabitants of Pompeii. It was when the cup of iniquity was overflowing its brim, and daring licentiousness was at its height, that the wrath of God descended in the burning streams of Vesuvius. And the discoveries which have been the result of laborious excavation, most distinctly show, not only the general habits and character of the people, but exhibit them in their very pursuits and occupations, at the moments when the tempest of divine fury burst over them, and engulphed their city in rivers of liquid and scorching lava. The streets of Pompeii are still as fresh as if they had been in use but yesterday; the track of chariot wheels is every where to be seen; while on the walls, and over the doorways of houses and shops, are to be read inscriptions—notices—advertisements, and other indications of activity and enterprise, of amusement and indulgence, of idleness and depravity. The temples, amphitheatre, and private residences, convey a distinct idea of the manners and habits of the Roman people eighteen centuries ago; while the articles of domestic furniture and ornament—of luxury and ease, still preserved in the museum, show that, at that distance of time, human nature in its tendencies and pursuits was much the same as it is now—in the nineteenth century. What gives so peculiar an interest to this remarkable scene, is the fact, that instead of being a Roman habitation evacuated of its inhabitants, and left to ruin and decay, it presents, as it were, a petrified reality of men and things as they existed in their day—a synopsis of Rome in the first century of the Christian era. It is like a city of the dead, arousing itself to give testimony concerning the living who have passed away, as if they had never been. Every stone is admonitory; and every marble utters a homily to the men of the present generation,

whose footsteps break the silence of this scene of death and awful devastation. Looking upwards from Pompeii to Vesuvius, the picture is still alarming. The mountain yet threatens; while the indurated streams of lava which are incrusted on its sides, present a lasting memorial of terror.

Preparatory to making the ascent of Vesuvius, we proceeded from Pompeii to the little town of Resina, and took up our abode at a rude Albergo, from whence guides and all other needful matters are obtained, for visiting the terrific mountain. Here we procured a homely evening refreshment, with a bottle of wine produced from the vineyards which skirt Vesuvius. We lay down for a few hours of repose in a miserable apartment, awaiting the promised summons of our guide, who undertook to be in readiness at two o'clock in the morning, with torches, in order that we might reach the crater before the beams of the rising sun should diminish, by their admixture, the effect of the volcanic fires. We commenced the ascent soon after the hour appointed. The morning was very favorable, and not too warm. We had resolved to perform the whole expedition on foot, though both our guide and host strongly urged us to take a supply of mules as far as animals could be of service; and assured us that the ascent would occupy three hours at the least. For the first two hours the road was not by any means difficult. It is a circuitous and gentle ascent, though rough with loose stones and rocky incrustations of lava—rendered often inconvenient by the darkness, and the uncertain flickering light of the torches. At the expiration of the two first hours we reached the base of the crater, when the real difficulty and labor of the journey commenced. Our guide assured us that the ascent to the summit would not occupy more than an hour if we could but keep ourselves braced up to the undertaking. This part of the affair is usually performed on foot, being impracticable for mules. We made a pause of a few minutes for rest; and then fairly gave ourselves the task. The ascent of the crater is almost perpendicular, over a succession of sometimes loose and sometimes substantial and solid lava.

There is no regular path. We were therefore obliged to select our footing with the greatest care. The labor of ascending was very great, and at times almost discouraging. Again and again we paused to take breath, while our guide repeatedly cried out in English, "Come on—courage—courage;" and at length, jaded and worn, at the expiration of another hour, or thereabouts, we found ourselves on the brink of the crater. Folding my cloak about me, I lay down for a few minutes upon the warm lava, and soon recovered myself. We arose, and proceeded; and from the mouth of the crater into which we were enabled to look down, flame and smoke were issuing abundantly, rendered more strikingly visible by the dim twilight before sunrise in which we viewed it. The scene which now presented itself was awfully grand, wild, and savage. The whole surface about the crater seemed ready at any moment to burst forth with its wonted terror, and was covered with sulphur and pumice-stones. On one side of the edge, looking towards the remains of Pompeii, our guide began to agitate the sulphurous material with his walking staff, which soon emitted sparks, and then broke into a vivid flame. There was a hideous and suspicious aspect about the whole, which made a deep impression on my mind; and when I recollected the fearful devastation which this volcano had occasioned in other days, and saw how the secret work of combustion was still actively proceeding, I felt, to a degree most difficult to describe—my dependence upon the mercy and compassion of God, in whose hand alone is lodged the power of controlling and restraining, as well as of making actively destructive, the terrible apparatus by which we were surrounded, and whose unfathomed mysteries lay beneath our feet.

The sun rose magnificently, and bathed in its early light the snow-clad Apennines, touching every part also of the surrounding landscape, including the city and bay of Naples, and the silent desolation of Pompeii. And how terribly did it exhibit to us the broad current of lava which had poured downwards to the plain in which that devoted city was

placed. Perhaps it is not easy to find a scene more terrific in its general character than this, when coupled with a full idea of the extent of devastation connected with it, and when looked upon as likely at any time to pour forth the fierce streams of destruction on the surrounding and defenceless population. Having satisfied our curiosity in reference to Mount Vesuvius, we commenced our descent by a route different from that by which we ascended, and it was not without some fatigue and difficulty that we accomplished it. It is very curious to see the vineyards skirting the dread mountain, connecting at once the idea of cultivation and fertility with the utmost development of aridity and desolation.

The brief period which we had allotted to Naples was now expired; and we were anxious to be on our way for Alexandria as soon as circumstances would admit. It was the sixteenth of April, when a messenger announced that the steamer on which we depended, was in sight, in her course from Genoa and Leghorn, and would be in port in about an hour. This was between six and seven in the morning. On the arrival of the vessel, we learnt that she would not resume her course till about noon. We had time left for a little further examination of the externals of Naples. While sitting at the window of our hotel, after breakfast, suddenly I saw the crowd in the street stand still, as if preparing for some interesting scene. One put down his bucket, another his water jars, a third his itinerant merchandize. The business of Neapolitan life seemed for a moment to be all checked, and the mass of the people were immediately on their knees in the dust of the broad highway. A dead silence soon pervaded the whole. I guessed at once what it was. A procession of the "host" was in sight. It was the first and only occasion I met with, of seeing a ceremony so common as this in Roman Catholic countries. The procession consisted of ecclesiastics, followed by many of the laity, and was passing along a side street in sight of those who were in the main one. As soon as the procession had passed, the silence was broken; the pursuits of daily life were resumed; and men, women, and children

again jostled together, apparently forgetful that any thing deemed sacred had for a moment occupied their attention, or suspended their activity.

It was about noon when we embarked on board the Scamandre. We were soon under weigh, and had for our companions a motley group of English, French, Italians, and Greeks, with a considerable allowance of priests, a Franciscan monk, and four sisters of charity. The view of Naples and its superb bay, with the Isle of Capri on the right, was indescribably beautiful, as we bade farewell to this spot of the earth on which so much of nature's treasure has been lavished. A few hours, and Naples had vanished in the distance. A lovely moonlight night kept me on deck to a late hour; and on the following morning, by about eight o'clock, the coast of Sicily was in sight; and at length the eye rested on the snowy peak of Mount Etna. In the foreground, towards the right, was Stromboli, emitting smoke and a small quantity of fire, though but slightly visible in the light of the early morning. We made our way at an easy rate over a placid sea, towards the straits of Messina, and soon were sailing between Scylla and Charybdis, the former of which is a rock of no very large dimensions, on the coast of Italy; the latter a supposed whirlpool on the Sicilian side of the channel. Scylla and Charybdis, according to the fables of the poets, were two sea monsters, whose dreadful jaws were continually distended to swallow unhappy mariners. But, foregoing any particular reference to the fictions of poets, I rather present the following more interesting particulars, selected from the narrative of a visit made to this celebrated spot by the Abbé Lazzaro Spallanzani, of Pavia.

"I first proceeded," says the Abbé, "in a small boat to Scylla. This is a lofty rock, distant twelve miles from Messina, and rises almost perpendicularly from the sea, on the shore of Calabria, and beyond which, is the small city of the same name. Though there was scarcely any wind, I began to hear, two miles before I came to the rock, a murmur and noise, like the confused barking of dogs, and, on a nearer

approach, readily discovered the cause. This rock, in its lower parts, contains a number of caverns, one of the largest of which is called by the people there, Dragara. The waves, when in the least agitated, rushing into these caverns, break, dash, and throw up frothy bubbles, and thus occasion these varied and multiplied sounds. I then perceived with how much truth and resemblance of nature Homer and Virgil, in their personifications of Scylla, had portrayed this scene, by describing the monster they drew, as lurking in the darkness of a vast cavern, surrounded by ravenous barking mastiffs and wolves."

"Such is the appearance of Scylla. Let us now consider the danger it occasions to mariners. Though the tide is almost imperceptible in the open parts of the Mediterranean, it is very strong in the straits of Messina, in consequence of the narrowness of the channel; and is regulated, as in other places, by the periodical elevations and depressions of the water. When the flow or current is accompanied by a wind blowing the same way, vessels have nothing to fear, since they either do not enter the strait, both the wind and the stream opposing them, but cast anchor at the entrance; or if both are favorable, enter in full sail, and pass through with such rapidity, that they seem to fly over the water. But, when the current runs from south to north, and the north wind blows hard at the same time, the ship which expected easily to pass the strait with the wind in its stern, on its entering the channel is resisted by the opposite current, and impelled by two forces in contrary directions, is at length dashed on the rock of Scylla, or driven on the neighboring sands, unless the pilot shall apply for the succor necessary for his preservation. In order to give assistance, in the case of such accidents, twenty-four of the strongest, boldest and most experienced sailors, well acquainted with the place, are stationed night and day along the shores of Messina, who, at the report of guns fired as signals of distress from any vessel hasten to its assistance, and tow it with one of their light boats. The current, where it is strongest, does not extend

over the whole strait, but winds through it in intricate meanders, with the course of which these men are perfectly acquainted, and are thus able to guide the ship in such a manner as to avoid it. Should the pilot, however, confiding in his own skill, contemn or neglect this assistance, however great his ability or experience, he would run the most imminent risk of being shipwrecked. In this agitation and conflict of the waters forced one way by the current, and driven in a contrary direction by the wind, it is useless to throw the line to discover the depth of the bottom, the violence of the current frequently carrying the lead almost on the surface of the water. The very strongest cables break like small cords. Should two or three anchors be thrown out, the bottom is so rocky that they either take no hold, or if they should, are soon loosened by the violence of the waves. Every expedient afforded by the art of navigation, though it might succeed in saving a ship in other parts of the Mediterranean, or even the tremendous ocean, is useless here.

"Charybdis is situated within the strait, in that part of the sea which lies between a projection of the land named Punta Secca, and another projection on which stands the tower Lanterna, or the lighthouse, a light being placed at its top, to guide vessels which may enter the harbor by night. On consulting the authors, who have written on Charybdis, we find that they all suppose it to be a whirlpool. The first who asserted this was Homer, who represented it as a monster, which three times a day drank up the water, and as often vomited it forth."

"Charybdis is distant from the shore of Messina about seven hundred and fifty feet, and is called by the people of the country, *Calofaro*, not from the agitation of the waves, as some have supposed, but from καλος (beautiful) and φαρος (a tower) that is, the *beautiful tower*, from the lighthouse erected near it, for the guidance of vessels. The phenomenon of the Calofaro is observable when the current is descending; for when the current sets in from the north, the pilots call it the descending rema or current; and when it runs from the

south, the ascending rema. The current ascends or descends at the rising or setting of the moon, and continues for six hours. In the interval between each ascent and descent, there is a calm, which lasts at least for a quarter of an hour, and not longer than an hour. Afterwards, at the rising or setting of the moon, the current enters from the north, making various angles of incidence with the shore, and at length reaches the Calofaro. This delay sometimes continues for two hours. Sometimes it immediately falls into the Calofaro, and then, as experience has taught, it is a certain token of bad weather. When I observed Charybdis from the shore, it appeared like a group of tumultuous waters, which as I approached became more extensive and more agitated. I was carried to the edge, where I stopped some time to make the requisite observations, and was then convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that what I saw was by no means a vortex or whirlpool. Hydrologists teach us, that by a whirlpool in a running water, we are to understand that circular course which it takes in certain circumstances; and that this course or revolution generates in the middle, a hollow inverted cone, of a greater or less depth, the internal sides of which have a spiral motion. But I perceived nothing of this kind in the Calofaro. Its revolving motion was circumscribed to a circle of, at most, one hundred feet in diameter; within which limits there was no incurvation of any kind, nor vertiginous motion, but an incessant undulation of agitated waters, which rose, fell, beat and dashed upon each other. Yet these irregular motions were so far placid, that nothing was to be feared in passing over the spot, which I did. I could not, therefore, but conclude, that at that time there was no whirlpool—I say at that time, since the case might be very different when the sea is tempestuous. I therefore made inquiry relative to this of the pilots, those especially, who, from their tried experience, were appointed to give assistance in storms to foreign vessels, and who had frequently seen Charybdis in its greatest fury. The following is the substance of the answers they gave me. When the wind and

the current are contrary to each other, and both in their greatest violence, especially when the south wind blows, the swelling and dashing of the waves within the Calofaro is much stronger, more impetuous, and more extensive. It contains three or four small whirlpools, or more, according to the greatness of its extent or violence. If at this time small vessels are driven into the Calofaro by the current or the wind, they are seen to wheel round, rock and plunge; but are never drawn down into the vortex. They only sink when filled with water by the waves beating over them. When vessels of a larger size are forced into it, whatever wind they have, they cannot extricate themselves; then sails are useless, and after having been for some time tossed about by the waves, if they are not assisted by the pilots of the country, who know how to bring them out of the force of the current, they are furiously driven upon the neighboring shore of the Lanterna, where they are helplessly wrecked."* This then may serve to give some idea of Scylla and Charybdis.

It was night when we neared Rhegium and Syracuse—spots on which I would fain have gazed, as connected with the journey of St. Paul towards Rome;† but there was no help for our being obliged thus to pass them in darkness.

It was early in the morning of the eighteenth of April, when we were awakened with the announcement that Malta was in sight; and by nine o'clock we were safely in harbor, in the midst of British vessels, amongst which was the splendid new man of war, "The Queen." The first view of Malta is picturesque enough, and bears much of an Italian aspect. It is altogether destitute of foliage, and gives an idea of distressing exposure to the sun. After obtaining pratique, or permission to land, from the quarantine authorities, we rowed ashore, and transferred our baggage to the vessel intended to convey us to Syra, which was appointed to sail

* Spallanzani's Travels in the Two Sicilies; Vol. 4, p. 168. Nich. Jour. II. 12.

† Acts xxviii. 12, 13.

at about one o'clock. But little time therefore was al owed us for getting a glance at Malta, which is quite a cosmopolite city, wherein people of all climes and kindred meet you at every turn. The cathedral is accounted a fine structure, but we had not time to examine it, nor the small church dedicated to St. Paul, said to be placed on the spot where he shook off the viper into the fire without injury,* after his shipwreck.

Soon after one o'clock, on the eighteenth of April, we embarked on board "The Dante," an ill-appointed and filthy French steamer: but there was no alternative, and we were obliged to submit. I could not help calling it "Dante's *Inferno*." We had on board a small party of Oxonians, bound for the shores of Greece; and besides these, an admixture of French, Romans, Greeks, and Turks. When we had been under weigh about four hours, the machinery was sadly out of order; and it was feared that we should be obliged to put back. The French are execrable engineers; and never have I seen engines in such a condition as these were. The mischief was remedied in some degree—yet not so as to give me the least confidence of safety. We made way, however, without any further cause for alarm, though during the night the wind was rather boisterous. The next morning broke with indications of rough weather, which increased upon us; and at length I was familiarized with the terrors of the sea. I here transcribe from my journal, what I penned down at the time—after one of the most perilous and trying accidents of my life. I desire to retain, and to convey to others, the exact impressions which it made upon me.

"April twenty-first. I sit down to my journal this morning with a heart filled with gratitude to Almighty God for special mercies received, in a scene of awful peril. Oh! that I may remember his wondrous loving-kindness and forbearance, to the latest day of my existence! I feel at this moment that I have been snatched by an almighty hand—when human strength could not help me—from the jaws of death.

* Acts xxviii. 1—6.

I have had abundant proof that God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God; and that even 'the winds and the sea obey Him.' The night of Tuesday, the nineteenth instant, was rough and gusty; but yet there was nothing about it to occasion the least immediate anxiety. I went to my cabin and slept soundly. The morning dawned with a threatening aspect; and soon after breakfast the storm, which had been stirring during the night, gained head and broke upon us. Its violence increased every hour, until it became terrific. Our little bark was but like a shell upon the whelming waters. Sometimes we were well-nigh buried in the ocean depths on one side, while their surges broke over us; and it seemed as if we must be engulphed by the suction of the angry billows. Then we were tossed up and down, till the vessel appeared almost as if standing on its head and stern alternately. I had often heard of seas running 'mountains high;' but I had never witnessed anything like the scene which now surrounded me. For twenty hours, that is, from nine o'clock yesterday morning till five this morning, I watched the fearful storm; and during the anxious hours of the long night, I remained for the most part on deck, watching almost every wave as it swelled and glistened in the subdued and fitful moonbeams of the midnight. It was a trying time. All the other passengers but one, shut themselves into their berths; and he who remained on deck, lay along on the bare planks, and buried his head in his cloak. I held as fast as possible by the small rigging near the pilot's wheel; but twice I was dashed upon the deck, while the sea broke over and drenched me to the skin. How slowly—how drearily the long, long hours lingered by. I thought of home—of my dear family—my beloved flock, and every familiar scene of home—and of home pursuits and occupations. I summoned them, as it were, into my presence. Imagination was painfully busy. I seemed to hold communion with those I loved, and who loved me—and who little thought of the perils by which I was surrounded. They, I hoped, were in comfort and safety, and had borne me on their hearts at the throne of grace,

before retiring to their midnight rest. I was alone—as it seemed—in the drear hour of darkness—on the wide ocean, in a frail bark, with sailors in whom I had no confidence; and perhaps, I felt the end of all earthly things was at hand with me. On analyzing my feelings—I cannot exactly say that it was *fear*, but it certainly was *apprehension*, which a length gained such full mastery over my mind—filling i with terrible imagery—as to bind me to its will, and keep me nervously and sensitively awake, while grasping the rope nearest at hand to prevent my being washed overboard by the surges. Now and then, I crawled down the cabin stairs, and by the light of a solitary lamp drew comfort from the precious pages of God's holy word. A dear friend, writing to me just before I quitted home, had expressed a hope that I might realize the comfort set forth in the ninety-first Psalm. I turned to the golden passage; and never before did I feel as I then felt, its force and power. It seemed as though penned for *me alone;* and as if divine mercy and love were speaking to me in it. Turning over my Bible, at another time, my eye rested on Lamentations iii. 22—26:—'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him. The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.' From these portions of scripture, my mind derived the sweetest serenity, peace, and assurance. My soul was lifted up to God in hearty and confiding prayer; and though death seemed still to be spreading his dark pinions over me, yet, ere long, all apprehension passed away—even while the storm continued to rage wildly and horribly. I stood calmly awaiting the issue. Self-dependence, and self confidence, I had none. All was sought and found in God—my covenant-keeping God. Such a process as my mind and heart underwent, accompanied by such a result, amply compensated all the trial I endured. I certainly had all

along expected that the frail and crazy engines, or some part of the cracking and groaning vessel, must give way under the violence and heaviness of the sea. At length the moon struggled forth, and gave a partial illumination to the scene; but it only served to exhibit more awfully the stupendous magnitude of the waves which were singing and howling and hissing malignantly around us—while, by the rapid action of the vessel from side to side, the moon itself seemed to plunge and dart from side to side of the firmament, overhung with dark and threatening clouds. In the midst of all that was terrible, I was struck by the beautiful exhibition of phosphoric light which played upon the waves as they were met by the paddles of the vessel. Sheets of light blue flame of great magnitude sometimes shot forth, and were so bright that I could have read by them with ease, had they been steadily prolonged. Then the course of our vessel was tracked by innumerable spangles of the same phosphoric glare. Silence prevailed. Not a voice, even of the shipmen, was heard; and the pilot fixed at his post, plied his arduous task. At five o'clock this morning the day dawned, and the change of scene brought with it a considerable diminution of sea and wind; and soon every indication of safety was mercifully afforded. Greatly worn and excited by the terrors of the preceding day and night, I went down to my berth, flung myself on my bed; and though the vessel was still rocking and pitching, yet I fell instantly into a sound sleep for an hour or two. I awoke refreshed and with my heart filled with unutterable gratitude to my heavenly Father for mercies so great and eminent. Oh! that my future days may be consecrated entirely to his service.

At about ten o'clock we descried land on our left. We had been, like St. Paul, "driven up and down in Adria;"* and instead of being amidst the islands of the Archipelago, of which Syra, the immediate point of destination, is one, we found ourselves far up in the Adriatic, but bearing down in

* Acts xxvii. 27.

a south-easterly direction. The land on our left proved to be *Zante.*

Turning to the narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck, and consulting the chart carefully, it became a deeply interesting fact to my mind, that almost on the very spot, as it were, in which St. Paul encountered the like peril, we had experienced the special mercies of God. As to the particular locality, it may be remarked, that the only observable difference is this—the Apostle was in his way towards Malta—we, en route from it: but both were "driven up and down in Adria." That the island of *Malta* was the actual scene of the Apostle's shipwreck, I have but little doubt, though some, with apparent reason, have questioned the fact. It may be interesting to my readers to see a brief view of the argument on both sides of the question.

La Trobe, in his *Scriptural Illustrations*, says—"There is some difficulty in identifying this island. The name and general suitableness of the situation, however, seem to verify the concurrent testimony of centuries, that *Malta*, in the Mediterranean, answers to the *Melita* of the Scriptures. This, however, is not universally conceded. It has been suggested on high authority, that a small island in the Adriatic sea, on the Illyrian coast, now called *Meleda*, was the *Melita* of the Acts. The most plausible arguments in behalf of this opinion are derived from its situation being decidedly in the Adriatic, which cannot properly be said of Malta, from its exact position in reference to a storm from the S. E., the island lying N. W. by N. of the S. W. promontory of Crete—from the wildness of the island, and the barbarous character of its inhabitants—and from the low, damp, marshy nature of the country, favorable for reptiles and fevers. On the other side it is argued, that tradition—a good witness in matters of fact—has ever assigned the locality to Malta—that the winds S. E., E. S. E. and E. were equally calculated to drive a ship to Malta in a direct course from Crete—that had the vessel taken the course of Meleda, there had been no danger of falling upon the syrtis—that it does not appear that the Romans

had ever such an establishment in Meleda as to require the residence of a pro-Prætor—that it is not probable that a ship of Alexandria would choose such an island to winter in, which implies the arrival before the stormy season—that in the event of a ship making the western course of Italy from Meleda, there would have been no need to touch at Syracuse before it could arrive at Rhegium."

Mr. Bryant, Dr. Hales, and others, have strenuously endeavored to show that the Melita of the Acts was in the Adriatic sea, on the coast of Illyricum. Dr. Hales thus states his argument:—That this island was Meleda near the Illyrian coast, not Malta on the southern coast of Italy, may appear from the following considerations. 1. It lies confessedly in the Adriatic sea, but Malta a considerable distance from it. 2. It lies nearer the mouth of the Adriatic than any other island of that sea; and would, of course, be more likely to receive the wreck of any vessel driven by tempests towards that quarter. And it lies north-west by north, of the south-west promontory of Crete; and came nearly in the direction of a storm from the south-east quarter. 3. An obscure island called Melita, whose inhabitants were 'barbarous,' was not applicable to the celebrity of Malta at that time, which Cicero represents as abounding in curiosities and riches, and possessing a remarkable manufacture of the finest linen: and Diodorus Siculus more fully—Malta is furnished with many and very good harbors, and the inhabitants are very rich, for it is full of all sorts of artificers, among whom there are excellent weavers of fine linen. Their houses are very stately and beautiful, adorned with graceful eaves, and pargetted with white plaster. The inhabitants are a colony of Phœnicians, who, trading as merchants as far as the western ocean, resorted to this place on account of its commodious forts and convenient situation for maritime commerce; and by the advantages of this place the inhabitants subsequently became famous both for their wealth and their merchandize. 4. The circumstance of the viper or venomous snake which fastened on St. Paul's hand, agrees with the damp and woody island of Meleda, as

affording shelter and proper nourishment for such, but not with the dry and rocky island of Malta, in which there are no serpents now, and were none in the time of Pliny. 5. The disease with which the father of Publius was affected—dysentery combined with fever, probably intermittent, might well suit a country woody and damp, and probably for want of draining exposed to the putrid effluvia of confined moisture; but was not likely to affect a dry, rocky, and remarkably healthy island like Malta.

Dr. Falconer, likewise, is of opinion that the *Adria*, mentioned in Acts xxvii. 27, can only mean the gulph of Venice, the admission of which would certainly exclude Malta; but on the other hand, it has been clearly shewn, by Beza, Bochart, Grotius, Westein, and others, from Ptolemy, Strabo, and other writers, that at the time in question, the Adriatic sea was used to comprehend the whole of the sea between Greece, Italy, and Africa; so that it comprised the Ionian, Cretan, and Sicilian seas.

That Malta is the island intended by St. Luke, in Acts xxvii., is to my mind sufficiently evident, from the following considerations. The Apostle left the island on which he was wrecked—whatever it might have been—in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered there on her voyage to Italy; and after touching at Syracuse and Rhegium, landed at Puteoli, thus sailing in a direct course. The Illyrican Melita, would be far out of the usual track from Alexandria to Italy; and in sailing from it to Rhegium, Syracuse also would be out of the direct course. The fact, that the ship was tossed all night prior to the wreck, in the Adriatic sea, does not lessen the probability of its being afterwards driven upon Malta; because the name Adria was applied to the whole Ionian sea, which lay between Italy and Greece.

The objection urged from the term "barbarous people" being applied by St. Luke, in Acts xxviii. 2, to the cultivated and distinguished inhabitants of Malta, is altogether without weight. They were, as I have already remarked, of Phœnician origin; and their ancient language was probably in use

among them at that time, though intermixed with Greek and Latin terms and phrases. Such a language must have been almost unintelligible to the Romans and Greeks, although, on the expulsion of the Carthaginians by the Romans, it was in the possession of the latter at the time of the Apostle. With the Romans, as well as with other nations, it was customary to apply the epithet "barbarians" to those whose language they did not understand. St. Paul himself speaks in this way, in 1 Cor. xiv. 11—"If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh, a *barbarian;* and he that speaketh shall be a *barbarian* unto me." Thus Herodotus, also, Lib. ii. 158, says, *βαρβαρους παντας Αιγυπτιοι καλεουσι τους μη σφι ὁμογλωσσους.* "*The Egyptians call all those* BARBARIANS, *who have not the same language with themselves.*" And Ovid, when among the *Getæ*, says in Trist. verse 10:—

> "Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli;"
> Here I am a *barbarian*, for no person *understands* me.

Resuming our route towards Syra, we soon lost sight of Zante; and passing the little Island of Strophades, were, in the course of the day, enabled to hail the distant shores of Greece. We calculated that we had lost at least twenty-four hours by reason of the storm, and the tack which had been made towards Zante. On the following day, after very prosperous sailing, we found ourselves entering amidst the Islands of the Archipelago. Between ten and eleven o'clock at night, we cast anchor in the bay of Syra, which lay bathed in the loveliest moonlight, presenting a delightful contrast to the scenes of terror with which we had been so recently made familiar.

The captain's mate went ashore immediately on our arrival; and soon returned with the intimation that the passengers for Alexandria would have no time to land at Syra, but must go at once on board the Lycurgus—then lying at anchor, preparing to sail for that port in about two hours. We made all needful preparations—endured a noisy struggle with

some clamorous Greek boatmen, and soon were transferred from the one vessel to the other. We found we had the whole of the first-class part of it to ourselves, with the exception of a young and gentlemanly Egyptian, who had been for some time in Europe, and had accompanied us from Naples, and was on his way to Alexandria—his birth-place—to die, as appeared most likely, of consumption, under the ravages of which fearful malady he was rapidly declining. There was much about him that interested us: he was gentle and apparently amiable. I longed much to be able to converse freely with him, as to the state of his soul and its prospects; but we had no suitable medium of communication. He understood but little English, and spoke less. I have not heard of his fate; but I look upon him, in memory, as one who has long since passed into an eternal state.

Our first day's passage, after loosing from Syra, was delightfully made, at between eight and nine knots an hour. The climate was bland and balmy; and I felt my elastic spirits bounding in it, after the trials through which I had passed. The deep blue of the graceful ocean was charming; and the sunset, tinging the joyous waves with the golden record of his passing brightness, presented a scene often to be recalled. Sunsets like these I had never before witnessed. It was not the sharp brilliancy of an European sunset, but a soft dewy velvet-like painting of the western sky and the glancing waters which appeared like liquid gold. At about five o'clock in the afternoon we came within reach of the first dim and distant view of Crete; but the evening closed before we had advanced enough to have a distinct view of it, though passing pretty near to its eastern boundary. Still, it was delightful to know that we were so near a spot of such interest in the Christian annals.

Crete, one of the finest islands of the Mediterranean, now called Candia, was celebrated for its early legislative code, its civilization, its superstitions, as well as for its natural productions in oil, wine, and fruits. It lies south-west of Peloponnesus and west of Asia Minor; is about one hundred and

eighty miles long, and twenty broad; and is computed to have nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, who, as of old, bear but an indifferent moral character. Formerly, there were about equal numbers of Greeks and Mahommedans; but since the transfer of the territory to the Pasha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, the number of Mahommedans has considerably increased. In the capital, there are fourteen Turkish Mosques, a Greek Cathedral and Church, an Armenian Church, and a Roman Catholic Monastery. St. Paul, quoting the character given of them by one of their own poets, supposed to be Epimenides, says, "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies;" and Mr. Hartley, in his *Researches in Greece*, says, "The Cretans of the present day are precisely what they were in the day of the Apostle Paul; they are notoriously, whether Turks or Greeks, the very worst characters in the Levant."

Crete was at an early period the site of a Christian Church, of which Titus was the first bishop.*

It was on board the Lycurgus, just at sunset, that I first witnessed the performance of Moslem devotions. At the fore part of the vessel there was a group of Mahommedans, with an appearance of devoutness about them worthy of a better creed. They spread out their segaddehs, or prayer-carpets, which those who can afford it always carry with them, and which are of the size of a large hearth-rug, of beautiful materials and pattern. Pulling off their slippers, they stand on these carpets with their bare feet, repeating a certain order of prayers in a very low voice, accompanied by a number of genuflexions and prostrations, touching frequently the ground with their forehead—with the face turned always towards Mecca, the shrine of Mahomet. I could but respect the apparent devotedness of manner, though in connection with a system in which truth holds but little place. When, thought I, will they be followers of the Lamb! And will the drying up of the Euphrates,† be the opening of the well-springs of salvation to these slaves of the false prophet?

* Titus, i. 5. † Rev. xvi. 12.

The next night passed serenely, and the next day—during which we made successful progress towards Alexandria. The morning of the twenty-fifth of April opened with a fresh and stirring breeze; and the whole crew and passengers, even our poor sick companion, seemed all animation, at the prospect of reaching the destined port—the ancient, far-famed city of Egypt, before sunset. I freely partook of the general exhilaration; and felt that I was indeed nearing the most deeply interesting parts of the inhabited globe. My imagination was very creative; and I became at last almost impatient, as if the "leaden-winged" hours were moving far too slowly. Twelve o'clock came, and the stronger sighted of the crew were able, they said, to descry *something* in the distance. Was it the land of mystery and of miracle in reality; or did their imagination shape forth things that were not yet visible to the bodily eye? I could discern nothing, however willing to believe that the land of Egypt was in sight. Another hour passed; and I thought I could perceive somewhat that had the appearance of a thin narrow strip of land. Others were quite sure they could. At length a low range of irregular buildings—more like shadow than reality, presented itself; and to the right of it I could trace a long narrow ridge of sand, more like a deeply defined horizon line than anything else. Soon it became distinct enough to be recognized as an ocean-boundary; but so low, that it seemed wonderful it should not be covered by the waters of the sea. Above the horizon, a remarkable appearance presented itself—as if the whole atmosphere were impregnated with sand, borne by the breezes from the Lybian desert. And this probably was the case, as the sands are thus carried onwards to an immense distance. Soon my imagination began to act upon the idea of crossing trackless deserts, amidst wild and lawless tribes. I seemed at once to lose sight, in my memory, of the interesting European scenes through which I had passed; and Egypt and Palestine, with all their rich associations, rose before my excited fancy; while home itself, with all its objects of affection, seemed at a vast distance indeed. I was in

sight of the land of the Pharaohs—the scene of Israel's bondage and deliverance—the burial-place of the mighty Alexander.

Another hour brought us to a tolerably distinct view of the city. We still made way; and in due time hoisted the usual signal for an Egyptian pilot to come and steer us into the very difficult and dangerous port: a port which needs always to be approached by a skilful and experienced hand, on account of the many rocks but slightly covered by the sea. The signal was answered by the putting off from Alexandria of a pilot-boat, with its graceful latteen sail, which bounded like a bird, over the rather heavy swell of the bay. It soon neared us; and it was quite an exciting picture when we saw its little crew in their graceful Arab costume—their turbaned heads and flowing garments, managing their little bark with the greatest tact, and putting on board our vessel the pilot—a fine, middle-aged Arab, as brown as a berry, and with a full black beard, who at once assumed the management, giving direction upon direction, till the signal was made for casting anchor, and our voyage was complete. Boats in great numbers were quickly around us; and, taking possession of one, we got our luggage cleared with all possible celerity. Loud was the clamor, and wild the scene. We had then a distance of nearly two miles ere we could get on shore; and when we fairly came to land, what a picture was presented. The oriental appearance of the city and of its population spoke for itself at once; and we felt that an African climate was about us. Throngs of half-naked Arabs, clamorous for employment as porters, stood around. The harsh guttural of the Arabic tongue sounded strangely in our ears. Asses—some saddled for riding, and others prepared to carry baggage, together with guides and servants proffering their services, all pressed upon us together, as we first set our feet on the shores of Egypt; while, somewhat in the background, a long string of camels, laden with timber, stones for building, and water skins, passed along, with their slow, dreamy, yet majestic step; and here and there the "feathery palm-trees" waved

gracefully in the slightly moving breeze which swept over them from the desert. It was indeed a heart-stirring moment when we first stepped ashore—in a strange land, and such a land as this, where every thing is a subject for the painter, and tends to realize to the mind all the orientalism which one has been accustomed to contemplate through the medium of books and pictures.

It would have amused our friends in England, could they but have seen us on our arrival, with our baggage laid upon asses, guided by attendant Arab men and boys—a troop of them, all jealous of each other on account of the few piastres which were to be the price of the accommodation; the selected ones exulting—the rejected ones growling and fuming—and all going in uproarious procession through the narrow and squalid-looking streets and avenues of the Arab quarter, amidst crowds of the most picturesque figures that can be conceived—some gravely and silently smoking their long pipes—some squatting on the dust in the shade of the low mud-walled dwellings, in earnest conversation—some playing at games, and others carrying on their heads and crying various articles of small merchandize. Women were seen bearing their half-naked babes astride on their shoulders, and others riding on donkeys, which are the "hackney-coaches" of Alexandria. Winding our way slowly through the overhung and confined streets, with a sense of entire novelty and strangeness, we reached at length the European Hotel, rejoicing at finding ourselves once more in a condition to enjoy rest and repose.

Here ends the first stage of my pilgrimage. I scarcely know which is more delightful—the experience, or the recollection. Both have their peculiar charms. The former was transient; the latter will be permanent, so long as memory shall retain the power of calling up her visions of the past.

CHAPTER II.

EGYPT.

Alexandria—Bazaars—Female Costume—Pompey's Pillar—Cleopatra's Needle—Arab Cemetery—Egyptian Funeral Procession—Travelling Apparatus—Marriage Procession—Mahmoudi Canal—Arab Horsemen—Mehemet Ali—Atfeh—The Nile—Boat crew—Shubra—Pyramids—Boulakh—Grand Cairo—Rhoda Island—Bath—Bedaween Arabs—Sheikh Hussein—Sheikh Suleiman Mengid—Preparations for the Desert—Cairo—Slave Market—Greek Convent—Pyramids of Ghiseh—Old Cairo—Dervishes—Egyptian Harvest—Pyramids of Ghiseh—The Sphynx—The Camel—Camel-riding.

It was part of our original plan to have made an excursion in Upper Egypt, for the purpose of visiting those noble antiquities which have absorbed so much attention in late years; but an opinion expressed by Caviglia, at Paris, was confirmed by others at Alexandria—that the season was too far advanced to admit of our fulfilling this intention with safety and comfort.

At Alexandria we resolved to make such a brief sojourn, as should enable us to get the best advice as to our route through the Arabian Desert, and to make some of the needful preparations for that expedition. I am therefore prepared to sketch only a few particulars in reference to that celebrated locality, now so faded, and shorn of its ancient splendor and importance. As I have less to do with Alexandria as it was, than as it is, I shall just follow the order of my journal.

Our first visit was to the bazaars, which in oriental towns are the centre of all activity, and the scenes in which national character is variously displayed. They are contained in close and confined streets, in the midst of which there is an indescribable admixture, and an incessant stir of all orders and classes—picturesque in the extreme; and to the European, unpractised in the thing, it is at first a matter of difficulty to

make progress; for while he is striving to avoid a troop of donkeys and their obstreperous drivers, he is in great danger of being trampled under foot, by a string of heavily-laden camels unexpectedly turning a corner upon him, and, with their burdens slung on either side, occupying almost the entire width of the street. The Turks, Arabs, and Copts, are generally well behaved; and never, so far as I know, offer a gratuitous incivility to a stranger. I certainly never experienced any; and indeed, on one occasion, when an Arab, rapidly passing me, happened unintentionally to spit upon my coat, he seemed in the greatest confusion—stopped—bowed his head—took up a fold of his own garment, and deliberately removed the offensive contribution. The most touchy Englishman could not have been angry on such an occasion.

The bazaars present every article of convenience suitable to oriental notions; and indeed at Alexandria, most European wants may be well enough supplied. Bazaars for the sale of tobacco of various kinds, and in various forms for consumption, are found in all directions; and the smell of tobacco smoke is the most familiar odor of the place. Everybody smokes, and at every hour of the day. The whole front of the bazaars is open, and has a floor raised about two or three feet above the level of the street. It is furnished with carpets and sometimes with cushions in the form of a dewan; and on these the purchaser is not unfrequently seated, while selecting the articles he wants, and agreeing—or rather disagreeing and haggling about the price; for every one who purchases at a Turkish or Arab bazaar must make up his mind to this, unless he would pay double the value of all he needs. The Arab traders are a stirring, active people—on the look out for customers, and prompt in attending to them. It is the reverse with the Turks. They will suffer you to stand and look about, and handle the various goods within reach, without rising from their usually recumbent posture, or putting their long pipes from their mouths. When you go so far as to express any particular want, they will slowly and almost

unwillingly break in upon the half repose which they are enjoying, and place before you the required articles, apparently careless whether you purchase or not.

Though there is a spirit of improvement manifesting itself in the external aspect of Alexandria—the effect of the Pasha's enterprising disposition; though, from the bay to the citadel, and thence throughout the public works, there are proofs of growing importance which cannot be overlooked; yet, were it not for her past history, there would be little to fix the attention of travellers accustomed to contemplate the splendor of European cities, under more enlightened governments. An air of poverty and sadness pervades this once glorious capital. The great admixture of Europeans with the native population, deprives the city of much of its oriental peculiarity; and in this respect, it reminded me somewhat of Malta, especially in the European quarter.

The women, for the most part, go veiled about the streets, in the most secret manner; and often are so enveloped that all idea of form is lost. The upper part of the face is commonly covered with a kind of mask, made of some stiff material, and generally of a dark color. It is fastened with a strip of leather, passing over the forehead to the nose, and has holes cut so as just to leave the sight unobstructed. The lower part of the face is concealed by a long conical-shaped bag or purse, pendant from the mask. Some of the women have the mask ornamented with coins strung together in rows, extending downwards from the forehead. Their usual dress out of doors, is either of white or blue cotton stuff, and consists of a sort of loose gown with wide sleeves, and another large piece of the same material in the form of a wide mantle, which serves to envelope the head, shoulders, and indeed the whole figure, when desirable.

While in Alexandria, I observed a great number of Arabs with only one eye; the other having perished by disease or violent means. The latter is said to be common, and to have been very much the consequence of the severity of Mehemet Ali's conscription—mothers having deprived their children of

one eye in infancy, in order to render them unfit for military service. But while in the east, I learnt that the crafty Pasha of Egypt was not to be baffled, even by these cruel and debasing precautions. He has formed two corps of one-eyed soldiers; but for what particular service it may be difficult to determine.

Every traveller who stays at Alexandria makes a point of visiting Pompey's pillar, as it is called, and two fine ancient obelisks, one of which is known by the name of Cleopatra's needle. We did so. The former is a noble column of the Corinthian order, formed of red granite; and is, according to Pococke, one hundred and seventeen feet high; according to others, only ninety-five. It stands on an elevated spot of the ancient city, between the walls of the modern one and the Lake Mareotis. The latter are also of red granite, one of which is still standing, though slightly out of the perpendicular. The other lies near it, partly hidden in the sand; and both are about sixty-five feet in length, and between seven and eight feet square. The erect one was freed, by the French, from the sand, which for many years had been accumulating about its base, to a depth of at least sixteen feet. Each side is covered with sculptured hieroglyphics, which, towards the west, are sharp and fresh, as if the chisel had but recently left them. Those on the other side are far less distinct, owing probably to the stress of wind and weather, which has power to wear away even granite. How perishable is the hand of man. How enduring are its achievements. It is a humbling thought.

The history of Alexandria occupies a conspicuous place in the annals of antiquity. Greatness and nothingness—nobility and degradation, have been her characteristics—the various phases of her existence. It awakens many a solemn thought to stand amidst the proofs of her desolation, and to mark the struggles which she is now making for political and commercial resuscitation. If, under the Ptolemies, she was the proud metropolis of Egypt, if she drew forth the resources of Tyre in her greatness, and became the grand commercial centre of

the east, yet she has been, until recently, the chain-bound vassal of the Sultan. If with the name of Alexandria, we associate those of some of the most illustrious of the earth—we cannot overlook the fact, that she beheld their degradation. Though I can think of the past glories of Alexandria, as I recollect a gorgeous dream—yet, on my memory is deeply recorded the fact, that there, Apollos—the man "mighty in the scriptures," and gifted in eloquence—was born; and there, Mark the Evangelist, preached "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God," and received the crown of martyrdom; and that there, too, the Septuagint translation of the Scriptures was achieved, which laid open the page of inspiration to the whole of the then civilized world.

In our way to the site of the ancient city, we passed through an Arab burial-ground, covering the slope of a small hill. The resting places of its silent inmates are marked by rudely formed tombs, consisting generally of two or more slabs of stone laid upon each other, of the length and breadth of the grave; some of them have the form of a turban roughly sculptured on a low pillar of stone, fixed at the end; and all have an aloe planted in the middle of the uppermost slab. I have sought in vain to inform myself in regard to the intention of this custom. There must surely be some superstitious idea connected with it.

Though Alexandria has sunk beyond all hope of return to her former splendor, yet it must be confessed that Mehemet Ali evinces a vast spirit of enterprise. He is a man far in advance of the age in which he lives; and though it is out of the question to offer a justification of some of the means whereby he works out the designs of his policy, yet it must be allowed that much has been well done. Though living under a purely despotic government, the people appear cheerful and happy; and certainly I have never seen in Egypt such instances of squalid misery and mendicity as I met with in Italy, wherever I went.

It is quite amusing to see great numbers of Arab lads, waiting with caparisoned donkeys, at the ends of streets. As

soon as any one likely to want their aid presents himself near the corner, you hear them cry out like parrots, in oriental-English—"Captain, Captain—want to ride?—want a don key? very good donkey—very good." After having received a negative, they do not force themselves upon you offensively like those pests of Naples—the hack-coachmen; but if you resolve upon indulging yourself with a ride, a grand commotion at once sets in among the party, and it is almost difficult to keep one's feet amidst the jostling of Arabs and asses. The prudent traveller will spring upon the back of the nearest animal; and in an instant he will find himself delivered by an easy canter and the shout of the rejoicing driver, out of the immediate scene of strife and annoyance. The donkeys are strong, lively animals, and carry even a heavy weight with apparent ease and safety.

Every hour spent in an oriental city, presents new and ever varying objects of curiosity and interest. One day when I was sitting at my open window, I heard distant sounds of wailing and chanting. They soon became more distinctly audible; and at length I found they proceeded from a funeral procession, just in sight. As it advanced, I observed that the corpse was borne along upon a bier, by four Arabs, with others to relieve them, as might be needful. It was covered with a large crimson shawl; and at one end was a turban—probably that of the deceased, fixed upon a short pole. The corpse was preceded by a large concourse of Arabs, walking two abreast, and chanting a wild and plaintive melody—the sequel of that which had at first arrested my attention, sometimes in unison, and sometimes with an attempt at harmony. The procession moved at a rapid pace, towards the burial-ground; and the corpse was followed by four veiled women, uttering loud and discordant exclamations. There was an air of wild intensity about the whole scene, which contrasted strongly, in my mind, with the silent and subdued feelings which characterize an English funeral.

On the subject of funeral solemnities, as formerly practised in ancient, and as still observed in modern Egypt, I have met

with interesting particulars, collected by Sir John G. Wilkinson and Mr. Lane, which I will briefly state. In ancient Egypt, when any one died, all the females of his family, covering their heads and faces with dust and mud, and leaving the body in the house, ran through the streets, striking their breasts, and uttering loud lamentations. Their friends and relations joined them as they went, uniting in the same demonstrations of grief; and when the deceased was a person of distinction, many strangers accompanied them out of respect to his memory. Hired mourners were also employed, to add, by their feigned expressions of grief, to the real lamentations of the family, and to heighten the show of respect paid to the deceased. The men, in like manner, girding their dress below their waists, went through the town smiting their breasts and throwing dust and mud upon their heads. But the greater number of mourners consisted of women, as is usual in Egypt at the present day: and since the mode of lamentation now practised is probably very similar to that of former times, a description of it may be interesting.

As soon as the marks of approaching death are observed the females of the family raise the cry of lamentation; one generally commencing in a low tone, and exclaiming, "O my misfortune!" which is immediately taken up by another with increased vehemence, and all join in similar exclamations, united with piercing cries. They call on the deceased according to their degree of relationship—as, "O my father, O my mother!"—"O my sister, O my brother!"—"O my aunt!" or, according to the friendship and connection subsisting between them—as, "O my master!" "O lord of the house!" "O my friend!"—"O my dear, my soul, my eyes!" and many of the neighbors, as well as friends of the family, join in the lamentation. A sort of funeral dirge is also chanted by the mourning women, to the sound of the tambourine, from which the tinkling plates have been removed. This continues till the funeral takes place, which, if the person died in the morning, is performed the same day; but if in the afternoon or

evening, it is deferred until the morning, the lamentations being continued all night.

Mr. Lane thus describes the funeral procession. The first persons forming it, are about six or more poor men, called *Yemenéeh*, mostly blind, who proceed two and two, or three and three, together. Walking at a moderate pace, or rather slowly, they chant, in a melancholy tone, the profession of faith, or sometimes other words. These are followed by some male relations and friends of the deceased, and in many cases by two or more persons of some sect of Dervishes, bearing the flags of their order: next follow three or four boys, one of whom carries a copy of the Koran, placed upon a kind of desk, formed of palm sticks, and covered over generally with an embroidered kerchief. These boys chant in a higher and livelier voice than the Yemenéeh, usually some words of a poem, descriptive of the events of the last day, the judgment, &c. The boys immediately precede the bier, which is borne head foremost. Three or four friends of the deceased usually carry it for a short distance; then three or four other friends, who are in like manner relieved. Behind the bier, walk the female mourners, sometimes a group of more than a dozen or twenty, with their hair dishevelled, though generally concealed by the head veil—crying and shrieking. Among the women, the relations and domestics of the deceased are each distinguished by a strip of linen, or cotton stuff, or muslin, generally blue, bound round the head, and tied in a single knot behind, the ends hanging down a few inches. Each of these carries also a handkerchief, usually dyed blue, which she sometimes holds over her shoulders, and at other times twirls with both hands over her head, or before her face. The cries of women, the lively chanting of the youths, and the deep tones uttered by the Yemenéeh, compose a strange discord.

The wailing of women at funerals was forbidden by the prophet; and so also was the celebration of the virtues of the deceased. Some of these precepts are every day violated; and I have seen mourning women of the lower classes follow

ng a bier, having their faces, which were bare, and their head-coverings and bosoms besmeared with mud.

The funeral procession of a man of wealth, or of the middle classes, is sometimes preceded by three, four or more camels, bearing bread and water to give to the poor at the tomb, and is composed of a more numerous and varied assemblage of persons. In such a procession—besides the persons already mentioned, the led horses of the bearers, if men of rank, often follow the bier; and a buffalo, to be sacrificed at the tomb where its flesh is to be distributed to the poor, closes the procession.

Having resolved to proceed to Cairo, there to decide upon our future movements, we set about making such provisions for our journey as the customs of the country rendered necessary; for in the east, no comforts or conveniences for the traveller are to be met with by the way. If he desire the luxury of a bed, he must carry it with him; if the protection of a tent, against the heat of the sun, he must not omit to furnish himself with it before he starts; if his European habits lead him to look upon plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons as needful matters of convenience, he must secure them ere he bids farewell to the bazaars of Alexandria and Cairo; and so, in like manner, in regard to the ordinary matters of sustenance—biscuit, rice, maccaroni, coffee, sugar, preserved fruits, &c. A long fatiguing visit to the bazaars of Alexandria, furnished us with many requisites; the rest we were obliged to defer till we should reach Cairo. It is a disgusting task to make bargains with oriental traders; the utter dishonesty of their habits is so apparent. They make no attempt at concealment. I am now speaking of *oriental* traders; but I cannot help adding my fervent wish that instances of over-reaching, and degrading dishonesty were confined to them.

While we were in our rooms on the evening preceding our departure, making various preparations for the journey, our attention was arrested by a loud sound—a chorus of men's voices, accompanied by the beating of drums and the

rude music of reed-pipes, with a drone, not altogether unlike the Scottish bagpipes. On turning to the window, we saw a long procession of gaily-dressed persons, bearing lighted torches, which illuminated the whole street. In addition to this, fire-baskets, of iron, were carried about on long poles, supplied with blazing fuel. It was a marriage procession—"the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride." The bridegroom was on his way to claim his bride, attended by his friends, rejoicing. The whole scene forcibly brought to my mind the allusions to marriage customs made by our blessed Saviour.

It was early on the twenty-ninth of April that we commenced our route to Grand Cairo—no small undertaking, all things considered. Our passage was along the Mahmoudi canal, as far as Atfeh; and from thence up the Nile. The season was charming; but the way was dreary enough. Soon after we had embarked in our towing-boat, I noticed a contrivance for raising water from the canal, for the purpose of irrigation. Many repetitions of it occurred as we advanced. It was a kind of "man-mill," if I may venture upon such a designation. At the brink of the canal stood two men, on a firm floor or footing, constructed with rough stones, holding between them a sort of basket, made water tight, capable of containing, perhaps, about six or eight gallons, suspended by a rope, fastened at each side and drawn tight. Then by a rapid, see-saw motion, they first dived the vessel into the water, and quickly bringing it back again, inverted it, pouring its contents into a channel cut in the bank, along which the water flowed towards the spot from which the irrigation was intended to proceed. It was a very simple, yet efficient contrivance.

All our progress along the canal was effected by towing—for which purpose, sometimes four, and at others, six horses were employed, and changed about every twelve miles. The horses were ridden by wild, half-naked Arabs, and sometimes Nubians, whose feats of horsemanship, on the banks of the canal, were perfectly novel and amusing. The Arab, though

taught to ride from his birth—first astride on the shoulders of his mother, and then, on every animal from the camel to the ass, is yet a most peculiar rider. He does not, like a European, sit so close to his horse, as to appear glued to the creature, but he looks more like a bird, ready to take wing at any moment; and he seems to lay hold of the stirrup with his bare feet, as if they were the claws of a bird. When dashing along at a rapid rate, they set up a wild shout, which breaks at length into a choral song, anything but harmonious to European ears. In some parts of the canal the water is exceedingly scanty, and, on other accounts also, impracticable for the ordinary plan of towing with horses on the banks. This inconvenience is constantly met by the riders springing from their horses, dashing at once into the water, tackling themselves with ropes, and swimming sometimes, and at other times rushing over the shoals of sand, and dragging the boat along with surprising force and agility. In this picturesque operation they are joined by the crew; while the unyoked horses are led on to resume their labor as soon as the state of the river will admit. This curious scene we repeatedly witnessed in our passage along the canal and up the Nile. The Arabs are almost amphibious creatures; and whether toiling in the burning sun, or immersed to their chins in water, seem to be utterly regardless of personal inconvenience.

After we had proceeded nearly half way to Atfeh, news was brought that Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, was on his way from Cairo to Alexandria. In consequence of this, it was feared that our boat might be enlisted in his highness's service. After having continued our route for another hour or so, we descried an encampment on the bank of the canal, which consisted of the attendants of the great man; and on stepping ashore, we learnt that the far-famed "Lion" of Egypt was resting at a small farm-house to dine. It was not long before our boat was required; and it became necessary for us to get the baggage, &c. unloaded, to be taken on to Atfeh in the best way it might; while we ourselves were left to proceed in any small craft that could be procured. All

this was inconvenient enough; but there was no help for it. The first intention was that the baggage should be sent on by camels, of which there were some at hand. But, alas! the Pasha had pressed every one into his service. However, by a little dexterity and management, camels sufficient for our purpose were secured, after a wild scene of Arab violence and uproar, in which there is always more sound than danger. A small latteen-sailed boat was obtained after we had walked on for some distance, just sufficient to convey us and our attendants.

We had a full view of Mehemet Ali as he sat at dinner, and while he was enjoying his chibouk, attended by his retinue; and afterwards, when he came from the farm-house, and mounted his white mule, for the purpose of taking possession of our boat, we were enabled to form a tolerably accurate notion of his person. He is a most remarkable man, and realized all we had heard about him. He is now past seventy, with a hale, firm, and determined countenance, and venerable white beard. Seeing two Europeans near him, as he hastily passed by, he glanced a very peculiar, but not unfriendly glance upon us; acknowledged slightly our bows, made some passing observations to his nearest attendants, with an evident reference to us, and in another minute was mounted on his mule. His highness's pipe-bearer and coffee-bearer, his silver washhand bason and towel-bearer, secretary and interpreter, all, were in immediate attendance upon him. The scene was very interesting and very oriental. Here was perhaps almost the wonder of the age—the soldier of fortune, who had risen from the humblest rank in the Turkish army—now the powerful despot of Egypt, with almost patriarchal simplicity, taking his homely mid-day meal at a small farm-house, and departing as ancient despots used, surrounded by slaves, camels, dromedaries, &c. &c.

I shall not easily lose the impression made on my mind by this glance at Mehemet Ali. Had he reached Alexandria before our departure, we should have been presented to him And even on this occasion, it might have been practicable

but we thought, willing as he is to receive Europeans, it might be then deemed intrusive; so we suffered the opportunity to pass.

It was nearly ten o'clock in the evening, and very dark with the exception of the light afforded by numberless stars when we came to shore, within about two miles of Atfeh, where the canal joins the Nile. On landing, we found a supply of camels to take our baggage, and saddled donkeys for riding. It was a strange and primitive scene. Camels were gurgling and grunting in a loud strain—donkeys were keeping up a perpetual braying—while Arab tongues, some hoarse and shouting—some shrill and screaming—others sputtering their exclamations of anger and eagerness, made up a Babel of strange sounds. At length, all the baggage was loaded—donkeys were mounted by our whole party, and a goodly number of lanterns lighted; and we set out, over a rough, hilly, and uneven road, along which we were obliged to trust entirely to our sure-footed animals. We seemed to be a tediously long time in getting over the two miles; but at last arrived safely at Atfeh, where we stayed for the night, at a miserable kind of half-European hotel, swarming with animalculæ, under promise of being furnished at an early hour in the morning, with a suitable Nile-boat and crew, to take us up to Cairo. We partook of a coarse, homely supper—such as an Englishman would, under ordinary circumstances, make a dead pause at, and soon fell asleep after the fatigues of an exhausting day. Mercy and goodness had followed us thus far; and my heart was lifted up in praise and thanksgiving.

Many an interesting thought and feeling passed through my mind, when, in the light of the early morning, I first beheld the waters of the ancient Nile sparkling before me. I thought of the miraculous transaction of which this very river was, doubtless, the scene, as recorded in Exodus vii. 15—21: "Get thee unto Pharaoh in the morning; lo, he goeth out unto the water; and thou shalt stand by the river's brink against he come; and the rod which was turned

to a serpent shalt thou take in thine hand. And thou shal say unto him, the Lord God of the Hebrews hath sent me unto thee, saying, let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness; and, behold, hitherto thou wouldst not hear. Thus saith the Lord, in this thou shalt know that I am the Lord: behold, I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood. And the fish that is in the river shall die, and the river shall stink; and the Egyptians shall loath to drink of the water of the river. * * * And Moses and Aaron did so as the Lord commanded; and he lifted up the rod, and smote the waters that were in the river, in the sight of Pharaoh, and in the sight of his servants; and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. And the fish that was in the river died; and the river stank; and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river; and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt."

The Nile is one of the most interesting objects of natural history, in addition to those associations of idea which Scripture affords in reference to it. It is the noblest river of the old world. For the immense distance of one thousand three hundred and fifty nautical miles (that is, from Ilak in Nubia, where the Nile is joined by the river Takazze), it rolls on to its mouths in the Mediterranean, without receiving one tributary stream; "an unexampled instance," as Humboldt has remarked, "in the hydrographic history of the globe." It is to this noble river that Egypt owes its fertility, and probably its existence.

The Nile is well known to be remarkable for an annual overflow of its waters to a vast extent; and affords one of the most striking instances of providential provision for furthering the process of vegetation. Various theories of this phenomenon have been proposed by numerous writers, from Homer and Herodotus downwards; and various accounts also have been given of the process of inundation. The following observations of Bruce are interesting and valuable. He remarks:—"The air is so much rarefied by the sun, during

the time he remains almost stationary over the tropic of Capricorn, that the winds, loaded with vapors, rush in upon the land from the Atlantic ocean on the west, the Indian ocean on the east, and the cold southern ocean beyond the Cape. Thus, a great quantity of vapor is gathered, as it were, into a focus; and as the same causes continue to operate during the progress of the sun northward, a vast train of clouds proceeds from south to north, which are sometimes extended much further than at other times. In April, all the rivers in the south of Abyssinia begin to swell; in the beginning of June they are all full, and continue so while the sun remains stationary in the tropic of Cancer. This excessive rain, which would sweep off the whole soil of Egypt into the sea, were it to continue without intermission, begins to abate as the sun turns southward; and on his arrival at the zenith of each place, on his passage towards that quarter, they cease entirely. Immediately after the sun has passed the line, he begins the rainy season to the southward. The rise of the Nile at Cairo does not commence till June; the green color, produced either by the influx of corrupt or stagnant waters, or by the action of the hot south winds on the sluggish stream, appearing about the twelfth of that month. The red appearance, occasioned by the arrival of the Abyssinian waters, takes place early in July, from which the rise of the river may perfectly be dated, as it then begins to increase rapidly. By the middle of August it reaches half its greatest height, and it attains its maximum towards the end of September. From the twenty-fourth of that month, the waters are supposed to decline, but maintain nearly the same level till the middle of October. By the tenth of November, they have sunk about half, and from that period continue to subside very slowly till they reach their minimum in April. The regularity with which these phenomena occur, will appear the more remarkable, when taken in connection with all the circumstances which distinguish this wonderful stream."

The swell of the river varies in different parts of the channel. In Upper Egypt, it is from thirty to thirty-five feet. At

Cairo, it is about twenty-five feet; whilst in the northern part of the Delta, it does not exceed four feet; which is owing to the artificial channels and the breadth of the inundation; yet the four feet of increase is as necessary to the fertility of the Delta, as the twenty-three or thirty feet elsewhere. Very little rain ever falls in Egypt—and in Upper Egypt is scarcely known. In Lower Egypt, a very slight and almost momentary shower is all that is ever experienced, even during the cool part of the year. Therefore the irrigation which the land receives through the direct overflow of the Nile, and by means of the canals which convey its waters where the inundation does not directly extend, is quite essential to that fertility for which Egypt has at all times been proverbial. The inhabitants of Egypt have, with great labor, cut a vast number of canals and trenches, through the whole extent of the land. These canals are not opened until the river has attained a certain height, nor yet all at the same time, as the distribution of the water would then be unequal. The sluices are closed when the waters begin to subside, and are gradually opened again in the autumn, allowing the waters to pass on to contribute to the irrigation of the Delta.

We have, in all the details of the annual inundation of this river, a striking exemplification of the providence of God. The fertility of the country depends upon the waters reaching a certain medium; for, if they do not rise to a certain minimum, famine is the result; and if they exceed a certain maximum, consequences scarcely less calamitous result—whole villages are then liable to be swept away, with all the corn, cattle, and inhabitants. The waters, however, usually reach this medium, which is higher or lower in different parts of the country, according as those parts are visited with less or more copious supplies of rain; the rise is so regular, that it may be calculated upon within a very few days of its taking place; and yet the actual cause of it exists at least two thousand miles from some of the parts where it is experienced. It is no wonder that the Egyptians, looking no further than to

the river itself for the source of all their natural blessings, should deify and worship it.*

Early on the morning of the thirtieth of April, our Nile-boat was ready, the baggage on board, and soon we were on the broad bosom of the ancient river. Aft, upon the deck, we had a snug little cabin, with windows on each side: no beds, but a dewan, or raised and cushioned seat all round—just enough to afford convenience for stretching out our limbs during the nights we were destined to spend on board. Our crew consisted of the Reis or captain, a fine dark complexioned Arab, in his white turban and white tunic; a pilot of the same caste; eight sailors, six of them Arabs, and the remainder Abyssinians. The latter were finely formed men, and as black as ebony. Besides the crew, we had Ahmet, a Copt, with a face like the sphynx, as our cook; and Ali Mahommed, a clever, intelligent Arab (speaking a little English and more Italian), as our butler, valet, footman, &c.—all in one! Our first meal, on the Nile, was breakfast: an amusing affair—of boiled meat, eggs, bread, buffalo's butter, and coffee, served up on a towel for a table-cloth.

We made way tolerably well, till towards the evening, when the wind tacked against us, and it was in vain to attempt progress. We laid by therefore patiently, in hope of one of those sudden changes which are so common on the Nile, and of which we afterwards had frequent experience. Soon after midnight, the wind turned in our favor, and we made way most successfully. The noble river lay like a surface of glass around us; and the recently risen moon cast a lovely path of rays across the wide expanse; while our winged bark glided onwards amidst others of its kind, like objects in a dream. The grasshoppers were chirping their roundelay on the distant banks, and all our Arabs, except three, lay along on the deck, reposing after the labors of the day. The night was so lovely that it banished sleep from my eyelids. The silence of the scene was indescribable; and I felt too, I was in the region of wonder and august

* See Bible Cyclopædia.

recollection; in the land to which the tender babe of Bethlehem was transported by night in obedience to a divine command, beyond the reach of the tyrant Herod. It might have been such a night as this; and this very moon perhaps enlightened the pathway of its incarnate Creator. I remembered, moreover, that I was in the land over which Joseph ruled, and in which he glorified the God of Israel; where Israel groaned under cruel taskmasters; where Jehovah called forth his distinguished servants, Moses and Aaron, to their arduous work, and stretched forth his hand in marvellous and miraculous ministration, on behalf of a people whom he had chosen for himself, and bound to him by a lasting covenant.

If the loveliness of the night, and the current of thoughts in my mind had not kept me wakeful, I certainly should have been deprived of rest, by the swarms of vermin which broke loose upon me, when I lay down on the dewan. I found it quite useless to close my eyes, so I sat on deck, watching for the dawning of May-day. It was a bright dawning indeed, and the morning air was so bland and soft, there seemed to be health and restoration in it. The day passed delightfully, and we made steady way, with the almost level sandy banks of the river about us, seldom relieved even by a palm tree.

For the sake of those who are curious about such matters, I may mention that we had for our dinner—even on the Nile, a deliciously dressed curry, and some other very pleasant contrivances, in which Ahmet was well skilled; and I profess the whole affair would have done credit to a more distinguished cuisine than ours, which occupied a few reserved square feet on the open deck, on which was erected a very primitive charcoal stove, consisting of a layer or foundation of a few bricks, surmounted by a kind of large oval bason, of burnt clay, into which ignited charcoal was laid. Upon this, the boiling apparatus was placed—one vessel serving in its way, for many purposes, by the time dinner was served. On one occasion, a squall of wind made the boat suddenly lurch, so as to throw our boiling pot off the fire; and nearly

sent it and its contents—a promising pair of chickens—into the river; and actually cast overboard, irretrievably, the whole supply of sailor's bread, stowed in a barrel: so that we had to share ours with the crew, till we touched at a village and obtained fresh supplies.

We continued to make way as favorably as could be expected, on a river which is subject to the most capricious changes of wind. Sometimes we sailed—sometimes the crew leapt overboard, and bound the towing ropes about them—rushing up the banks and over the heights with the wildest alacrity imaginable. Again and again, we came to a dead stand, when sailing and towing were alike impracticable.

On the morning of the second of May, I was awakened early, after a few hours' repose in spite of my industrious enemies in the cabin, and hastened to wash sleep from my eyelids, in the soft and refreshing waters of the Nile. It was a lovely morning; and Ali cheered me by the promise, that soon my eyes would rest upon a distant view of the Pyramids of Ghiseh. We were, at this time, just within sight of Shubra—the palace and gardens of Mehemet Ali. The appearance of this royal residence, from the Nile, is anything but pleasing; and presents but little shew of state. It is quite a departure from the Saracenic architecture, so common in Cairo; and a most apologetic attempt at the modern villa. The Pacha has rather a taste for European design; and yet cannot quite tear himself away from the oriental. This royal retreat is several miles from Cairo, and is the usual residence of Mehemet Ali, rather than the citadel, in which his murder of the Mamelukes was perpetrated. Perhaps there are gloomy associations of idea connected with the latter, which would on all accounts render it no very pleasant residence, should his conscience at any time awaken upon him.

Leaving Shubra on the left, we descried the distant minarets of Boulakh—the port of Cairo; and, standing on the deck, I caught the first glance of part of Gebel Mokattum, and the Pyramids of Ghiseh—those mysterious monuments of a far-gone day. To the mind that has always associated an

idea of vastness with that of the Pyramids of Egypt, their first appearance is very unsatisfactory. The clearness of the atmosphere has the effect of seemingly presenting distant objects at an unreal point of nearness—which of course seriously affects our ideas of magnitude. Certainly the expanse of level country which lay between the low bank of the Nile and the Pyramids, with here and there groves of palm scattered about, gave a distinct notion of the distance, which the atmosphere seemed to deny; and far away stood the venerable structures of hoar antiquity, appearing like small white hills or rocks, carefully cut down into the pyramidal shape. However, as our intended stay at Cairo gave promise of a nearer view of them, I was content to wait patiently for a different impression. By a bend in the river, I soon lost sight of these remarkable monuments, and there lay Boulakh; and beyond it, as if in continuation, Cairo—Grand Cairo itself, the city of the Khalifs, with its minarets, domes, and towers, and occasional clumps of palm trees, waving in the slightly moving breeze. Our voyage on the Nile terminated at Boulakh, where the boat was soon moored—the baggage disembarked, and our "*backsheech*," distributed among the truly civil and well-conducted crew, who quitted us with smiling courtesy and *salaams*. Some time before we set foot on shore, we were half deafened by the uproarious cries of Arab throats of all calibres, amongst whom was a wordy strife as to who should have the honor of conducting us and our possessions to Cairo. In the midst of this scene it was amusing enough to see Ali laying about him on all shoulders with his cane—picking, choosing, and ordering with as much importance, as if he were the great man of the Pacha himself. Donkeys and mules enough were soon selected; the baggage fairly stowed on the latter, and we ourselves mounted on the former; and then began our procession, at the head of which rode Ali Mahommed, dressed in his smartest attire, in which scarlet and white predominated, with a long bamboo in his hand, cutting a clear path for us through the moving masses of orientals by whom we were surrounded. He dealt his blows

right and left, both upon man and beast; and while I expected that suddenly some resentful spirit would return the compliment, perhaps with interest, every one seemed tacitly to admit the persuasiveness of the appeal, and permitted us to pass on without interruption. The scene was half comic, half grave; and every object which presented itself—the dry, sandy soil, the domed and minareted masses of Saracenic building—the occasional palm trees, and the deep blue sky, warmed and glowing towards the horizon, presenting a recollection of those day-dreams which one had conceived in earlier years; while Arabs, Turks, Copts, Jews, and Dervishes—in all the varieties of eastern costume, lent their aid to make the picture complete. Following our leader, and winding through narrow, overhung streets, and crossing open spaces, we soon reached the European Hotel, where we had determined to reside while making preparations for the Desert route.

The population of Cairo, the greater part of which is generally visible out of doors, appears redundant. It is estimated at about two hundred and twenty thousand, including Copts, Jews, Turks, and Egyptian Moslems. The streets of the city are for the most part exceedingly narrow, particularly those which are occupied by bazaars; where the mingled odor of fruits, tobacco, and various other articles of merchandise is anything but grateful. It requires great tact and heedfulness to make way in the streets, especially if on foot. The very easiest thing imaginable, is to get one's toes crushed by the foot of a barb, or to be scampered over by donkeys in full canter, urged on by their shouting drivers; or quietly walked down by a camel, with his dreamy step, and his nose in the air. Every body seems to be in everybody's way; and yet all escape wonderfully. In Cairo, as in all other oriental towns, multitudes of wolf-like dogs lie about the streets—not only in safe corners, but in the most frequented ways; and it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to arouse them from their half repose. The horses, asses, and camels, are accustomed to this, and step most cautiously to avoid crushing them. Vast as is the number of wild and homeless dogs, and intense

as the heat may sometimes be, yet canine madness never prevails; and not the slightest fear is ever manifested by the crowding passengers in the streets, though the dogs appear to be of the most ferocious kind. At night, their howling and barking is quite distressing, and effectually banishes sleep from all who have the least tendency to be wakeful. Dogs are the only scavengers in oriental towns.

If it were one's disposition to mention annoyances, a long catalogue might soon be formed, of those which prevail in Egypt, and especially in Cairo, its grand capital. The "plague of flies" which we experienced, was no trifling matter; and so great were the numbers of these creatures, that at meal times we required to have persons continually waving flappers, made of the leaves of the palm tree, in order to eat in peace. At night, the plague of musquitoes was terrible, notwithstanding the usual precaution of musquito-curtains. After repeated attacks of these insects, I found my hands severely ulcerated, and so swollen that I could scarcely draw on my gloves. The Arabs ascribed this affection to the water of the Nile, which in Cairo is used for all purposes. They have no other. Many cutaneous disorders are said to be the effect of the same cause. The Nile water is delicious for drinking, when properly filtered. Dr. E. D. Clarke remarks, that however carefully the Nile water may be purified, by rubbing the interior of the water-vessels with bruised almonds, which precipitates the mud, yet then it is never quite clear. I have, however, in my possession, a small bottle of Nile water, which accompanied me in all my route, and it even now has the appearance of the clearest crystal. Upon analysis, the Nile water has been found to contain the carbonates of magnesia, lime, and iron; the muriate of soda; and a small portion of silex and alumine.

To walk through the streets of Cairo, one would imagine that externally it had undergone no change for ages. It has the air of a primitive place, both in regard to its architecture and its inhabitants. The upper stories of the houses project so much, that the occupiers might almost step from one to the

other. But then, this helps to keep the streets cool, by shutting out the intense heat of the vertical sun. Though crowded by an incessantly moving population, the streets seldom have the feel of suffocating heat. The windows of the houses have, for the most part, no glass, but consist of wooden lattice-work, often richly carved and ornamented, projecting somewhat like small oriel windows in Gothic architecture. This too, gives a complete idea of coolness and comfort. The houses themselves are chiefly Saracenic, built of very solid masonry, in large massive blocks of stone; and often the doors, or main entrances, are much enriched with carved work. The principal houses are quadrangular; and a spacious court, open at the top, affords communication to every part of the habitation.*

One of our first expeditions in Cairo, was to the gardens of Ibrahim Pacha, the son of Mehemet Ali—occupying a considerable part of Rhoda Island, on the bank of which, as asserted by almost undisputed tradition, the child Moses was found, by Pharaoh's daughter. From this spot, a very striking and picturesque view of Cairo is obtained; and all was rendered very animating on account of a festal season, during which, it is customary for the gardens of Rhoda Island to be thrown open to the public. A vast assemblage of people, of all classes, were thronging about—some in parties seated in circles, under the shade of spreading trees, laughing, jesting—smoking; while others were pacing along in slow and stately march, from avenue to avenue, in all the glitter and color of orientalism. The greatest decorum prevailed; and it was pleasant to see that neither leaf nor flower suffered violence at the hands of the numerous visitors. The gardens are very extensive; and are laid out, partly in European and partly in oriental taste; and irrigation is carefully provided for by the digging of small canals or trenches, which are kept well sup-

* Dr. E. D. Clarke remarks, on the authority of Denon, that "the taste shown in decorating their apartments, is of the kind called *Arabesque:* this, although early introduced into England from the East, is not Saracenical, but Egyptian. It is a style which the Greeks themselves adopted; and it was received among the Romans in the time of Augustus."

plied with water. The trees, of various kinds—some native and others foreign, appeared to thrive remarkably well. The pomegranates were full of their richly tinted blossoms. The roses, among which there was but little variety, were mostly fading away, having already enjoyed their blossoming time. The climate was delightful, and added much to the charm of a scene so novel and picturesque.

Among the luxurious comforts of Cairo, the public baths claim pre-eminence. They are resorted to by all classes—frequent ablutions of the person forming part, and a prominent part too, of the external ceremonies of Mahommedanism. Perhaps nothing more refreshing can be conceived of in a warm climate, than the Egyptian or Turkish tepid bath. Some of my readers may be amused by a description of the process attending it. On entering the bath house, you are conducted to a spacious outer room, fitted all round with dewans, raised about two feet from the floor. Seated on one of these, you prepare for the bath; and when about to remove the last articles of dress, one of the bathers approaches you—generally a strong and powerful Arab—and wraps you round in the folds of a piece of dry linen, something like a small sheet. He then presents you with a pair of clogs, with wooden soles; in which, when you have inserted your feet, he supports and leads you over slippery marble floors, to an inner room also paved and fitted up with marble, in the middle of which is a large tank or reservoir of hot water, and into which a stream is continually flowing. The temperature of the inner room is high, and steamy—well calculated to occasion faintness in those who are not very strong. You are now quite in the power of the bather, who places you in a recumbent posture on the marble floor, just at the brink of the reservoir, and begins rubbing the face, beard and head with palm soap; and if shaving be needful, he performs that operation first. The body is then rubbed all over, for a quarter of an hour or so, with the hands, upon which are gloves, with a very rough surface, made of camel's hair, and saturated with palm soap. You are next seated on the marble floor, when

the bather kneels behind you; and, grasping you in his arms, and placing his knee firmly against your loins, stretches the vertebræ of the back. Next, by a dextrous movement, he passes his arm over your shoulders—folds your arms backwards, and stretches the shoulder blades as much as they will comfortably bear. Then, continuing the friction of the body a little longer, he bids you step into the tank, at a temperature of nearly one hundred, where you remain up to the chin for about a quarter of an hour. You are then made to recline again upon the brink, when the body is once more gently rubbed over with palm soap, and you are sent into the tank for five minutes more. As soon as you step out of it, the bather envelopes you in folds of dry linen, and binds also a bandage of the same about the head; and thus, swathed from head to foot, you are led back to the outer room, and placed in a reclining posture on the dewan, where you at first undressed, and a shesheh or a chibouk, with a cup of coffee, are immediately served, while the remainder of the operation is effected. The sedative effect of the mild tobacco and coffee is very agreeable after the bath. The remaining process consists in first kneading the muscles of the body and limbs, with the strong and practised hands of the bathers, for about ten minutes. Next the soles of the feet are rubbed gently with the hand, and then with a rough brush. Then the palms of the hands are rubbed in the same manner, and sometimes the joints are pulled and twisted till they crack. During all this process you recline in a state of almost dreamy composure, wrapped in linen, which by this time has become nearly dry. A small toilet glass is then handed to you, by which to adjust your hair and beard, if you have any, and the operation is complete. It is impossible to describe the sense of refreshment which pervades the whole system, after this lengthened, and perhaps rather tedious affair.

The fact of European travellers having arrived at Cairo, in their way to the Great Desert, was soon known to the Bedaween Arabs who happened to be in the city; and on one occasion, when, after an excursion, we returned to our hotel, we

found a party of them, with a young Sheikh, sitting in a circle on the dust in the court-yard. This was the first sight I had of the Bedaween Arabs. They were awaiting our arrival, in order to tender their services as an escort. They rose up in a body as we approached, and immediately surrounded us, with courteous salaams; and the young wild-eyed Sheikh presented the testimonials of his fidelity and trustworthiness which he had received under the hands of some Europeans whom he had recently escorted. The first sight of a party of Bedaween Arabs is startling, and calculated to awaken a timid feeling in the mind of a stranger. But a Bedawee, in a city, is after all, very unlike himself when in the desert. Averse to stone walls and roofed houses, these wild birds seem as if they were cribbed and confined. Their steps are measured, slow, and suspicious. They lose their energy and spirit when away from the wilderness, in which they usually pass their days of wandering existence.

As I shall have frequent occasion to mention the Bedaween, under whose escort alone a safe journey through the Arabian Desert is to be effected, I will here describe their general appearance and manners—at least the appearance and manners of those with whom I became most familiar. Amongst the almost endless variety of tribes who wander in the Desert, there are personal and conventional varieties; though in the main, they have many of their principal characteristics in common, as descendants from one stock. It is now, I believe generally agreed that they are all the progeny of Ishmael; and certainly they may be spoken of as having their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them.

They are for the most part, straight, upright, and gracefully formed. I have never met with a lame or deformed Bedawee. They are generally of a spare habit, muscular and sinewy. Their skins are of a fine rich brown, very like the color of the carefully roasted coffee berry. Frequently their skin has almost a transparent appearance, and is capable of exhibiting emotion, in the rushing of the blood to the cheeks. Their eyes are well set in their heads, and are sparkling, burning

quick, and intelligent. They have mostly thin spare beards, which they wear untrimmed. They possess immense energy and activity, and are capable of enduring fatigue; all of which, their most abstemious habit tend to cherish. Their step, when in the Desert, is firm, agile and graceful. They walk as nature intended. They have never been drilled into awkwardness by dancing and posture masters. Every muscle, tendon and sinew, performs its proper office. If asked to mention the best specimen of untortured, manly gracefulness of bearing I have ever met with, I would try and depict a young healthy Bedawee Arab. And their simple attire is as graceful as their persons, though consisting of but slender and uncostly materials. Next to the skin they wear a tunic or shirt of unbleached coarse linen, open at the throat and chest, and extending a little below the knees, the legs being left bare. The sleeves are wide and flowing, and admit of being thrown up to the shoulder, so as to leave the arm unincumbered, when needed for the use of the sabre. This garment is gathered round the loins by a broad stiff leathern girdle, in which is fixed the long crooked knife, with a blade of about eighteen inches long—a fearful weapon in a dextrous hand. From the girdle is suspended also the flint and steel for firing their matchlock guns; and also a pouch for tobacco, commonly made of lizard skin. Slung from the neck, they wear a belt containing several rounds of ammunition; while by the side is usually suspended a strong iron-hilted sabre, and behind the shoulders a long matchlock gun, sometimes ornamented with bits of mother-o'-pearl. On the head they wear the tarbouch, or skull-cap, made of crimson felt, with a blue tassel at the crown, round which is bound a shawl or turban. Some, instead of the latter, wear the *keffieh*, which is a handkerchief, often of rich colors, placed diagonally open over the head. The foremost corner is thrown back and the whole is left to fall in graceful folds over the shoulders, and bound round the temples by a fillet of camel's hair twisted into a rope. This latter head-dress is far more common among the Arabs on both sides of the river Jordan, than

among those of the more southern parts of the Desert. The attire of all Bedaween, except the very poorest, is completed by an outside flowing mantle, of a very graceful shape—sometimes blue, now and then crimson—but more commonly of a fawn color, marked with broad stripes of dark brown. The former are generally of woollen cloth; the latter of camel's hair. They commonly go barefoot; but those who can afford such a luxury, have sandals of fish skin, which are made at Tor, in the peninsula of Sinai. They however use them only occasionally, when the sands are intensely hot, or the mountain-passes sharp and rugged. With such a costume—so picturesque and graceful, it is no wonder that they should produce, at first, a startling effect upon a European mind, when seen in connection with their *wild-bird-o'th'-wilderness* bearing. Their garments appear as if they had never been new—they are so frayed and worn; and often are little better than a bundle of rags—yet not the less graceful for that; and their weapons, doubtless, have passed from father to son, for several generations.

We did not avail ourselves of the tendered services of the party of Bedaween whom we had found awaiting us, having learnt that Sheikh Hussein—the powerful chief of the Oualed Saïd, one of the tribes inhabiting the peninsula of Mount Sinai, was then in Cairo, under orders for escorting an English nobleman through the same route on which we had resolved. We were recommended to obtain and act upon the advice of Sheikh Hussein as to making up our caravan, and selecting our escort; for the purpose of securing which, we sent a polite message to this venerable and celebrated chief, who courteously answered our summons without delay. Though we could not have the benefit of his personal escort, yet I was glad to have an opportunity of seeing and conversing with him; for he had escorted Mr. Stephens, the American traveller, Lord Lindsay, Mr. D. Roberts, whose pencilled scenes in the east have immortalized him—and Mr. Kinnear, the author of one of the pleasantest and most sensibly written books I have met with, intituled "Cairo, Petra and Damas-

cus, in 1839." The appearance of Sheikh Hussein was calm, quiet, and prepossessing. There was an ease and mildness about him which was very taking; and a smile of dignified affability was upon his lip. He was a study for a painter in his happiest mood. His dress was old and faded; but strictly after the manner of the Bedaween. His large iron-hilted sabre, slung by a rude belt of undressed leather, appeared as if it had been drawn in a thousand frays; and seemed scarcely to belong to one so gentle and peaceful in appearance as Sheikh Hussein. His cheeks were as brown as the deepest colored mahogany or chocolate: his beard grizzled and flowing, and his eyes intensely bright and sparkling. He was thin and sinewy, as if all the animal juices of his body had been dried up by the scorching rays of his native sun. On his neck and bare chest, the skin seemed as if tightly stretched, and glued to the bones. On entering the room he extended his right hand and gave us the usual salaam, and we exchanged with him the customary salutation, which consists in striking gently the palm of each other's extended hand, and then pressing one's own hand first upon the lips, and next upon the forehead. We all seated ourselves for the conference, and pipes and coffee, according to the oriental custom, were served. Unlike most of the Bedaween, Sheikh Hussein is no smoker; but as it is deemed uncourteous to refuse an offered pipe, he just put it to his lips, took one whiff, and laid it aside. Addressing him through an interpreter, we explained our wishes as to the desert route, and begged his counsel and advice. He assured us that the route to Jerusalem (El Khoddes) by way of Mount Sinai (Gebel Mousa), Akabah, Wadey Mousa, and Hebron (El Khalil), was perfectly safe, and that the temperature of the season was quite suitable. He strongly recommended that we should put ourselves under the care of Sheikh Suleiman Mengid, the chief of another of the tribes, whose territory is in the peninsula of Sinai, who, he said, was then in Cairo. With all the novelty of such an expedition before us, demanding the utmost confidence in those who should be our escort, it may be

easily supposed that we listened with great interest to the conversation of our new friend, whom we looked upon as a specimen of those to whom we were about to commit our persons and property, in a country where little else than the law of the sword prevails. We begged Hussein to introduce us to Sheikh Suleiman, which he promised to do; and after a few minutes of further conversation, he rose to depart, again exchanging with us the usual salutations.

For several days the hot khamseen wind had been blowing most oppressively. The thermometer stood at ninety Fahrenheit, in the shade—I know not at what in the sun. The very thought of the desert at such a time was scorching.

On the day after Sheikh Hussein's visit he returned to us, bringing with him Sheikh Suleiman, as our proposed escort, first to Mount Sinai, and thence to Akabah. Suleiman was one of the most portly and majestic Arabs I have ever seen. He was dressed in an under garment or cassock of crimson, bound round the waist with a shawl, in which were placed his pistols and crooked knife. Over this he wore the usual purple mantle, in full picturesque folds, and a turban formed of a cashmere shawl. After a brief conversation and interchange of civilities, we proceeded direct to the British Consulate, for the purpose of making our contract in a formal manner. A Bedawee Arab will haggle and drive the hardest bargain, in order to get the very last piastre; and for that purpose will descend to almost any meanness; but when once the contract is made with him, he honestly fulfils it to the minutest particular; and considers that he has enlisted himself—life and heart in your service.

Though I had in some degree familiarized my mind, by previous reading, with the Desert route, and with the habits and customs of the Arabs, yet I confess there was almost an uneasy sensation in my mind, as we went with these two mighty chiefs—both fit subjects for the pencil of Salvator Rosa himself—to the cancellaria of the British Consul, for the purpose of signing and sealing our preliminary arrangements. Again and again I felt, how vain is the help of man

and how entirely it became us to see that, in prospect of such an expedition, we were resting on the arm of a covenant God.

Our contract was soon made, and consisted of the following particulars:—Sheikh Suleiman was to give us safe conduct direct to Mount Sinai, where we were to stay three days at the least; next, to the fort of Akabah, at the eastern gulph of the Red Sea, where we were to stay two days at least; and there to determine upon our future route, either through Edom, or otherwise. Sheikh Suleiman was to provide a suitable supply of camels, proportioned to our numbers and baggage, and an efficient escort of Arabs, of his tribe. The hire for each camel was to be two hundred and fifty piastres, that is, about two pounds ten shillings, English. Should additional camels be at any time wanted, they were to be supplied at the same rate. And it was stipulated, that in the event of our staying more than three days at Mount Sinai, or two at Akabah, we were to pay ten piastres per day for each camel, in addition to the price already contracted for. When these various matters were all agreed on, they were reduced to writing, in the form of a regular contract, first in Arabic, and then in English. The former was read over to Sheikh Suleiman, who listened with great gravity of attention; and then, laying his hand first on his heart, and next on his head, as a token and pledge of fidelity, said—"Tayeeb, tayeeb"—very good, very good. And when we had affixed our signatures to the document, the Sheikh drew from under his girdle, a small brass seal, engraved with Arabic characters—his name and style, I suppose—from which an impression was made on the paper. This act was duly registered in the cancellaria. This matter of business having been fully arranged, and the tenth of May fixed as the day of our departure, we separated with mutual satisfaction—the Sheikh to his bivouac, on the borders of the desert, and we to the bazaars, to make the remaining needful purchases for our expedition—bearing in mind, that if any thing should be forgotten, no bazaars would be found by the way.

To those who are accustomed to the ease and safety of European travelling, the preparations for a desert route are of a very novel kind. Our provisions consisted of casks of biscuit, rice, maccaroni, vermicelli, pasta, dried fruits, coffee; and tobacco, for the Arabs, in abundance; a canteen with plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, and cooking vessels, a coffee pot, charcoal for cooking, block tin basins for washing a large supply of well-seasoned skins for water (new ones being objectionable on account of the rancid taste they are apt to impart to the water), Arab umbrellas, rudely made of green and white cotton stuff, to protect the face against the sun; porous water bottles made of baked earth, to be slung at the saddle, which, by evaporation, keep the water comparatively cool for immediate use; a firm well-constructed tent for ourselves, and another for our servants, with camp stools and a table made to fold up with the tent; segaddehs or prayer-carpets used by the Musselmans—to form part of our beds by night, and saddles by day! mattresses and light coverlids, and nicely constructed framework, made of split branches of the palm tree, to protect our bedding from damp and vermin; Arab lamps, to be suspended in the tents at night, and a good store of wax candles and oil; pistols, sabres, ammunition, and Arab attire, which our friends in Alexandria and Cairo advised us to assume. The costume which I wore was that of a Khowaga, or merchant of Cairo, consisting of white linen trousers of very spacious dimensions, yellow morocco slippers next my feet, and scarlet ones over them; a cassock of rich crimson and yellow Damascus stuff, bound round the waist with a long silk scarf of variegated colors, and over it a flowing robe of olive colored cloth; a white turban and tarbouch, or crimson-felt skull cap, with a close linen cap within it—affording the most comfortable dress for the head (which was shaved according to the oriental custom), and protecting very effectually against the intense heat of the sun.

The next thing was to secure experienced and trustworthy servants; for upon success in this particular, much of the

comfort of the traveller depends. The Arab servants bear in general, a bad character, although most of them contrive somehow to have fair testimonials. We agreed with one as our dragoman, or principal, whose testimonials were many, and highly satisfactory—an active, intelligent, and experienced man, well acquainted not only with the Desert route but with Syria and Palestine also. In addition to his other qualifications, he spoke very understandable English, and better Italian. He had Bedaween blood in his veins, and a dash of Quixotism in his character. *Hassenein* certainly prepossessed me much in his favor from the beginning, and never disappointed me. Upon his recommendation we agreed with a second, as cook; and if ever there was a faithful Arab servant, *Abd'lawahyed* (pronounced *Abd'lo-a-heit*) was one; and a cook, moveover, who need not, after a little practice, blush in a European cuisine, if ever he should get there. Throughout the whole of their attendance upon us, they never deserved a syllable of rebuke; but all the praise we could bestow.

I have given a special page to this description of our preparations for the route, because, so far as I know, travellers have been but scanty in their information on such matters; and I fancy what I have mentioned will be useful to others who may be meditating such a tour.

While engaged in the bazaars, we availed ourselves of an opportunity of visiting the slave market of Cairo. It consists of a quadrangular open space, surrounded with buildings, affording places of retreat for those slaves especially, who are, usually, less than others, exposed to the public gaze. There was an air of wretchedness about the whole scene, heightened I dare say, to my imagination, by those strong feelings with which every Englishman, of healthy moral principle, regards slavery in all its forms. The slaves offered for sale on the occasion of our visit, consisted chiefly of Nubians and Abyssinians, of both sexes, and of almost all ages; some of them intelligent in their appearance, and possessing an air of vigor and activity. It was an unquiet sensation which vibrated in

my heart, as I walked round from group to group, and mingled with parties of Arabs, Turks, and Jews, who, with calculating brows and scrutinizing glances, were satisfying themselves as to the strength and value of the slaves—much as jockeys examine and judge of horses. We did not see any bargains actually concluded; but quite enough to arouse indignation. Alas! for human nature, that it should be so degraded. Some of the poor creatures looked quietly submissive, and even cheerful; while others appeared depressed and gloomy. All knew they were to be sold—were born to be sold, and silently awaited their destiny. If, in the present state of the east, slavery must needs exist, it is a matter of no small satisfaction to know that generally, slaves are well treated by their masters. But, self-interest lies at the bottom of it; for they are the *property* of their masters—their *money*, in the form of human flesh; and few, however inhuman, would needlessly impair the health of their slaves by cruelty or privation.

From the slave market, we proceeded, notwithstanding a hot khamseen wind, which seemed like gusts of burning vapor wafted from an oven, to explore the palace and gardens of Mehemet Ali, at Shubra. The gardens are beautiful of their kind, and more trim and formal than those of Ibrahim Pacha, at Rhoda. Straight lines prevail very much; and the paths are in many places paved with variegated pebbles. Lemon, apricot, and other trees abounded, bearing fruit abundantly; while roses, jessamine, and various beautiful flowers lent their aid to complete the effect. We could not obtain admission to the whole of the palace; but had the honor of seating ourselves on the Pacha's dewan in one of his chambers of audience. The palace gives but little idea of oriental splendor; and so far as we saw of it, was fitted up in the poorest style of tawdry French decoration.

It is needful that all travellers intending to make a sojourn in the convent of Santa Katarina at Mount Sinai, should take with them a letter of introduction from the superior of the Greek convent at Cairo. For the purpose of obtaining such

a credential, we resolved on paying a personal visit to the worthy superior. Having arrived at the outer gate, we found several brethren seated on a dewan, within, dressed in the graceful costume of their order, and with fine flowing beards, and hair streaming over their shoulders. They performed the office of porters, or janitors. They received us respectfully; and when Hassenein informed them of the purport of our visit, we were immediately admitted; and one of them led the way through several passages or corridors, in which were sundry other brethren variously occupied, till at length he ushered us into the chamber of audience, at the further part of which was a raised dewan, and at the right hand corner of it, on the floor, a separate set of cushions and carpets—with a low table and writing materials near at hand. The apartment was delightfully cool; and its whitewashed walls were decorated with curious old and rudely executed pictures, of scripture subjects, and crucifixes. One of the pictures, and apparently the most ancient, was intended to represent Mount Sinai, Horeb, and the Convent of Santa Katarina, in which every rule of perspective was most amusingly set at naught. We had but little time for observation, ere the superior made his appearance; and, after receiving us with every token of respectful attention, bade us seat ourselves on the dewan, and took his own place on the low cushions beside the writing table; while near him, sat one of the brethren, a fine, intelligent looking, white-bearded old man of about sixty, as Arabic interpreter. The superior was a younger man, and of a very kindly and prepossessing countenance. Our dragoman was desired to step up upon the dewan, and to open the conference. He informed the superior that we were two English gentlemen, making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, by way of Mount Sinai and Akabah, and desiring to share the hospitality of the brethren of Santa Katarina. The superior courteously replied, that he should be gratified in giving us a letter of recommendation; inquired our names, which he took down in writing, and promised that the letter should be ready for us on the morrow. A lay-brother then

entered the room, bearing a salver, on which were presented to us preserved cherries, spring water, and arakee—a pleasan spirit distilled from dates, of which we partook; and having conversed briefly about England and English travellers, the aged brother, who sat near the superior, handed us delicious coffee. When we had finished it, he rose again from his seat to receive the empty cups, with great humility of manner. I presume this is one of the usual formalities of their hospitality. It was altogether a simple and primitive scene. There were we—two English clergymen, in the midst of Grand Cairo—strangers—yet received with all hospitality by those simple monks, as if we had been known to them from our youth. I could but think of the words—"I was a stranger, and ye took me in." We soon afterwards rose to depart, expressing in the best way we were able, our sense of obligation for the kindness we had experienced. The superior and brethren cordially bade us farewell, and a "bon voyage."

Having now made every arrangement for our journey, and having time at our disposal, we resolved on making our visit to the Pyramids of Ghiseh. If there be anything venerable in antiquity, then these wonderful structures are venerable indeed. I felt, in preparing for the visit, I was not about to bring the learning of an acute antiquary to bear on them. I knew that learning had nearly exhausted its resources, and that still they are overhung with a veil of deepest mystery. I could visit them, therefore, only with the strong feelings of a man interested in all that concerns the by-gone history of his species.

A journey of about ten English miles, south-west of Cairo, or, during the inundation of the Nile, a circuit of twenty, brings the traveller to the Pyramids of Ghiseh. It was a lovely bright morning, on the seventh of May, when, at six o'clock, we set out on our expedition, mounted on the strongest donkeys we could procure—the ordinary means of locomotion in Cairo, as well as in Alexandria. As we passed through the streets, even at that early hour, the whole population seemed to be abroad, engaged in their various callings.

What struck me most, was the abundance of stalls and bazaars, piled up with immense supplies of water-melons, cucumbers of enormous length and size, and other fruits of the season, of which the people eat abundantly, even while walking in the streets, or sitting in parties in the dust. As we approached nearer to the suburbs, great numbers of men and women, in their picturesque attire, were entering the city, bearing vast additional contributions of these various kinds of fruit, so adapted to the climate and the simple wants of the people. I thought of the children of Israel, and their discontented desire after the provisions of Egypt, which they missed in the Desert—"And the mixed multitude that was among them fell a lusting; and the children of Israel also wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the *cucumbers* and the *melons*, and the *leeks* and the *onions*, and the *garlick*."*

Our way towards the Pyramids lay through Old Cairo, which is now a kind of port, or landing place, on the banks of the river, and near Rhoda Island. We had to cross the Nile at this point by a ferry boat; and, having reached the opposite bank, were borne on the backs of waiting Arabs through the shallow water, and safely landed. Having proceeded a short distance along a road winding amidst date groves, our attention was drawn to the sound of a reed-pipe, accompanied by the beating of tabors; and soon we found a large crowd assembled, in the midst of which was a party of Dervishes, engaged in what, among Musselmans, is accounted a religious service. It was a "*calling for God*," as our dragoman informed us, in reference to the rising of the Nile. Happy are the people who, in calling upon God, know how to draw near him through One "who ever liveth to make intercession." When we approached the crowd, we found the Dervishes formed into a circle, swaying themselves from side to side in the most excited manner, with their eyes closed,

* Numbers xi. 4—6.

uttering groans and cries and ejaculations, which mingled strangely with the sounds of the pipe and tabor This violent exercise was continued for a length of time, till all the party seemed exhausted, and utterly unconscious of external objects. While we stood witnessing this strange ceremony, an Arab came to us from the crowd soliciting money, to whom our dragoman, as a good Musselman, flung a few paras. One could not contemplate such an assembly, without a prayerful longing for the day when all shall know the Lord, as he has revealed himself in Christ—from the least to the greatest.

Leaving this strange scene, we went on through an arid and wilderness-like route, with here and there a palm or date, and occasionally a fig tree, abounding with unripe fruit. At length we reached an Arab village—squalid and wretched-looking, surrounded by cultivated lands to a considerable extent, upon which the laborers were gathering in the spare crops of poor stunted barley. They do not cut the corn with a sickle, or any other instrument, but pluck it up by the roots in handfuls, and bind it, without being made into sheaves, on the backs of camels. This custom seemed to illustrate Eccles. iii. 2:—"A time to plant, and a time to *pluck up* that which is planted:" and Jeremiah xxiv. 6, "For I will set mine eyes upon them [Israel] for good, and I will bring them again to this land; and I will build them, and not pull them down; and I will *plant* them, and not *pluck them up*." In most parts of the east which we subsequently visited, the same custom very generally prevailed in the harvest fields.

Beyond this harvest scene, the face of the country was very parched and dreary. The land was gaping in wide fissures, by reason of the heat to which it had been exposed, and waiting for the efflux of the Nile. It was indeed "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." The Pyramids were, and had been, for a considerable time in sight; but my mind involuntarily yielded again to the sense of disappointment which I had experienced when I caught the first glance of them from the river. They appeared positively insignificant in their dimensions, standing as they did on the far-stretching

surface of the Lybian Desert. The extreme clearness of the atmosphere gave them such an appearance of proximity, as made us suppose we were on the point of reaching them, when in fact a space of two or three miles intervened. And it was not until standing at the very base, and examining the vast dimensions of separate stones, and suffering the eye to wander up to the summit, that we became capable of receiving a due impression of their magnitude. And even then, the mind needed to have time to dilate itself for the purpose of accurate perception. The plan of the Pyramids is that of a perfect square; and is a continuation of square upon square—each one contracting in certain dimensions, till the last terminates nearly in a point. The ascertained dimensions of the Pyramid of Cheops, which is the largest, are seven hundred and fifty-two feet at the base, which being nearly square, would give about three thousand feet for its four sides; so that it occupies a space of more than thirteen acres. Its perpendicular height is about five hundred and ninety feet—about one hundred feet higher than the cross and ball on St. Paul's in London, and about twenty-three above the summit of St. Peter's in Rome.* Some idea of the magnitude of this stupendous work of early art may be conceived, by supposing the area of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields to be occupied by a pile of masonry, the base nearly coinciding in dimensions with that area. And supposing this Pyramid to be solid, and not to consist of chambers which have been from time to time discovered, its contents would exceed three millions of cubic yards of masonry.

Perhaps no ancient productions of human ingenuity have been the subject of so many theories and conjectures as these remarkable structures, on which the sweep of ages has exer-

* The form of this immense mass prevents a very accurate measurement without great labor and danger. Hence the various *estimates* which have been made. Herodotus mentions its reputed height, in his time, to have been eight hundred feet, and the width of each side of the base the same. Strabo made it six hundred and twenty-five feet; but Diodorus reduces it to six hundred. Many modern observers have agreed with Strabo, and some bring it much below Diodorus.

cised no traceable power. The men of this generation see in them what their founders saw; and while the world lasts, future generations will doubtless see them as we do. They are almost the only things of human origin which are insusceptible of change—they possess in themselves the elements of permanence. Whether they were originally connected with the religious institutions of the ancient Egyptians, as some have believed; or whether, as others have imagined, they were only granaries for storing corn; or retreats in the event of another deluge, or too great an efflux of the Nile; or monuments to memorialize great events; or temples for consulting oracles; or observatories for astronomical purposes; or tombs and depositories of ancient kings; or erected to the honor of the Patriarch Joseph; or for the worship of the dog-star Sirius, denoting the periodical rising of the Nile—there is still an absence of all conclusive proof; and so far as present and past observations have gone, there is a like absence of all adequate means for arriving at such proof. Yet, there they stand—still inviting, though incapable of satisfying, speculation. Sir John Gardner Wilkinson, whose investigations are most valuable and instructive on all matters relating to ancient Egypt, sees sufficient reason for supposing that they were erected by Suphis and his brother Sensuphis, about the year 2120, before the Christian era. Considering how utterly the chronicles of men fail to carry the mind back accurately to the period of their origin, it requires no great effort of the imagination to conceive that they were gazed upon by Abraham, while sojourning in Egypt; by Joseph the ruler and his amazed brethren, and by Moses himself, when, under the banner of Jehovah, he led forth Israel from the bondage under which they groaned. And, if imagination may be allowed thus to associate with the Pyramids the early facts and personages of Bible history, we may at the same time take the ground of certainty and say, they were beheld with wonder and admiration, by Homer and Herodotus, by Pythagoras and Plato; that they were hoary antiquities even in their days and scarcely appear to have ever been young.

But I must pause on this subject, or fill my pages with it alone; and still leave the reader's mind unsatisfied and perplexed.

On approaching the Pyramids, we were surrounded by a troop of wild Arabs, all eagerly tendering their services as guides—modern plagues of Egypt as they are. Again and again I wished we could shake them off, and pursue our object in peace; but it was a vain wish. "*Backsheech—backsheech*,"* was the hateful word ever on their lips. The Pyramids themselves were nothing to them, except for the few piastres they might extort from the wondering visitor.

We had provided ourselves with wax tapers, for the purpose of seeing so much of the interior of the great Pyramid of Cheops as has been explored and developed by Belzoni, Caviglia, Colonel Vyse, and others. By this dim and precarious light we entered, with some of our troublesome guides, at the sixteenth step, on the northern side, to which we ascended by an inclined plane of sand and rubbish. The entrance is by a narrow passage, perfectly dark, inclining downwards for between two and three hundred feet, at an angle of 27°. The path is rugged and fatiguing, and must be pursued by a person of ordinary height in a stooping posture. This first passage terminates at a large hall in the very centre of the Pyramid—the magnitude of which I could form but little idea of, in the feeble light of our tapers. From this chamber, we proceeded upwards by a similar inclined plane, but exceedingly slippery—to what is called the grand gallery: and here I resolved to terminate my explorative labors; for the Arabs became so offensively clamorous for money, and our means of satisfactory examination were so insufficient, that I felt it to be a needless exposure to toil and vexation. I was satisfied with having thus seen and entered the great Pyramid of Cheops; knowing that the researches of scientific men, accessible to most readers, had already given to the public all the minute particulars which have hitherto been

* A reward in money. Even when an Arab intends to rob a traveller he politely asks for "*Backsheech.*"

ascertained. To the standard works on the subject, I must therefore refer the inquiring reader.

Contenting ourselves with a general survey of the Pyramid of Cephrenes, the second in dimensions, and similar in its construction to that of Cheops, we descended to the lower surface of the plain, eastward of the Pyramids, where stands that far-famed remnant of Egyptian antiquity, the Sphynx—half buried in the rapidly accumulating sands of the Desert, notwithstanding the pains and labor which have, from time to time, been expended on it, for the sake of keeping it visible in all its parts. Its dimensions are vastly colossal. The head —in which the Coptic expression is still distinctly preserved —measures from the point of the chin to the top of the forehead, twenty-eight feet. The body, in a couchant posture, is about one hundred feet in length. Laborious excavations were made about this Sphynx by the enterprising Caviglia, which disclosed many interesting details that had been buried in the sand of ages. On a stone platform, between the fore paws, was discovered a block of granite, fourteen feet by seven, and two feet thick, highly embellished with sculptures in base relief; and on the second digit of the paw, lying towards the south, was formed a Greek inscription deeply cut. But these, together with the two temples, one between the legs, and the other hollowed out in one of the paws, as discovered by Belzoni, are no longer visible, by reason of the rapid and large accumulation of sand.*

* Dr. E. D. Clarke made an interesting discovery of inscriptions on the Sphynx. His account of it is as follows:—"As we drew near to view this prodigious colossus, a reddish hue was discernible over the whole mass, quite inconsistent with the common color of the limestone used in building the Pyramids, and of which the Sphynx is formed. This induced us to examine more attentively the superficies of the statue; and having succeeded in climbing beneath the right ear of the figure, where the surface had never been broken, nor in any degree decomposed by the action of the atmosphere, we found, to our great surprise, that the whole had once been painted of a dingy red or blood color, like some of the stuccoed walls of the houses in Pompeii and Herculaneum. Upon this painted surface there was also an *inscription;* but so concealed by its situation beneath the enormous ear of the Sphynx, and so out of the reach of observers viewing the statue from below, that no notice has yet been taken of it by any preceding traveller.... It bears the characteristic of a high antiquity in the manner of applying the writing. There is a passage in the book of Deutoronomy,

It was indeed something to know, on quitting this scene of hoar antiquity, that our feet had trodden the spot, and our eyes had gazed on objects, which have rivetted the attention of the mightiest and the noblest men of all ages. There has not been a conqueror pre-eminently distinguished in the history of the world, from the days of Cambyses, down to the invasion of Napoleon Buonaparte, who withheld the tribute of his admiration from the genius of the place. The vanity of Alexander was so piqued by the overwhelming impression of their majesty, that nothing less than being ranked among the gods of Egypt could elevate him sufficiently above the pride of the monarchs by whom they were erected. When Germanicus had subdued the Egyptian empire, and seated "a Roman præfect upon the splendid throne of the Ptolemies," being unmindful of repose or triumph, the antiquities of the country engaged all his attention. The humblest pilgrim, pacing the Lybian sands around them, while he is conscious that he walks in the footsteps of so many mighty and renowned men, imagines himself to be for an instant admitted into their illustrious conclave. Persian satraps, Macedonian heroes, Grecian bards, sages and historians, Roman warriors, all—of every age and nation and religion, have participated, in common with him, the same feelings, and have trodden the same ground. Every spot that he beholds, every stone on which he rests his weary limbs, has witnessed the coming of men, who were the fathers of law, of literature, and of the arts. Orpheus, Musœus, Homer, Lycurgus, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, Plutarch, contributed by their presence to the dignity of the place.*

which proves that the custom of writing upon plaister, existed in the fifteenth century before the Christian era. The Israelites are thus instructed to write the law; and it is very probable that Moses had learnt the art from the Egyptians:—'*Thou shalt set thee up great stones, and plaister them with plaister: and thou shalt write upon them all the words of the law.*'—Deut. xxvii. 2, 3. The two first lines are Coptic; the rest is Arabic. The characters were of considerable size; and they were inscribed in black paint, upon the red surface of the statue."—*Travels of Dr. E. D. Clarke, Vol.* v. *pp.* 200—3.

* See Dr. E. D. Clarke.

We returned to Cairo by the same route through which we had approached the Pyramids of Ghiseh—often turning back to catch another and a last glance of objects so venerable, on which we could not expect that our eyes would ever rest again. The impression made on my mind, will, I think, never be obliterated.

The time for our departure for Mount Sinai being near at hand, I ordered the camel destined for my service in the expedition to be brought, that I might have an opportunity of trying his paces, and acquainting myself with all that was needful to be known in reference to a mode of travelling so novel to European habits. It was a gentle and docile beast. When preparing for his burthen, the camel is made to kneel down on all fours; and his legs are so constructed as to give an idea of his being packed up to be stowed away in a case. The knees and hocks are fortified by a hard horny substance, to prevent injury during this process: and on the chest between the fore legs, is a projection of the same kind, of about six or eight inches in depth, presenting a circular surface of about a foot in diameter, which rests upon the earth, and seems to afford support to the whole body while receiving its load. Over the hump is placed an elevated saddle, on which you spread your segaddeh, or any thing you please in addition, to make the seat convenient, and it becomes perfectly easy to take up your position. When you are fairly seated, the camel first rises half way on his hind legs—flinging you, by a sudden movement, so forward, that, without great care, it is probable enough you may fall upon the low curve of his neck, and thence to the ground. He next rises entirely upon his fore legs, and by a third effort gathers up his hind ones—and there you are, mounted up to a lofty height,* above the crowds of people—doubtful, at first, whether your new position

* The average height of the camel, measured from the top of the hump, is between six and seven feet; but from the crown of the head, when fully elevated, it is nearly nine feet. The head is, however, usually so carried as to be nearly on a level with the hump, or rather, if anything, below it—the animal bending its neck considerably, in its general posture. The Egyptian camels are much taller and stronger than those bred and used in the Arabian Desert.

will be perfectly tenable, when the long, sweeping, sailing step shall commence. When you intend to dismount, the creature performs the reverse of his ceremony of rising—going down first on his knees.* It certainly is an embarrassing affair at first. When mounted, you take in your hand a halter, made of camel's hair, fastened to an iron ring going round the nose of the animal—your only bridle; and it is strange to see his long neck and uplifted nose so far in advance of your saddle. And then he seems to amuse himself by looking inquiringly from right to left—gazing upon every thing and every body in the most deliberate manner; and sometimes bending and swinging round his slender neck, he turns and looks his rider in the face. I rode onwards for an hour or so, towards Shubra; and on my return, found that the long step and unwieldy gait of the camel taxes rather smartly, at first, the muscles of the back, neck and shoulders of the rider.

Of all the natural objects of interest and novelty, perhaps there is nothing that more arrested my attention than the camel—its nature and habits; and the evidence which it constantly afforded of the adaptive providence of God. It seems to have been designed and constructed for a desert life—for its toils and its privations. Of all bulky animals, perhaps it is satisfied with the least food, and the coarsest. It never eats greedily, but like one who simply desires to sustain life. In forming a caravan for the Desert, the Arabs usually carry with them a supply of beans, as the most convenient portable food for their cattle; but these are not used when the valleys supply coarse herbage of any kind, or the sharp, thorny tree which produces the gumarabic; of the leaves of which, stripped off in the most careful and dextrous manner, they make a contented meal. The capability of travelling many days without fresh supplies of water, affords another and well known instance of the peculiar adaptation of the camel to a desert life; added to which, the remarkable patience depicted in the very countenance, and visible in all its demeanor, can-

* See Gen. xxiv. 11

not fail to impress the traveller with a sense of wise design on the part of the Creator.

The feet of the camel are large, and their hoofs are constructed in a very peculiar manner, being divided above into two lobes, the extremity of each protected by distinct and separate small hoofs. The structure of the whole foot gives very much the idea of being formed of india rubber; and seems to have a remarkable power of contracting and expanding, so as to adapt itself to the varieties of surface to which it may be applied. The under part of the foot is soled with a tough and pliable skin, which by yielding in all directions, and not admitting easily of laceration, enables the animal to pass with peculiar ease and security over dry, hot, sandy, and stony regions and mountain passes of great difficulty, which, otherwise, would soon parch and destroy the hoof.

We learn from holy scripture that a great part of patriarchal wealth consisted in camels. Job at first had three thousand; but, after the termination of his sore trials, that number was doubled. And even now, the Bedaween Arabs estimate their wealth, by the numbers which they possess, of these animals; so that in speaking of the riches of any one, they say he has so many camels.

Under the usual burthens, camels—"ships of the desert"* as the Arabs call them—will travel with ease at the rate of thirty miles per day, allowing ten hours (halting frequently at mid-day), for the season of activity and locomotion. In cases of necessity, even more than this is sometimes accomplished. But the Arabs are, in the main, careful of their camels; and when dividing and adjusting the baggage and furniture of travellers, will wrangle and contend about the

* The following extracts from Arabian Poets, given by Sir William Jones, convey the idea involved in this epithet:—

"Even now, she (the camel) has a spirit so brisk, that she flies with the rain, like a clear cloud, driven by the wind, after it has discharged its shower.

"Long is her neck; and when she raises it with celerity, it resembles the stern of a ship, floating aloft on the billowy Tigris.

"Ah! the vehicles which bore away my fair one, on the morning when the tribe of Malee departed, and their camels were travelling the banks of Deda, resembled large ships."

smallest article, if urged to add it to a load which they deem already sufficient for the strength of the animal. Some of the noisiest altercations in a desert route are occasioned in this way.

It was in the afternoon of the tenth of May, when, according to the arrangements with Sheikh Suleiman, our baggage, provisions, and all things needful for the journey were made ready for loading. Our Arabs arrived from their bivouac on the borders of the Desert; and the busy stir of preparation was soon sounding in our ears. Whatever dangers or privations we might be called on to meet or endure in our passage through the wilderness, I felt that then the die was cast. It was, to me, a most exciting scene, when camels and their wild attendants crowded the quadrangular court of our habitation, and the plaintive cries and moanings of the poor beasts while receiving their various allotments of burthen, were mingled with the harsh, voluble, guttural squabblings of the Bedaween. It was a picture of strife and confusion not easy to be realized, except by those who are acquainted with oriental manners and habits. At length, however, all was fairly adjusted; good humor was as easily restored as broken; and the loaded camels and their swarthy guardians, with Sheikh Suleiman at their head, wound their way through the narrow streets of Cairo (which is more like a rabbit warren than any thing else), to await our arrival, at a little before sunset, on the borders of the Desert, just to the left of the tombs of the Sultans; from whence our caravan was to move with the early light of the morning.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARABIAN DESERT.

FROM CAIRO TO MOUNT SINAI.

Departure from Cairo—Night-scene in the Desert—Desert of Suez—Mirage—Encampment in the Desert—Bedaween Characteristics—Incidents—Red Sea—Suez—Fountain—Superstitious Practice—Suez—Passage of the Red Sea—Ayun Mousa, the Springs of Moses—Route to Mount Sinai—Wadey Werdan—Thirst—Precaution—Waters of Marah—Wadey Ghurundel—Wilderness of Sin—Children of Israel—Wadey Usseit—Wadey Thal—Wadey Homrr—Wadey Nassb—Arab Families—Ramel Morekh—Wadey Berah—Arab Burial-Ground—Wadey Sheikh—Sinaite Group—Gebel Serbal—Wadey Hawy—Plain of El Raha—Horeb—Sinai—Convent of Santa Katarina—Chapel of the Burning Bush—Convent Library—Catacomb—Shrine of Santa Katarina—Ascent of Mount Sinai—Mount Sinai—Preparations for Departure.

"And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead. And he called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said, Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve the Lord as ye have said. Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also. And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people, that they might send them out of the land in haste; for they said, we be all dead men. And the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders. * * * And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, besides children. And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle. * * * And it

came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, lest peradventure the people repent, when they see war, and they return unto Egypt. But God led the people about through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea. And the children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt. * * * And they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham, in the edge of the wilderness. And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people."*

With a record such as this for the mind to dwell on; with the history of God's ancient people in our memories; with the land of their cruel bondage stretching around us; and with their desert route awaiting us, it may be easily imagined that the commencement of our journey occasioned many a deep emotion. History became reality indeed, as we prepared to follow in the track of the six hundred thousand rescued Israelites, and the mixed multitude which went up with them. The pillar of the cloud indeed was no longer visible by day, nor the pillar of fire by night; but yet the God of Israel was with us in the gospel of his dear Son—a better manifestation than ever Israel had witnessed in the days of their wanderings. And this was enough to bear us up, in the prospect of any thing that might await us in the unopened future—either of danger, difficulty, or privation. It was a solemn time indeed, when, bidding farewell to human habitations, we prepared to go forth upon the scene of Israel's pilgrimage—the homeless waste—the houseless abode of men of the wandering spirit and the untiring foot. How far —how very far distant did home, and the scenes and pursuits and dear objects of home, appear, while the mind grasped at the fact, that there was the marvellous exo-

* Exodus xii. 30—34, 37, 38; xiii. 17, 18, 20—22.

dus of Israel commenced; and that there Jehovah interposed on their behalf to break the shackles of heartless tyranny.

The sun was getting low in the horizon, and casting lengthened shadows, as we wound slowly along the crowded streets of Cairo, towards the gate called *Bab-en-Nasr*, which opened upon the skirts of the desert. We passed on in silence, having on our right the crumbling remains of the tombs of the Sultans—dome and tower all yielding to the touch of time, and powdered with the sand-drifts of the wilderness. The sun was bathing in his last gorgeous rays the mosques and minarets of the ancient city, and illuminating the land of Goshen,* which stretched out, with its flat and still green and productive surface, yet further on our left; while the cloudless sky overhung us like a canopy of richly tinted velvet. We soon descried our little encampment in the distance; and in about half an hour were in the midst of our Bedaween party, who had already begun to light their evening fires, and freed their camels from their burthens. There, in the midst, stood the tent which was to be our desert-home, already pitched for our reception; and as we advanced, Sheikh Suleiman, arrayed in his smartest attire, came forth to receive us with every indication of respectful bearing. How new—how strange was all this scene; and these were to be our companions—these wild and houseless men—for many a long day, and for many a weary league. They had provided no tents—they needed none. The sand was their bed—the midnight sky their canopy. Our caravan consisted

* A greater variety of conjectures than the simplicity of the subject requires has been offered, as to the precise locality of the land of Goshen. One of the clearest proofs that it lay along the east side of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, which is the most easterly branch of the river, arises out of the fact—that the Israelites on their departure from Egypt, did not pass over the Nile; and we therefore readily assume that it must have included the district of Heliopolis, which lay on the eastern border of the Delta. The land of Goshen was certainly the best pasture ground of Lower Egypt, and well adapted for pastoral pursuits; for Joseph recommended it to his family, as "the best of the land;" (Gen. xlvii. 11) and Pharaoh promised to give them "the good of the land of Egypt," and the "fat of the land." Gen. xlv. 18, 20.

of fourteen camels altogether, including those destined to bear our baggage, and those provided for us and our servants to ride. It was a noble beast which owned Sheikh Suleiman as its master.

We spent a few minutes amidst the party—received and exchanged salutations, and then, walking up upon an elevated ridge of rocky soil over against our encampment, took a parting glance at the ancient city of Cairo. The evening was closing charmingly, and soon the picture became shadowy and distant; for in the east there is but a short—scarcely any—interval of twilight between sunset and darkness.* Turning from the city, we looked down from the other side of the hill upon our little encampment. How wild and gipsey-like it appeared; and the loud laugh, and the break of hearty voices, mingling with the moaning of camels, fell with a sense of strange novelty on our ears, while we counted the blazing fires kindled for the evening meal, illuminating the picturesque persons of our Bedaween, and their animals gathered around them. We turned to our tent, which we found comfortably arranged for us, by servants who knew the nature of desert wants and how to supply them. In the middle was suspended an Arab lamp, above a camp table. Matting and carpets were spread upon the sand. Our mattresses and slight bedding were placed on either side; and such of our baggage as we might want for the night, placed within our reach. It was a snug, cheerful little home.

Having arranged with Sheikh Suleiman to commence the march at an early hour in the morning, we betook ourselves to our repose; but though I felt every assurance of safety, from the known fidelity of Arabs when acting as an escort, yet the novelty of position, and the multitude of thoughts crowding continually upon my mind, kept me restless and wakeful; while the sound of camels, and the fitful talk of the

* "The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark."
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

appointed watchers and guards, were perpetually falling on the ear.

May 11th.—The sun was just tinging the horizon with his first rays of promise, when we were summoned from our couches, to prepare for the commencement of the journey. The first loading is always a tedious matter. Baggage has to be adapted and re-adapted, again and again, before satisfaction pervades the caravan. At length, every one of the escort—having charge of certain articles—is enabled, after each halting, to select from the mass every thing for which he is responsible, and for which a fitting place has been found on the back of his camel. The preparation, however, was in due time made; and amidst Sheikh Suleiman's loud and repeated cry of "*Yellah—yellah*" (make haste and be going), we mounted our camels, which were kneeling on the sand ready to receive us. On the saddle, both in front and behind, there is a stout upright wooden pin, or peg, on which are slung such matters as the traveller may happen to want at any moment during the march. In front, I had a firm walking staff, an Arab umbrella, and a porous earthen bottle containing fresh water from the Nile. Behind, were slung pistols and a sabre (for the *shew* of arms is positively necessary, even for men of peace), and a small case containing books and writing materials. It was just seven o'clock when we began to move, and bade farewell to our first desert-home on the sand. The usual route to the gulph of Suez, following the track of the children of Israel, so clearly indicated in Scripture,* occupies four days, if traversed at the ordinary camel-pace, of nearly three miles an hour.

The silence and solitary aspect of the Desert—though still so near to the borders of Cairo, had an impressive effect upon the mind, as we passed onwards by way of Materieh, on the northern side of a graceful and picturesque chain of hills, called Gebel Ataka, with the warm tinting of the morning sun resting on their otherwise gray and sombre sides and peaks. The path was well tracked by the footsteps of ages

* Exodus xiv.

—for it is by this way that the grand Hadj makes its exit from Cairo. Perhaps the romance of the scene may be somewhat broken by the occasional traces of carriage wheels, which are now no strangers to the Desert of Suez, as connected with the bold undertaking of the overland passage to India. Such are the convenient arrangements made, that travellers coming direct from India, however delicate or enfeebled in health, may find themselves transported from the shores of the Red Sea to Cairo, with almost all the ordinary comforts of an European route. Of course, in such an expedition as ours, we preferred, on all accounts, the ancient mode of travelling. This route, like all those of the Hadj caravans, has scattered about it, at every few miles, the sad and impressive memorials of suffering and death. The bones of camels, bleached by the sun and the breezes of the Desert, and the occasional hillocks, with piled up stones marking the last earthly reposing place of many a hapless pilgrim, fill the mind sometimes with anxious forecastings of thought as to what may still await the traveller in scenes like these.

At this part of the Desert, occasional patches of herbage, though poor and stunted, are to be seen, towards which the camels stretch down their long necks in passing, and crop a hasty mouthful. A little before noon, while the sun in his strength was bearing down upon us, we saw in the distance somewhat which had the appearance of a charming lake, with its beautiful blue waters, as if reflecting the deep azure of the sky. It was studded here and there with tufts and clumps of trees, in the midst and on its banks. Sometimes its waters seemed to sparkle in the sun; and though I knew it to be the *Mirage*,* and not really water springing up and

* The Arabs call the Mirage, *Serab;* which agrees with the Hebrew שָׁרָב; and in both languages, it means a glowing, sandy plain; which, in hot countries, at a distance, has the appearance of water. There are in Scripture several allusions to it; such as Isaiah xxxv. 7, which Bishop Lowth translates—"*the glowing sand* shall become a *pool;*" and also Jeremiah xv. 18, "Why is my pain perpetual, and my wound incurable, which refuseth to be healed? Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar, and as waters *that fail?*" (Margin, "*be not sure.*") In the *Koran*, chap. xxiv. we find a similar allusion—"But as to unbelievers, their works are like a

flowing in the Desert, yet it seemed to provoke, most keenly, the sense of thirst; and almost impelled me to press forward and seek a refreshing draught at its margin. The appearance continued for, perhaps, nearly half an hour. Our attention was at length diverted by some other object. We looked again, and it was gone; and the far-stretching surface of the sand spoke only of aridity and dearth. I witnessed other instances of Mirage, while in Syria; and one in particular, far more picturesque than that which I have already mentioned. It presented the idea of a richly wooded island in the midst of the lake, and stately buildings on its banks; and even the waves, as if agitated by a breeze, seemed to be perpetually swelling and flowing, not towards the brink, as with real water, but in the opposite direction. So far as I could learn, the Arabs have no theory as to the cause of this phenomenon: perhaps they have never had sufficient motive for inquiring. Sir John Chardin and others, speak of it as the effect of the repercussion of the sun's rays from the sand of the Desert. It generally has the flickering appearance of a landscape seen through the columns of heat and vapor proceeding from a brick-kiln or furnace.

It was soon after we had been gratified by this appearance, that we halted, and pitched the tents for our noontide rest and meal. Throughout the Desert journey, we usually were in motion between five and six in the morning; halted from half-past ten or eleven, till about three; and then proceeded till an hour or two after sunset, or as long after as the prospect of finding water, when such occurred, might render it needful. Many days, however, sometimes elapse without finding any; but the Bedaween are well acquainted with those spots to which hope may be directed; and they cleverly arrange distances, so as to reach the fountain at the proper halting time. Our first day's route was comfortably made: and on the second, with the range of Gebel Ataka still on our right, we proceeded along the waste of the Desert, with

vapor in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until, when he cometh thereto, he findeth it to be nothing."

nothing to break the monotony of the scene. Yet, it was something to know that there—on that very spot, the pillar of the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, had led the people of Israel in the way of their wondrous deliverance.

Two or three hours before our halting time for the night, we observed at a distance, in advance of us, a solitary camel. One of our Arabs quickened his pace and rode towards it; and when we arrived, we found that it was unattended by any owner, and in the last stage of disease and death. The poor animal seemed to be excited for a moment by the arrival of our caravan; and, looking wishfully towards us, made an effort to move, as if to join us. It had evidently been left there to die; as the Arabs, I believe, never think of despatching a worn-out and diseased camel for the purpose of shortening its sufferings. It was an affecting picture. We moved on—and again the poor beast made an effort to follow, but in vain. By this time its bones are whitening in the sun.

At the close of the third day, we pitched under a ridge of hills, near the little fortress of Ajeroud, a few miles northward of Suez. This is one of the regular fortresses, at which are kept stores for the supply of the Hadj caravan. It is insignificant in itself, to afford protection against any but the Bedaween; and so long as they are in the service of the Pasha of Egypt, as conductors of the caravan, a fortress of pasteboard would be enough.

Sheikh Suleiman had taken a great liking to the Arab costume which I wore, as was evident from his frequently taking some part of it in his hands—smoothing it with the palm, and saying "tayeeb, tayeeb;" and, often placing himself erect beside me and pointing to his own person, gave the clearest intimations of his opinion that it would suit and become him exactly. The Arabs are exceedingly fond of multiplying wearing apparel; and the richer it may be, the better it suits their taste, although, while in the Desert, they are content with any few rags they may have in their saddle bags. Some of them are said to have large stores of clothing laid up in caves and holes in the rocks. Sheikh Suleiman did not fail

afterwards to express, through our interpreter, his hope that I would make him happy in the possession of my dress, at the end of the journey. He seemed as eager as a child for a fresh bit of finery.

It was a lovely starlight night, when we dismounted near the little fortress of Ajeroud. The heavenly bodies appeared pendent in the firmament, which presented to view a far greater number of stars than I had ever seen in Europe. The clearness of the atmosphere, of course, partly accounts for this. And how picturesque was our bivouac, when the fires were lighted, and our wild band, flanked by their camels, gathered round for their evening meal, with their chibouks, and their dreamy and monotonous song. Soon, all was silent; and the downy wing of repose was upon every eyelid. I cannot say how deeply affecting it was, when surrounded by these swarthy strangers of another creed, to spend an hour over the pages of imperishable truth, and to unite in prayer and praise, while kneeling on the sands of the wilderness—bearing on our hearts, our families, our friends, and our flocks. Seldom did the evening close, without our enjoying together this precious Christian privilege. What would I not have given to have been able to unfold the mystery of redemption to our free-hearted and faithful companions; and by the power of divine grace on their hearts, to have had them bending with us, through the same Mediator, before the same throne. The confusion of tongues! oh, what a melancholy consequence of man's pride, sin, and rebellion! How sad the thought that the Bible should be a closed book to all but ourselves; and that in the minds of these wild wanderers, no ray of divine illumination was shining to give knowledge of the "truth as it is in Jesus."

The Bedaween had already won my good opinion; and it was not long ere my heart yearned over them. So unpresuming, so kindly and so hearty were they in their bearing towards us; so ready to do any service unsolicited, and so happy when they saw that their kindliness gave satisfaction. I feel now as if I could traverse the whole Desert with alac-

rity, with a party of faithful Bedaween, such as ours, for my escort. There is not a man in Europe, of whatever rank, who might not possibly be a gainer, by studying and imitating much that may be discovered in the Bedaween. Wild birds of the Desert as they are—yet, for honesty when in your service, and for temperance and moral feeling, they put to shame, in many things, the masses of the people of England, around whom the means of moral culture are multiplied, and for whom the full blaze of revelation is glowing.

Our Desert-fare was simple, as may be guessed from the catalogue of provisions given in a former page. Generally, it consisted of vermicelli soup, and a dish of mutton, or goat's flesh, procured whenever we came within reach of Bedaween flocks; and if not that, a pilau, with Arab bread, baked on the embers at the door of the tent, or thick hard biscuits soaked in water, and broiled over the fire. A draught of water, just colored with brandy, was our beverage. A cup of tea, brought with us from England, was the delicious and refreshing repast of the evening, and then, perhaps, or immediately after dinner, a cup of coffee—with a whiff of the mild Latakia tobacco, inhaled from the long cherry-stick tubed pipe of the east. An Arab encampment would be sadly incomplete without the fragrant fumes of Latakia, and the gently stimulating production of the coffee pot.

We had journeyed from Succoth, and were now pitched in Etham.

While we were sitting in the tent, during the noontide resting time, I was struck with the picturesque recumbent posture of one of the baggage-camels, and got out my sketch-book to secure a remembrance of it by a few hasty lines. I had scarcely finished, ere Sheikh Suleiman peeped into the tent as he frequently did, to make his salaam, and to partake of our shade and coffee. Musselmans have but little idea of the pictorial art—the more especially as the Koran forbids drawing and sculpture, as tending to idolatry. However, I instantly presented the sketch to the Sheikh, as an experiment, to see whether he would understand it. With an air of evi-

dent surprise, he put his long pipe from his mouth—suspended the meditated whiff, and holding up his hands, cried at the top of his voice, "El gimel—el gimel—gimel tayeeb" (the camel, the camel, the good camel). While he held up the drawing in his hand, several of the other Bedaween came running to the tent door; and as soon as they caught a glimpse—they, too, exclaimed, while pointing to the half-slumbering subject of it, as he lay chewing his cud—"El gimel"—pointing out also the various parts of the camel-furniture which had been represented in the sketch. By this time the Sheikh had squatted down, in the Arab fashion, at the door of the tent, and I thought at once of another experiment; so, fixing my eye steadily upon him, I signed to him to keep his present posture, with his pipe replaced in his mouth; and then, drawing the attention of the other Arabs, I bid them look on, and see the process. I succeeded in getting a rough, but tolerably correct idea of Suleiman himself, in a few minutes; and when I handed it to the Arabs, they cried out with a hearty laugh, and an air of surprise—"El Sheikh—El Sheikh"—while one touched his pipe, another his beard, and another his tarbouch, to intimate that they all found their place in the picture, as the necessary appendage of his Sheikship. I began to fear that I should be called upon to sketch the whole party; and truly there were many that would have afforded scope for employment to the pencil of a skilful painter.

On the following morning we mounted at about six. Suleiman arrayed himself in his full costume, and made a detour alone to the little fortress of Ajeroud—probably on business connected with the Egyptian government. He had the bearing of a bold, noble fellow, as he sallied forth on his fine camel, with his matchlock slung at his back, and his showy robes and turban of cashmere, the colors of which were vividly brought out by the morning sun. We pursued the direct route towards Suez, with scarcely an undulation upon its surface; but deeply imprinted with the camel-tracks of many a by-gone day. The heat was very scorching during the morning's march, yet not so as to occasion any really dis-

tressing sensation. This was the fourth day since our departure from Cairo; and the poor camels had not met with a drop of water. I thought they seemed to increase their pace, as if aware that at about five miles distant from Suez there was a fountain, at which a halt is usually made for the sake both of man and beast.

As we were passing on, I was much pleased with a little instance of delicate attention on the part of one of our younger Bedaween. There is occasionally found in the Desert of Suez, a kind of gourd exceedingly bitter, and used in medicine. It is colocynth. At this season of the year these gourds have a dry light brown surface; and when gathered, the loose seeds within rattle as if shut up in a box. I looked down from my camel, as I passed some of these which were thoroughly ripened, and wished to procure one as a specimen; but I passed on to avoid the trouble and delay of dismounting. In a few minutes, I felt some one pulling the skirt of my mantle; and there was my young Arab friend, with his sunny countenance, and one of the ripe gourds rattling in his hand, which he presentcd to me with a graceful civility of manner. He had quickly perceived my wish as I glanced at the gourds in passing. Here was good breeding—in the wilds of the Desert. He also presented me with some of the dried fruit of the Nabbukh tree, which grows in some parts of the Desert, and abundantly in Syria. This fruit is much eaten by the Arabs, and is flavored somewhat like dates.

At about half-past eight o'clock, we caught our first distant view of the Red Sea, and the few poor buildings which constitute the port of Suez, appearing little more than a white speck. In advance of us, and several miles distant from thence, was the watering-place, with a kind of tower and other buildings, erected for the protection of the fountain. But it seemed as if we should never arrive; for in the Desert, when there is a point of sight before you, footsteps scarcely seem to tell upon it; and besides, there is a little growing sense of impatience which helps the annoying idea of undiminished distance. In due time, however, we reached the wished-for

spot; and I confess that the prospect of arriving at the first fountain in the Desert, had a great charm for me; for the Nile water in our skins was already becoming unpleasant. Besides, I was desirous of seeing the oriental customs and habits on such an occasion. The Red Sea seemed to widen upon us as we advanced, and presented a surface of deep azure. We dismounted the instant we neared the fountain, while each Arab took possession of his camel, and led it to the spring. The water, which is poor and brackish, is supplied for them in a deep tank, in which were crowded many Arabs from Suez, filling water skins, and making it turbid by stirring up the sand from the bottom. Some of the camels drank at once from the tank; but for others there was no room. The Arabs therefore drew up water for them in wooden bowls, which they always carry with them, and which serve for various purposes; amongst others, they are used for kneading their dough when they bake bread. It was a pleasant thing to observe the sense of refreshment, and the perfect satisfaction which these poor animals experienced, while leisurely filling themselves for the next stage of the journey.

In about half an hour we mounted again, and in about two hours more, reached the miserable little port of Suez. The Bedaween encamped on a sloping ground outside the gate, with whom we left one of the servants to take charge of our possessions, while we sought shelter for the night within the walls. When we were about half a mile from this halting place, one of our young Arabs ran off at a rapid pace towards the head of the gulf of Suez, from whence he returned with equal celerity, bringing with him a large handful of black marle, or clay. He instantly distributed a portion of it to each of his companions, who first inserted a little pebble into each nostril of his camel, and then a small lump of the clay. On enquiry, I found this to be an Arab custom intended to prevent the camels being *sick at the Red Sea.* I could get no further explanation of so strange a practice. Having ordered the servants to purchase and present a sheep to our Bedaween, for their private consumption—a customary thing on reaching

any particular stage of the journey—we passed on, and soon found ourselves within the gates of Suez.

The overland route to India will, if perpetuated, effect great changes in the general character of Suez. The free and frequent admixture of Europeans with Orientals, cannot long continue without resulting in local modifications. The oriental character and habit will doubtless stand long against serious innovation of any kind; but a new spirit of enterprize will, in all probability, be traced by and by in the minds of those with whom Suez is a place of permanent residence. Already there are indications of progressive change; European habits and customs are becoming prevalent; and European establishments are springing up in the various forms of mercantile speculativeness.

The external appearance of the place, has, I imagine, undergone but little alteration; for it bears still the aspect of most of the smaller oriental towns. No architectural spirit is abroad; no local tendency to improvement appears to prevail. On passing the gates, you enter an irregular kind of square; on the left you catch a view of the sea, with a small dock-yard, in which small craft are built; on the right, are a few poor and squalid-looking buildings and a khan. Beyond the square is a long principal street, leading to the governor's residence; and to the right are the bazaars, in which are assembled all varieties of the oriental family—meeting as in a point, from which diverge many of the Asiatic and African routes. From Suez, guides and escorts are easily obtainable to facilitate journeys in all directions. With the exception of the residences of the governor and a few principal inhabitants, the houses are mean habitations, and chiefly built of bricks formed of mud, and baked or dried in the sun. While passing along among some of these, to mark the domestic habits of the people, I saw a small school with about a dozen or fourteen children, who were studying with all their might, and with no small sound, the Arabic alphabet, written on large boards, set up before them, or held in the hand; while the

utor, squatting on the floor, and enveloped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, looked on in silent satisfaction.

We spent one night at Suez, and part of the next day. Early in the morning I enjoyed the luxury of bathing in the beautiful clear waters of the Red Sea—the refreshment afforded by which was almost unspeakable, after four days of Desert heat and fatigue. Our Bedaween had started early, taking the camels with them round the head of the gulph, to a certain point to which they were to await our arrival. We easily obtained a suitable boat; and at about three o'clock in the afternoon, were upon the Red Sea—the scene of God's wondrous workings on behalf of his chosen people Israel. We crossed at the narrowest part—a part which is sometimes fordable—and considerably nearer to the head of the gulph than that at which I am persuaded the people of Israel passed. It was enough, however, to know that we were certainly not far distant from a spot so memorable. As I lay along in the boat, I read the divinely recorded narrative of Israel's deliverance—of Pharaoh's discomfiture and overthrow; and I seemed to hear, while my eye rested on the page, the triumphant chanting of that noble anthem in which Moses set forth the mighty and miraculous achievement of Jehovah.*

It is indeed a solemn emotion which pervades the mind of a Christian man, when he feels that he is on some spot where the miraculous power of God has been displayed—of which he has no doubt. I experienced this on the Nile, which had felt the presence and the power of Jehovah, when it ran blood. I experienced it here, on the Red Sea, whose waters, in obedience to a divine bidding, had stood up as a wall on either side of the passage, which a mighty arm had opened for "the redeemed of the Lord" to pass through. It seemed as if the presence of God had not been withdrawn, though all traces of the miracle had passed away, and the order of nature had returned.

The passage over the Red Sea, occupied but little more than half an hour, and our feet were then treading the sands

* Exodus xv.

of Asia. Glancing towards the African shores, which we had left, the scene was very charming, as the declining sun rendered more massive the long promontory formed by Gebel Atákah, Gebel Deraj, and Rás Mousa—the promontory of Moses. On reaching the Asiatic shore, we turned our faces southward, having the Red Sea on our right, and the fore mentioned mountains about Pihahiroth beyond it. On our left, was the long range of Gebel-er-Ráhhah, shutting out the desert of El Tih—the "desert of the wandering." The Desert route before us was flat, sometimes stony, and always sandy, with scarcely a blade of vegetation—an ocean of sand. How dreary and lifeless was the prospect. We were now in the wilderness of *Shur*, the Desert separating Egypt and Palestine.*

Three of the Bedaween were in waiting with our camels for riding, which we mounted immediately after crossing the Red Sea, with the intention of reaching Ayún Mousa (the springs of Moses), as the place of encampment for the night; where it was well known that water would be found, far better than that which had been obtained at Suez. One of the servants and the rest of the Bedaween had preceded us thither, in order to get the tents pitched, and all other things ready for our halting. A ride of about three hours and a half brought us to the fountains, which had been for some time indicated by a few wild palm trees, very conspicuous in the distance; and perhaps the accelerated speed, and the outstretched necks of the camels, gave us a like intimation; for the camel is said to have the faculty of discovering water at a considerable distance. I had several instances of this during my route.

Ayún Mousa is indeed a refreshing spot in the midst of the desert. The wells are preserved with great care. Amidst the clumps of palm trees and a few tamarisks, I found some oleanders, in beautiful blossom—doubly precious to the lover of flowers, on account of the barren locality in which they spread forth their loveliness to greet him. Amidst these to

* Exodus xv. 22.

kens of vegetable life, we found our tents pitched—the fires kindled, and the escort already gathered together in little parties for the evening. On our arrival, several of the younger Arabs came to meet us; and one in particular, from whom I had received several civilities, gave me a cordial sunny smile, and a "Salaam aleicum" (peace be to you), the usual salutation, and pointing to the wells, proposed to lead me to them. I was parched and thirsty; so, taking a large cup in my hand, and joining my young guide, we went to the wells together. I dipped my cup and drank my draught; but the water had a saline flavor, or as if it held in solution a considerable quantity of soda. I dipped again, and handed it to my companion. He was pleased by the civility, smiled, and laid his hand on his heart as he received it. I pointed to an oleander in bloom, which was just at hand. He instantly gathered two clusters of its beautiful flowers, and presented them to me. Destitute as he was of what we Europeans call cultivation, yet I am sure that young Arab had the good taste of a gentleman.

I am much inclined to believe that Ayún Mousa is really the spot on which the feet of rescued Israel rested, and from which they beheld their enemies dead on the sea-shore. I do not say that, as a matter of fact, this is so distinctly proved as to admit of no doubt or question, in minds disposed to cavil and object; but I am persuaded that, so far as proof can go on such a subject, the fact may be considered as established—namely, that the people of Israel entered their pathway through the Red Sea, just to the north of Rás Atákah, and that they passed straight onward to Ayún Mousa. From thence, their route to Mount Sinai lay before us.

Surely the deliverance of Israel, and their reception of the Divine Law at the foot of the Mount, were typical of God's mode of dealing with his people under the dispensation of the "better covenant." He finds them in a state of cruel bondage under sin and Satan. They groan for deliverance, but have not strength to effect it for themselves. God undertakes for them; not by ordinary means—but extraordinary; not by

natural, but by miraculous, which result in the abolishing of death, and bringing life and immortality to light; He appoints them a leader; He gives them, in the page of revelation, the pillar of the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. As they follow their leader in the exercise of a simple faith, they experience deliverance; as they look to the pillar of the cloud and the pillar of fire, they are directed; he feeds them with "bread from heaven," and makes waters to gush out for them in the desert; He smites the spiritual rock which follows them; He reveals his will to them; He writes it as a law in their hearts; He makes their bodies a "temple"—a tabernacle in which he dwells by His spirit; He "places His name" among them; He is their God—they are His people.

Our next day's journey was irksome and trying. It is quite impossible to give an idea of the effect which the desert and desert-life have upon the mind. The sense of loneliness, and separation from the great world which accompanies it, is sometimes oppressive. And had not the traveller full and undoubting confidence in the integrity of his escort, it would be insupportable.

In the evening of our second day's journey from Suez (May sixteenth), we encamped in Wadey Werdán, an apparently interminable plain of sand, as smooth as if it had been washed for ages by the ebbings and flowings of the sea. Our route, during a great part of the day, had been over an almost level surface, intensely white, and exceedingly troublesome to the eyes—and comprised Wadey er Reiyáneh, Wadey Kirdhíyeh, Wadey el Ahtha (or Ati), and Wadey Sadr. We passed, during a great part of the day, so near to the Red Sea on our right, as to be able to catch frequent and refreshing glimpses of its blue waters, and the picturesque outlines of mountain scenery on its western shore. On the left, we still continued to have the far-stretching ridge of El Tih, or Gebel er Ráhhah; sometimes dwindling down almost to the size of sand hills, at others, rising to the dignity of mountains. While moving forwards in silence (the camels

following each other in a string, and thereby preventing much opportunity for conversation), I felt almost as if we were the first travellers in an untrodden waste. Unlike the Desert of Suez, which is abundantly tracked—this part of the Arabian Desert scarcely bore the print of a camel's foot. This circumstance greatly increased the sense of loneliness; and might, perhaps, have some tendency to depress the spirits.

Knowing that a desert route, such as ours, might, and probably would, expose us to many a privation, particularly in regard to fresh water, I resolved during this day, to try how long I could endure the cravings of thirst, although we had in our skins and bottles a sufficient supply of the not very palatable water of Ayún Mousa. From six in the morning till our noontide meal, I was able to abstain without any uncomfortable result. At dinner I took just enough to refresh my lips. During the afternoon and evening march, the sense of thirst became very painful. The sun at length went down, and I hoped the comparative coolness of the evening would bring refreshment; but it was not so—even though the moon, with her cool eyes looked down kindly upon us. Seven o'clock came—eight o'clock. I was feverish. My mouth was perfectly dry. I had a feeling of oppression in my throat, a burning pulsation at the tips of my fingers, and a general restlessness over the whole system, while every thought which passed through my mind was associated with running or springing water. I thought again and again of the feathering fountains by St. Peter's, at Rome, and of the delicious springs of water at my own far-distant home. I felt as if I could hold out but little longer, without, perhaps, occasioning evil consequences. I inquired of Sheikh Suleiman, how long our evening's march would continue, so as to reach a suitable halting place: he answered—"Another hour." I had hoped to abstain till halting time; but it was too far distant. I called impatiently for water—moistened my lips with the precious, though brackish fluid, rinsed my mouth, and took the smallest draught; but it was long before the reaction of the system threw off the painful effects of my experiment.

We slept refreshingly in the silence and solitude of Wadey Werdán; and on the following morning, about six, the tents were struck—the camels loaded, and again we were in motion. There is a melancholy feeling connected with the striking of the tent—that temporary home in a waste and weary land. There lie the ashes of the bivouac fires—the traces of the camel's knees in the sand, and the circle formed by the circumference of the tent. We advance a few steps—look back upon the little spot we are quitting forever, where we have reposed as securely as if in palaces ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion, and think how, during the helpless hours of slumber, the arm which sustains the universe has been about us, and the ear which is ever open to the prayer of faith, has listened to our petitions. Then, perhaps, comes the thought—where will be the next place of repose? May it not be beneath the sands of the wilderness, where many a pilgrim slumbers in the icy folds of death? But while the striking of the tent, or "tabernacle," as a scriptural image, full often thus calls to mind the dissolution of these frail bodies, and gives birth to a temporary disquietude, there is a permanent truth—the subject of a divine revelation, which comes at once to the relief of the timid flesh—"For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."* I had never understood the full force of this text, till it was thus brought home to me in connection with the habits and provisions of a desert life.

After quitting Wadey Werdán, we proceeded for about five hours, exposed to the intensest heat we had yet experienced. The route was over a dreary track of sand, and rough, loose fragments of stone, distressing to the eyes, and troublesome for the camels. Here and there we found small patches of stunted, prickly shrubs. While the sun was bearing down upon us, I availed myself of a simple provision which should be strongly recommended to all travellers.† Though I had

* 2 Cor. v. 1.

† The experienced traveller in a high temperature, will take care to keep

an Arab umbrella, of double cotton (which, by the way, was sometimes fatiguing to carry overhead long together), a thick turban, with a tarbouch and cotton skull-cap under it, yet the sun seemed to penetrate through them all. I had provided a piece of thick cotton cloth, about five or six yards long and two wide, which sometimes served as a sheet at night, when I indulged in such a luxury. I folded this into about a yard square—laid it with all its thickness on the top of my head, brought two of its corners to meet under my chin, and fastened them with a pin, so as to form a hood. One of the other corners fell over my face like a veil, the other protected the back of my neck. I never really *suffered* from the heat, after adopting this simple precaution. We encamped for our noontide rest and refreshment at about eleven o'clock, in Wadey el Amárah, where the thermometer stood at 101 Fahrenheit, even in the shade of the tent.

I took from my small carpet-bag the books I carried on the back of my camel for daily use, and I found them parched and warped as if they had been laid before an intense fire. At four o'clock we resumed our journey ; and after about two hours and a half of wearisome riding, some of our Arabs pointed to a distant clump or two of stunted palms, as marking the locality of Bîr Howárah, which has been almost unanimously agreed on by travellers, as the bitter waters of Marah, of which the people of Israel could not drink.* Assuredly, if they are not the bitter waters referred to in Scripture—none other are to be found, at all agreeing with the position which seems to be assigned to them in the scripturally-defined route of the children of Israel. Pressing onwards with due speed, we soon arrived at the wells, which

the head thickly covered, so as to be protected against the severity of the vertical sun. Hence, I believe, the adoption of the folds of the turban, as an item of oriental costume. It is the most comfortable thing imaginable. It is desirable to wear flannel, and to have the body well covered, so as to keep up, if possible, a continual perspiration; for the slow pace of the camel affords but little inducement to that natural process; and the sun, if suffered to act upon the surface, parches the skin, and produces fever. I would clothe myself as thickly for a Desert route, as for a winter journey in Europe.

* Exodus xv. 23.

are small, and lie imbedded as it were in a low sand hill. It was here, then, that the children of Israel "murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?" And here, too, it was, that the honored servant of Jehovah "cried unto the Lord, and the Lord shewed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."* We dismounted, on our arrival, and led up the camels to the wells. Some travellers assert that the water is still so bitter, that neither Arabs nor camels will drink of it. It may be so, in certain seasons of the year; but on this occasion, not one of the camels refused it. The servants drank a draught, and so did some of the Bedaweens. I also tasted it. Certainly it was not such water as I should be willing to drink, except I were fainting with thirst, and deprived of all other. Though not so disagreeable at first, yet it leaves a soapy flavor in the mouth. Surely, none but those who have thirsted in the Desert, have learnt to prize, as they ought, the real blessing of good water. It is with this, as with most of the ordinary bounties of God—they are little esteemed, and awaken, too generally, but slight returns of gratitude, because they are common. Every ordinary mercy, such as light, food, air, water, health, consciousness, power, safety—nay, the various secret processes of nature around us, invisible to our perception, but all ministering to one great end, each deserves the full tribute of a ceaseless gratitude, and a reverential using.

After spending a quarter of an hour at Bîr Howárah, we remounted and pursued our course over a rugged and broken plain, sometimes intersected with low hills and harsh precipices, in which the savageness of the wilderness began to be apparent; when at length, about eight o'clock, by the light of a lovely moon, we entered Wadey Ghurundel, a gracefully undulated sandy territory, scattered over with thick clumps of the tamarisk tree and small palms, which gave it the appearance of an ornamental plantation. The effect of this was indeed delightful, after the scene through which we had passed before sunset. While preparing for encampment,

* Exodus xv. 25.

we saw at a distance, among the tamarisk trees, the glimmering of some Bedaween fires, which, under other circumstances, and if in an enemy's country, would have occasioned some apprehension; but we were now among friends—in the territory of the Oualed Saïd, one of the three tribes of the peninsula of Sinai, to which Sheikh Suleiman belonged. When we were encamped, the Arabs took the camels and water skins to a spot about an hour distant from the direct route, in order to get a supply of water, of which there is usually plenty, and of a tolerable quality. The water brought from Ayún Mousa had become offensive, and we longed for a change. The spot to which the Arabs went for water, is now, I believe, generally agreed upon as the Elim of Scripture, where, at the time of the exodus of Israel, there were "twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees," by which they encamped.* I was too fatigued to visit these wells; and it would have occasioned inconvenience had I done so on the following morning. I am satisfied, however, that if Bîr Howárah be the Marah of Scripture, then Elim must be in Wadey Ghurundel. This is the view of Burckhardt; and as to the state of the locality in his time, he uses an argument, which would equally apply to all future times. He says, "the non-existence of *twelve* wells at Ghurundel, must not be considered as evidence against the foregoing conjecture; for Niebuhr says that his companions obtained water here by digging to a very great depth, and there was a great plenty of it when I passed; water, in fact, is readily found by digging, in every fertile valley of Arabia, and wells are thus easily formed, which are as quickly filled up again by the sands."†

On the following morning, quitting Wadey Ghurundel, we entered upon the "Wilderness of Sin," which Moses describes as lying "between Elim and Sinai;" and here we could but call to mind God's wondrous dealing with his murmuring people, in giving them manna from heaven, while they were saying, "Would to God we had died by the

* Exodus xv. 27. † See Burckhardt, p. 473.

hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger."* It was a heart-stirring picture for the imagination to form, of the people gathering up, in this strange and desolate region, a provision so peculiar, and so marvellously made; of which "he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack."†

In order to have a sympathy with the people of Israel in their impatient murmuring, it is needful to have tracked them in the route they took; to have gazed upon the savage scenes of desolation on which they gazed; and to have endeavored, in imagination, to identify one's self with them in the history of their wanderings and their privations, their temptations and their trials, as well as in their experience of God's irresistible might and power. While we are strangers to the Desert, its wildness and its barrenness, and to that sense of despondency and solitude, even amidst numbers, which its very aspect is so calculated to engender, we pause and wonder over the sacred narrative of their hardness and unbelief "How could they be so rebellious—so unbelieving?" we piously exclaim. The answer is—they were *men*, under a dispensation of wonders and of trials, to which human flesh had never before been subject. Their sense of what was *present* was so intense, as to make them dead to the past, and almost hopeless for the future. And the Holy Ghost—the *Comforter*, was not then given. But, let us stand with them in the Desert—and see them destitute of all *visible* means of sustenance for so vast a multitude, and cut off from every *visible* comfort that the frail flesh of man clings to—with the promises of an *unseen* though *felt* Godhead to look to as the ground of such expectations as they might venture to entertain; and though we lament that they should tempt God in the wilderness, and freely admit the sin of their so doing, we are not at a loss for a reason *why* those, who had all their

* Exodus xvi. 1—3. † Exodus xvi. 18.

lives been accustomed to walk "*by sight*," should, in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and perplexity, find it hard to walk "*by faith*." Do not even *we* find it difficult to walk by faith through the wilderness of this world—though in the light of a clearer revelation, and under a nobler leader than ever Israel had; and though taught from our infancy, on the very highest authority, that our business is to walk by faith, and not by sight? While we rightly censure, and utter our indignation against, the sin of Israel which God signally punished—overthrowing many of them in the wilderness, on one day three and twenty thousand—destroying some by serpents and others by "the destroyer"—let us never forget the declaration of the Apostle, that "all these things happened unto them for ensamples;" and that the record of them is "written for *our admonition*, upon whom the ends of the world are come." "Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."*

While quitting our encampment in Wadey Ghurundel, one of the Arabs ran beside my camel, and presented me with some small red fruit, somewhat resembling the grains of a pomegranate. They were of a fresh acid flavor, not unlike the common red currant. These are commonly called homrr-berries, and according to Burckhardt, are the fruit of the Gharkad—the *Peganum retusum* of Forskal, which is to be met with in the sands of the Delta, on the coast of the Mediterranean, as well as in the peninsula of Sinai. The Arabs eat this refreshing fruit abundantly, and sometimes make it into a sort of conserve. The question has been raised by travellers, whether it might not have been used by Moses for sweetening the waters of Marah; and it is partly grounded on the Arabic translation of the passage in Exodus, in which the transaction is referred to.† But the simple answer to the question is, that the transaction was evidently a miraculous one, and not in any degree depen-

* 1 Corinthians x. 1—12.

† The Arabic version is—"And the Lord shewed him *something of a tree*, which, when he had cast into the waters," &c.—not the tree itself: why not the fruit of the Gharkad?

dent for its success upon the nature or quality of the medium employed.

Beyond Wadey Ghurundel, the widely-extended Desert-plain ceases, and is exchanged for bold, rugged and savage rocks, with sometimes very narrow and wild passes between. After a wearisome march, during which we passed through Wadey Usseit, and Wadey Thal, rendered doubly savage and gloomy by the rapidly coming shades which were gathering over us, we at length reached Wadey Homrr, which presented a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains; and by the brilliant illumination of the moon, showed like an impressive, yet lovely solitude in which to encamp for the night. Suleiman would fain have prevailed on us to march two hours further; but we were worn by the day's fatigue, and longed for repose.

On the following morning, by about six o'clock, we turned our backs upon this charming encampment, and enjoyed a delightfully mild temperature—the sun being occasionally obscured by clouds. We proceeded through a wild and stony pass, hemmed in, on either side, by rugged and precipitous rocks of sandstone, so curiously constructed, and so hoary with age, that if a cannon had been fired in the midst of them, one could have readily expected that the vast masses would topple from their bases, and crumble into the smallest fragments. The echo, too, was very remarkable, and almost conveyed the idea that the rocks were porous throughout. In about three hours and a half after leaving Wadey Homrr, we came in sight of Wadey Nassb, with the heights of Surabet el Khadim towering above. In about another hour, after suffering severely from the hot khamseen wind, blowing in our faces like blasts from a furnace, we descended into Wadey Nassb, one of the wildest and most savage scenes that the imagination can conceive. In one part was a vast plain, into which it seemed as if mountains, torn from their bases, had been cast in dire confusion, and as if, from the apparently hewn and chiseled fragments—temples, towns, and cities, might soon be bidden into existence. The rocks which sur-

round this strange scene, and, indeed, all those about Wadey Nassb, appear as though they had been shaped into their present forms by the tool of the artizan; tier upon tier, cornice upon cornice, and frieze upon frieze, extend far and wide their fantastic natural garniture, as if they had once been the habitations of a gigantic race who have passed away into the land of forgetfulness, to which this had been the entrance.

In Wadey Nassb is a noble overhanging sandstone rock, under which, I suppose, every traveller by this route to Mount Sinai, has reposed, affording as it does a most perfect shelter from the severity of the vertical sun. It was noon when we reached it. And, surely, when the hot khamseen had become almost unendurable, it served not only as a place of refuge, but a charming illustration of the scriptural image—"the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." I may have *understood* that image as intended to set forth Christ to the worn and weary sinner, but till I reclined under the shadow of that great rock, I never *felt* the power of it. If the khamseen had not been blowing, it would have afforded all the shelter we needed; but, as it was, we were glad to fix up the drapery of the tent in front, so as to cut off the hot currents which else would have continued to parch us. It was pleasant to think that, in this very spot, Niebuhr, Seetzen, Burckhardt, Laborde, and many other enterprising and inquiring spirits had reposed and meditated.

Rising from our noontide rest, we continued our way through the bold, rugged pass of Wadey Nassb, for about two hours more, during which I observed the remarkable formation of the rocks throughout. The strata were as perfectly horizontal as if they had been laid with a level, and most exactly squared. To my mind, excited, perhaps, by heat and fatigue, the silence and bleak solitude of this spot was very impressive. One felt out of the world; all associations of civilized life seemed to pass away as we journeyed on with our wild companions, to whom these scenes were the familiar and fitting home. And, certainly, I had already seen enough to convince me that it must have been a most chimer-

ical attempt of Mehemet Ali, when, in a country such as this, he sought, by force of arms, to reduce to subjection the Bedaween of the peninsula of Sinai. He has ever since acted upon a wiser policy.

As we were winding our way slowly towards the termination of Wadey Nassb, we met two groups of Bedawee children, at small distances from each other; and on the crumbling rocks were more, scampering about like little brown monkeys. The appearance of these children gave token that an encampment was at hand, a part of which, with its black tents, we soon descried at a little distance. The children were intelligent and sunny-looking creatures—free and agile of limb. Some of those who were of the first group mended their speed to meet our party, when the usual greetings—silent, solemn, and graceful were exchanged. It was a meeting of familiar faces. When we had come nearly within reach of the second party, who were tending a herd of goats, one fine boy, of about twelve years old, sprang out from among the rest and ran up to Sheikh Suleiman, saluting him with that quiet reverence which would be rendered to a patriarch. I thought it was a beautiful picture, as I gazed upon the portly father and the graceful son. Suleiman saw how my attention was directed, and being near beside me at the time, he presented his son to me, with a sparkling of parental joy on his dark features. The boy gazed up towards me. I reached down my hand to him—he touched the tips of my fingers, pressed his own to his lips—and we were friends. Both father and son soon bade us farewell for a time, to join the encampment of their tribe—the former promising to join us again in the course of the next day's march. Gathering together the rest of our Bedaween, we continued our route over a most fatiguing succession of sandy plains and sand hills, on which were to be seen scattered tufts of prickly herbage. Behind us lay the wild picture of Wadey Nassb: on our left, the long range of Gebel el Tih, above which we were considerably elevated. The sun went down beautifully, tinging the whole range of Gebel el Tih with a rosy hue.

Scarcely had the sun declined, when thick mists began to rise from the plains which lay on the western side of the mountain range. They extended themselves with wonderful rapidity, and soon we were encompassed by them, as if by the densest fog. This lasted for the greater part of an hour, when they gradually dispersed, and soon our tents were pitched for the night, in Ramel Morekh—or Debhet er Ramleh—a wide sandy plain, affording slight herbage for the camels.

Soon after commencing our journey on the next morning, we struck into Wadey Berâh, a bold rocky pass, with finely lined mountain views to the right and left. It increased in massive grandeur as we advanced. But the khamseen was almost stifling; and at noon the thermometer stood at 121 Fahrenheit, at the door of the tent. It was a trying and exhausting day. Sheikh Suleiman returned to us according to his promise, and paid his respects to us in the tent. As we were about to enter Wadey Berâh, we noticed on our left, an Arab burial-place. The graves were marked by rough fragments of stone placed upright, some of which had been garnished with slips of the slender varieties of trees and plants which that part of the Desert affords. As we passed on, we observed two of our Bedaween, who had for a short time been absent from the caravan, approaching this retired nook of death in the midst of the mountains, bearing in their hands some of those graceful offerings; which, having disposed of on the graves of some dear friend or relation, according to the custom of their tribes, they rejoined us with cheerful and happy looks. It is very remarkable how generally prevalent is the habit of garnishing with flowers or shrubs, the graves of the dead. There is a charming train of thought connected with it, which arises out of a feeling one loves to cherish.

The whole day's journey through Wadey Berâh was wearisome indeed—frowned upon as we were, by massive mountains, which appeared as if they had been scorched and blackened by volcanic fires. We were obliged to proceed slowly and cautiously over passes covered with fragments of large

and loose stones. During the greater part of the day we were ascending, and hourly advancing towards the venerable spot in which Jehovah spake from the cloud, amidst the thunderings and lightnings with which the mountain quaked and trembled greatly. It was, indeed, a solemn march. Before the sun went down, we reached a more open pass, which by and by expanded into a broad plain, flanked on either side by mountains, less grim and savage in their appearance than those we had previously passed, but ponderous and lofty. This was the entrance to Wadey Sheikh, from which the route lies direct onwards to Mount Sinai. While passing over the plain, we saw large flocks of goats browsing amidst its scanty herbage, attended by a few young Arabs, who approached to greet our party. Several black tents were to be seen at a distance, belonging to the tribe of Oualed Saïd. The moon rose upon us as we entered Wadey Sheikh—weary and anxious for the halting time. Sheikh Suleiman was full of life and buoyant spirits. He was now near his second home; for, according to Musselman habits, he had two wives, and of course two separate establishments; one of which we had partly seen in Wadey Nassb. He was desirous of pressing on still further; but, at our bidding, he gave the word to halt; and soon our comfortable little desert-home was formed, and our fires were blazing.

I walked out into the sweet moonlight to enjoy the freshness of the evening. The moon was getting high, and flinging her soft beams on mountain ridges, distant and near.

"What is yonder mass of mountain," said I, "whose bold outline is faintly traced in the distance, upon the pale grey of the south?" "It is the Sinaite group of mountains," said Hassenein. I inquired more minutely—"Am I now gazing on Mount Sinai?" "No," replied he, "the peaks of Mount Sinai are not visible from hence—they lie beyond; you will see them to-morrow."

It was, however, quite enough for me. I could then sit at the door of the tent, and thence fix my gaze upon the Sinaite

group, and indulge the thought, that there—over that venerable mass:—

"The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high."

Early—almost with the morning dawn of the tenth day after quitting Cairo, we entered upon the route which we hoped would safely terminate at the sacred mountain of God. The pass through Wadey Sheikh, in which we commenced our march, was bold and beautiful; affording, moreover, scanty pasturage and several small shrubs, some having the appearance of broom. On the right, was one of the most impressive objects of mountain scenery I ever beheld—so gracefully yet majestically elevated, with its many almost perpendicular peaks, and tinted with an empurpled rosy hue by the fresh beams of the young sun. Surrounded by other mountains of less magnitude frowning in rugged majesty, its singularly beautiful outline and color made me look upon it as the aristocrat in the scene. It was the group of Gebel Serbal, on which some, under pretence of an early tradition, have endeavored to fix the honor of being the true Mount Sinai of Scripture; but this seems now to be generally abandoned.

While passing through Wadey Sheikh, Suleiman intimated his intention of proceeding to his encampment, there to remain, during our stay at Mount Sinai. He invited us to visit, and share Arab hospitality with him in his own wilderness habitation. We were anxious, however, to arrive with as little delay as possible, and so declined the invitation, when he turned off with a courteous salaam, leaving us, under a sufficient escort, to proceed by way of Wadey Háwy, our baggage camels having taken a more circuitous, but less fatiguing and difficult route, eastward.

After parting with Suleiman, we proceeded for about an hour, when the wild and extremely difficult pass of Wadey Háwy opened before us. It was one of those ways which would almost make the heart of a worn and weary traveller sink within him. We were tolerably well prepared at the

early part of the day in which we entered it. It is of continuous and steep ascent, and appears to be the bed of a vast mountain torrent. Masses of rock, of surprising magnitude, seem to have been flung together by some natural convulsion, and lie in some parts like a staircase for a race of giants. Not a person was to be seen—not a voice to be heard, except our own. On both sides of this steep pass, the mountain crags sometimes hung over, in such a way as almost to awaken the apprehension that a breeze—a breath—might bring them thundering down upon us. Here and there was a stunted wild fig tree, together with small date trees, and other slight symptoms of vegetation; and many a dry spot gave token of having been the place of deposite for water; but not a drop was then to be found. At noon we had reached nearly the middle of this wild pass, where was a cave of curious natural construction, under a vast mass of impending rock—such a cave, perhaps, as the prophet Elijah took shelter in when fleeing from Jezebel towards Horeb. It was a fitting place of repose for a prophet of the Lord. Here we resolved to take our noontide rest and refreshment. So, dismounting at once, we spread our segaddehs in the cave, and enjoyed the most refreshing slumber, and rose ready for our homely meal of Arab bread, dates, figs, and rather muddy water—the last, little supply that remained for us, before reaching Mount Sinai.

Looking back from the cave upon the route by which we had approached it, a picture of the wildest grandeur was presented, but not at all inferior to that which immediately awaited us; for. looking upwards, the way seemed almost impracticable. It was quite out of the question to proceed on the backs of our camels; so, committing them to the care of our guides, we commenced the second stage of Wadey Háwy, on foot. An hour's continual effort of this kind, brought us into a more manageable track for the camels, when we again mounted and continued the ascent, which when gained, ushered us into the extensive plain of El Raha—the spot in which I am firmly persuaded the people of Israel were gathered for the purpose of receiving the law.

Scarcely had we entered upon the plain, when in front of us, due south, stood the venerable object of our desire—Horeb—Sinai—the mountain of the Lord.* I cannot well define, so as to make intelligible to others, the state of my mind at this time. I was not excited. There was no gush of enthusiasm in my heart—no religious fervor. I felt it difficult to realize the fact, that my eyes were fixed upon the hoar Mount, with which was connected so wondrous and so sacred a story—second in importance, only to that of the incarnation of the Godhead. I feel far more while writing this page, than I did when gazing on the scene then before me. One of our Arabs called my attention to the mountain—pointing to it, and repeatedly saying "Gebel Mousa" (which is the Arab name of Horeb and Sinai), and looking up in my face as if to see what effect it had upon me.

Half an hour's progress, across the plain, brought us within sight of the little Greek Convent of Santa Katarina.† Oh! it was a gladdening sight. It was the first human habitation we had seen since quitting Suez. It appeared little more than a white speck amidst the gloomy vastness of the Sinaite group—a little nest of repose amidst gigantic tokens of natural convulsion. As we slowly advanced, we were enabled to form a general idea of this remarkable habitation. It is a somewhat castellated, quadrangular building—with a little show

* The attentive reader of Scripture will have observed that *Horeb* is no where spoken of as a distinct mountain, but rather as a mountainous district, in which *Sinai*—the mountain of God, is situate, and of which it is really a part. The recollection of this suggests the true answer to be given to infidel writers, who have endeavored to throw suspicion on the divine records, by alleging a discrepancy in reference to those transactions which took place on Sinai and in Horeb. Compare Exodus xix. and xx. with Deut. v. 2, from which we find that the giving of the law on *Sinai*, is spoken of as having taken place in *Horeb*. Compare Exodus xxxii. (which certainly proves that the people were encamped at the base of *Sinai*) with Deut. ix. 8, 9, and Psalm cvi. 9, which speaks of *Horeb*, as the scene of their idolatry. The seeming discrepancy at once disappears on a reference to Exodus iii. and xix., in which the author of that book plainly uses the terms Horeb and Sinai indifferently, to designate the same place. That the Jews were accustomed to this, is evident from *Josephus* (Antiquities of the Jews, book i. chap. 12.)

† Or, as I believe the Greek Church calls it—"The Monastery of the Transfiguration."

of fortification. Its walls are high, and capable of making sufficient resistance against such missiles as Arabs are accustomed to use, though constructed with stones and mud, or clay, which seems never to have attained to any very great degree of solidity.*

We approached from the north, which point presents the best view; for we were enabled to look down, as we approached from a distance, upon a garden enclosed by a continuation of the convent walls, in which olives, vines, cypresses, apricots, and other trees were clothed in their bright livery of lovely green. As I gazed upon these objects, I thought I had never before really understood and *felt* the charm of green as a color. All appeared so fresh—so luxuriant—so cool, in the midst of the wilderness of savage granite, by which it was surrounded. My lips, my mind, my imagination were thirsty—all thirsty and craving. The sight of green things, so fresh, associated with them, in my mind, the idea of water: I fancied I could almost hear it trickling from rock to rock—or humming its quiet course over sparkling pebbly beds. How intense the imaginative faculty thus becomes, when called into action by some pressing physical want. They act upon each other. I was a weary pilgrim. I longed for quiet and repose. How charming the little convent and its sweet green garniture appeared. I looked towards it with emotion, as a spot that was to afford me shelter—to be my brief home—there—at the foot of the mount of God—apart from the great world in which man strives with man, and where the dove-pinion of peace rarely nestles.

—— Often and often, when my spirit has been sad; when disappointment and disquietude have hung upon the beatings of my heart—have I indulged the recollection of that picture of unutterable repose. I can do it now: oh, how vividly! ——

* The site of this Convent is said to be five thousand four hundred and twenty feet above the level of the Red Sea. The height of Mount Sinai itself, is two thousand and twenty above the site of the convent, and is therefore seven thousand four hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea.

After nearly another hour we had mastered the plain of El Raha, and for a time lost sight of the Convent, hidden as it was, by the projecting crags which formed a narrow, rocky pass or ravine, at the extremity of the plain. We entered the pass. The Convent was near at hand. We glided slowly along towards its rude walls. Finding the way rough and troublesome, we dismounted, and leisurely on foot approached the main entrance, which is on the eastern side; and how awfully did the majestic mountain-ranges, right and left, look down upon us. We arrived; and soon were surrounded by a troop of wild and fiery-eyed Bedaween—retainers of, and dependants upon, the monks of Santa Katarina—among the younger of which wild birds was one of the most magnificent studies for a painter I ever beheld. He was as graceful as his mountain-home and desert-breeding could make him. "Backsheech—backsheech," was the general cry, while we waited for admission within the convent walls.

Our arrival was soon announced to the inmates, and preparations were made for our reception.

On account of the unmanageable ferocity of the Bedaween in past years, before the friendly footing on which they now live with the monks was established, all usual modes of entrance were blocked up; and in this state they still continue; so that the traveller is admitted by a door at least thirty feet from the ground, to which he and his baggage are elevated by a kind of crane, from which a rope, moved by a windlass within, is let down, and in which he seats himself, as in a swing.

We had not long stood beneath the entrance, before the rope descended for our credentials; and immediately our letter of recommendation from the superior of the Greek Convent at Cairo, was drawn up for inspection, while several bearded heads were peeping out to reconnoitre our persons and escort. Soon the rope returned, into which we fixed ourselves, and were each drawn up by a separate process of the windlass—not at any great speed; for every thing within the convent of Santa Katarina moves at a slow and sleepy pace.

On reaching the elevated portal, we found a small, rude landing place, where the Superior—a hale, white bearded man of middle age, received us with a gentle courtesy, which indicated our welcome. Passing thence into the interior of the convent we were immediately conducted down an inclined plane and a flight of rude steps, and then up another, which brought us to an open gallery, overlooking a great part of the building, from which opened off four small cells, conveniently furnished with carpets and cushions—with a little lamp suspended in each for burning olive oil during the night. One of these was assigned to each of us, and a third to our servants—and soon all our desert-furniture was gathered together about us, not an article of which was missing. In addition to these things, a small sheep had been purchased of the Bedaween, which was dressed and hung up for use, as the provisions afforded by the convent are of the most spare and slender description; animal food of all kinds being forbidden by the rules of the order.

While seated at the door of our cells, we were soon waited on by several of the monks—one bearing a bason, and another a large ewer of water, with clean white napkins. While we held our hands over the bason, he poured the cool water upon the parched skin, which afforded a refreshment that was extremely delightful. Another brought a bountiful supply of water, bright and sparkling, from the convent well, for drinking. I took a fearfully long draught of it—and felt as if sweet, fresh water were the only beverage fit for man. It was almost too delicious. We had been drinking water little better than diluted mud, for several days previous to our arrival. While our meal was in preparation, they served us with a fragrant cup of coffee; and in these slight and simple matters of refreshment and restoration, I felt as if all the toils of travel might be soon forgotten. How charming it was to be thus housed, after eleven days of toilsome vagrancy—dwelling in tents among wild Arabs—lawless men. How delightful to have our eyes resting—no longer upon the dry and brown sands and rugged mountain passes of

the desert—but upon trellised grape vines, of the freshest and most luxuriant verdancy, fresher and greener, I thought, than I had ever beheld before; and upon cypresses and other fair and graceful trees and flowers, in little patches and terraces, growing like youth and innocence in the midst of a bleak and dreary world.

The little cells which we inhabited had their whitewashed walls written over, in many places, with the names of travellers from most parts of Europe, who had, from time to time, like ourselves, been tenants for a brief space, and shared the hospitality of these kindly monks.

The day after our arrival was Trinity Sunday—the anniversary of my consecration to God for the work of the ministry. The recollection of this added much to the solemnity of my position, while thus reposing at the foot of the holy mountain. Many a humbling thought held possession of my mind, while I looked back upon the past; and many a holy resolution for the future absorbed my soul. Had I fulfilled my high trust? Was I free from the blood of all men? Would God still bear with me—and endue me with that grace that should hereafter make me a more faithful and able minister of the New Testament? It was a solemn time. We attended one of the sabbath services in the Church of the Convent; but, of course, it was totally unedifying to those who had been brought up in the light of the "faith once delivered to the saints." It was disfigured by some of the worst of those errors, follies, and corruptions which characterize the Church of Rome. The Church itself abounds with tawdry decoration, paintings, and gildings, in the worst possible taste, after the manner of the Greeks; yet, considering the locality, it is quite surprising.* There are three daily, and one midnight service; to the latter of

* This Church was founded by the Emperor Justinian, and is in a good state of preservation. I could but indulge the wish, however fruitless, at present, that instead of what it is, it could be made the centre point of a pure Protestant mission to the Bedaween of the peninsula of Sinai—and through them, to the rest of the family of Ishmael. I cannot but think there is something reserved in the purposes of God for this interesting and peculiar people; and I am persuaded that their spiritual prospects are bound up in the restoration of Israel. See Isaiah xix. 18—25.

which, the monks rise from their beds, summoned by sounds emitted from a piece of hard dry wood, suspended by a cord, and struck with a mallet, first in slow strokes, which are gradually increased to great rapidity.

We were not invited to partake of the common meals of the fraternity, but received every kindness and civility from these simple-hearted recluses, who paid us frequent visits, though we were unable to maintain any lengthened or satisfactory conversation with them. On one occasion, I took in my hand the Book of the Greek Ritual, a copy of which was in my cell, and began reading one of the gospel portions aloud, according to the pronunciation adopted in our universities. One of the monks, though unaccustomed to such a pronunciation, recognised the language from my lips, and looking over the book as I read, gave me the accentuated pronunciation of the modern Greek. Oh! how I longed to be able to preach Christ to him, instead of spending time upon tones and accents.

While walking in the convent garden, a young monk—a Russian—who spoke eleven languages, introduced himself to us. He was evidently out of health. He asked me for medicine. I gave him what I thought might be useful. I saw him several times. The medicine seemed to have been beneficial. On leaving the Convent, I presented him with a little supply for future use. He smiled gratefully upon me, and kissed me on the shoulder when I bade him farewell.

So far as my observations could go, the poor monks appeared to be in a state of sad ignorance. How should it be otherwise? The intellect must needs contract for want of due exercise and means of expansion. Pure Christianity—if they had it, would expand both the intellect and the heart. The corruptions and legends of the Greek—no less than of the Roman Church, may excite and stimulate the imagination; but they leave the heart cold and barren. The substantialities of the true faith are buried in its mere appendages. The latter are near at hand, and are embraced. The former are distant and uninviting.

Beside the Convent Church, there are three principal objects of interest to visitors. The first of these is the traditionary locality of the burning bush:* the next the convent library: the third, is the catacomb. To each we made a point of obtaining admission, and were kindly attended by the superior, and several monks.

The chapel of the burning bush is a subterraneous structure, nearly under the high altar; and is approached by a conveniently formed stone stair. On reaching the little chapel, the superior set us an example, by putting off his shoes which we readily followed. ["Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place wherein thou standest is holy ground."] The chapel is nearly circular, and the precise spot which tradition has assigned to the divine mystery of the burning bush, is illuminated by three suspended lamps, which are kept constantly burning. A simple altar, with its usual pictorial furniture, completes the appointments of this curious spot. It is no part of the disposition of my mind to exercise either needless belief, or rash incredulity, in reference to localities traditionally sacred. It *might* have been on this very spot, as indicated by the burning lamps, that the Angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses in a flame of fire, out of the midst of the bush—for certainly it was at "the back side of the desert"—at the mountain of God—at Horeb. But the *fact transacted*, is the matter which God intended should be permanently known and remembered. And it never has been, and never will be, forgotten. If an indubitable proof of the precise locality had been necessary, in order to ensure the belief of the fact, then I am persuaded God would not have suffered any ground of doubt to exist. But if, on the contrary, a knowledge of the exact spot would only have the effect of enlisting the imaginative faculty on the side of faith, I think we may well do without the certainty, and have no right to expect it. The more we find ourselves able to walk by sight, the less shall we be disposed to walk by faith. Notwithstanding these remarks, I freely confess it was no small grati-

* See Exodus iii. 1—10.

fication, when afterwards reading the record of this remarkable transaction, to feel assured, that if my foot had not actually pressed the spot on which Jehovah-Jesus appeared in the unconsumed, though burning bush—yet that certainly it was in Horeb—and that I, myself, had been in Horeb. This was approximation enough for me.

The convent library nearly adjoins the residence of the superior. In former days, it was, I believe, rich in valuable lore. It is still crowded with books, in the direst disorder and confusion imaginable. They are mostly in the Greek and Arabic languages. Literary research seems not to lie within the province of the good fathers of Santa Katarina. Few men, I think, could bring the full powers of their mind to bear on literary pursuits, for the sake of the mere gratification which they afford, or for the immediate personal result of them. Some can, and have done so; but most men look to the fame and influence which learning procures for its toilsome possessor; while a happy few labor and toil and strive, in the blessed hope of enriching the minds and hearts of their fellow men. For the monks of Santa Katarina, there is no world beyond the walls of their convent.

The catacomb is a curiously arched and vaulted building, of which the superior is the curator. There repose the bones —literally the bones, in a remarkable state of preservation, of the successive tenants of this secluded habitation, who, having monasticized during their brief day, glided off from life's narrow verge, amidst the shadowy figments of a corrupted creed. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere of the place, beyond the earthy smell of a charnel-house. No sights of decomposition meet the eye; for, prior to being admitted within this final resting place, the bodies of deceased brethren are buried within the convent walls long enough for the process of decomposition to take place; after which they are exhumed, and all the bones carefully collected. On one side of the catacomb the skulls are packed up, layer upon layer, in the most orderly manner, so that every monk may see where his own will lie, should he be the next called into an

eternal state. On the opposite side, deposited with equal care and regularity, are the other remains. I could not venture to guess at the number whose bones are there preserved; but it was great, and occupied a very considerable space on either side. We explored this chamber of death with small wax tapers, brought by some of the monks. How humbling the thought—that all the earthly hopes, pursuits, plans, projects, possessions, affections—of the monk of Santa Katarina—should terminate in this secluded nook. Were it better that his bones should be bleaching on the battle-field, or crumbling in the costly sepulchres of the great world, or rotting amidst the wrecks of stranded navies in the caverns of the vast ocean? Perhaps not. Terminate where and how it may—life itself, in its temporary subjection to death, is a humbling thing.

The shrine of Santa Katarina, wherein are said to be deposited the skull and hands of the Saint—the former surmounted by a crown of gold—the fingers of the latter encircled by rings of great value—is usually shown, with its contents, to such devotees as may desire so edifying a privilege. But being myself a member and minister of a branch of the Church Catholic, which needs no toys and reproves the use of them, I had no desire to examine these traces of saint-veneration and worship, at the foot of that mountain where God had said, "Thou shalt have none other gods before me."

The twenty-third of May was a memorable day. I made the ascent of Mount Sinai. Whether I agree, or not, with what has been urged by Lord Lindsay, Professor Robinson, and others on the same side, as to the precise pinnacle of the Sinaite group, from which the law was given to Moses, I must frankly confess that it would be only a choice of conjectures, or a balance of probabilities. That it was indeed the Sinaite group which invited my footsteps, and touched my heart by its august presence, there could be no doubt. And here, I think, the remarks I made, as to the locality of the burning bush, might well be repeated. Not a particle was there of this wilderness of granite that had not quaked at the

mysterious and awful presence of Jehovah, by which it was overspread; not one of its numberless clefts and caverns, in which was not heard and echoed, the voice of the trumpet which sounded long and waxed louder and louder. And was there not enough of localization in this certainty, without breaking the solemn feeling by fruitless inquiries as to the precise spot on which "the Lord came down *upon* Mount Sinai, on the *top of the mount?*" Tradition may urge one thing, reason and observation may assert another; while Scripture withholds all but the *general* certainty to which I have referred. I knew that this dread wilderness was the stupendous theatre of one of the most wondrous facts of the inspired record. I was content to rest in this assurance. The whole region appeared scathed, as if the breathings of the Almighty were yet upon it, and as if the flame and smoke which veiled His awful presence had but just passed away.

I cannot better recall to my own mind, or reflect on the minds of others, the solemn state of feeling which was engendered by the aspect of this august earthly presence-chamber of Jehovah, than by quoting the narrative of Moses:—

"And it came to pass on the third day, in the morning, that there were thunders, and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And Mount Sinai was *altogether* on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the *whole mount* quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount; and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up."*

—— The voice of Jehovah sounds not now in the natural

* Read the two chapters—Exodus xix. and xx.

ear of man; but his law, with the divine record that perpetuates it, is imperishable like himself; and in that law is the spiritual presence of God, still overshadowing Mount Sinai, and its sacred precincts. ——

* * * * * *

At half-past four o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third of May, we set out for the ascent of Mount Sinai, accompanied by Hassenein and two of the younger monks, named Angelo and Nicodemo, who kindly volunteered their company and services. The morning was warm and close; and, having had a restless and almost sleepless night, I looked forward to the arduous undertaking with some misgiving as to my strength; for though the good monks have, for ages past, done what lay in their power to make the ascent practicable at all times; yet, after all, it is a fatiguing affair; so much so, as to render it necessary to make many a pause, and to claim the aid of many a crag as a resting place by the way. By direction of the kindly superior, we were attended by several Arabs—retainers at the convent—bringing with them a few materials for a morning repast during our excursion.

The ascent is commenced at a deep ravine, lying to the south-west of the convent—that is, at its back; and the first stage carried us over such part of Horeb as forms a kind of breast-work, or foundation, from which Gebel Mousa—the alleged peak of Mount Sinai—springs. This part of the journey is made tolerably easy, by means of large slabs or blocks of granite, disposed in such order as to give a firm footing; but as many have been washed away from time to time by winter torrents, some effort is required to keep the road. In about half an hour, the ascent becomes still more fatiguing and steep; and the way lies between impending masses of vast magnitude, and through two arched gateways at a short distance from each other, the first of which reminded me of the "wicket gate" of John Bunyan—whither Evangelist had directed Christian, and from which he was swerving, when "the hill (of legality) seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the wayside did hang so much over

that Christian was afraid to venture further, lest the hill should fall on his head, wherefore, then he stood still, and he wot not what to do." The latter of the arched ways introduced us to a rather extensive plain, or platform, in which grows a fine towering cypress, and near it is a roughly constructed stone building, called the chapel of the convent, and another in commemoration of the flight of Elijah to Horeb. From this spot, the summit of Mount Sinai is visible; and from thence the direct ascent is made. It is toilsome and difficult. The monks, who live upon traditions, point out the various objects of interest, but make sad work in referring to Scripture names and narratives. When we were rather more than half way up the peak of Sinai, they pointed out a spot in which tradition says that Moses surveyed the conflict between Joshua and Amelek; and surely no place more probable or picturesque could well be selected. After many a persevering effort, the summit was gained, where we found a small chapel of the Greek church, and a mosque—but both in a ruinously dilapidated state.* Proceeding to the very highest point, so as to command the vast region of mountain scenery, my mind was absorbed by the terrific grandeur of the picture. In the words of an enterprising and intelligent traveller,† of an earlier day, I may say—"It would seem as if Arabia Petræa had once been an ocean of lava, and that, while its waves were running literally mountains high, it was commanded suddenly to stand still."

* Not far from the summit, is still distinctly visible, on the face of the solid granite, the alleged miraculous print of the foot of Mahomet's camel. When Hassenein saw it—like a good Musselman, he kneeled down, passed the tips of his fingers over the impression, and then over his face, with more of the air af a devotee than I had ever noticed in him before. Gebel Mousa was of very small import to him, except for the alleged record of the prophet's presence, which it bore.

† Sir J. Heninker. I have just met with Baumgarten's narrative of his ascent. It is so striking, and to my mind affecting, that I must transcribe it. "About sun-rising, we came down the west side of Mount Horeb, by a very steep and dangerous way, and came into a valley betwixt Horeb and Mount Sinai.....At last, our ascent grew so difficult, that all our former toil and labor seemed but sport to this. However, we did not give over, but imploring the divine assistance, we used our utmost endeavor. At last, through untrodden ways, through sharp and hanging rocks

I retired—still gazing on the venerable and solemn scene, and read, with a humbled heart, the law as written by the finger of God, upon the two tables of stone.

Lord—write thy law on my heart with the finger of thy spirit!

It were idle to talk of feelings and emotions in reference to a spot like this.

Before we prepared to descend, our friends Angelo and Nicodemo led us to a charming clear well, near the summit; from which delicious water was drawn for immediate refreshment, and for the purpose of furnishing us with coffee. A fire was soon kindled, and the coffee made; and it was a study for a painter as we all sat together, partaking of a convent meal, brought in a rough-dressed goat skin, which was spread on the rock for our table-cloth. We occupied one side —Angelo and Nicodemo the other, and behind, a little apart, sat Hassenein and the Bedaween. Our breakfast consisted of very coarse brown bread, goat's-milk cheese, black olives dressed in oil, delicious coffee, fresh water from the spring, and a little flask of date spirit to qualify it. We did ample justice to our rude repast, after so much toil; and commenced an extremely difficult descent, by the deep rocky valley of El Ledja, formed by Gebel Mousa, and Gebel Katarina, which runs nearly parallel with the ravine in which the convent is situate. While passing along El Ledja, the monks pointed out to us a huge mass of granite, lying as if hurled by some mighty hand from the masses above; and this they affirmed was the stone which, when smitten by the rod of Moses, gushed forth with water. They bade us notice several curious fissures, from which they say the water miraculously

through clefts and horrible deserts, pulling and drawing one another, sometimes with our staves, sometimes with our belts, and sometimes with our hands, by the assistance of Almighty God, we all arrived at the top of the mountain. The top of Mount Sinai is scarce thirty paces in compass: there we took a large prospect of the countries round about us, and began to consider how much we had travelled by sea and by land, and how much we had to travel, what hazards and dangers, and what various changes of fortune, might probably befall us. While we were thus divided between fear and hope, and possessed with a longing for our native country, it is hard to imagine how much we were troubled."

issued. But, after all, I feel fully persuaded that this is purely legendary. The ravine of El Ledja, cannot, I think, be the vale of Rephidim. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the present tradition had not its commencement till about the fourteenth century.

The whole expedition occupied nearly eight hours, attended by such an amount of fatigue and weariness, as rendered doubly grateful the cool quiet of our convent cells.

We spent the next day within the walls of the convent, and in the charming garden, resting and preparing ourselves for resuming our Desert route. I wrote letters to dear friends in England, to be dispatched on our arrival at Akabah. How delightful the assurance, that we could not only reach them in prayer, but also transmit to them across the wide waste of the great and terrible wilderness, the kindly affections of our hearts.

On the twenty-fifth of May, the day fixed at Cairo, for our departure from Mount Sinai, Sheikh Suleiman was at his post, and ready to resume the command of our caravan, and to make the needful adjustments. But departure with a caravan of Bedaween Arabs is not the work of a few minutes. It is like fitting out a ship for sea; especially when changes of camels and escort have to be made, which is generally the case, when travellers who have stayed at Mount Sinai go on to Akabah. We had personally nothing to do with these changes, but to endure the vexation of delay. The three convent tribes—or of the Tor, are all equally interested in transporting travellers and merchandize; and though they are on the most friendly footing with each other, yet they are all jealous of their rights; and a few piastres lost for the want of gaining them, is a matter of sore disquiet. The consequence of the changes necessary to be made, previous to our departure, was the loss of some "old familiar faces;" and I was obliged to give up my nice easy-paced camel, which I had ridden from Cairo, for a heavier and far less agreeable beast. Two hours and more were spent in the usual squabblings, and in the loading, unloading, and reloading of camels.

The repose of the convent was invaded, till it seemed like another Babel, though all this was, of course, transacted without the walls. At eleven o'clock, all was ready for our departure. We received kindly parting visits—with a present of bread and a conserve made of dates and almonds, from the superior and several others of the fraternity—drank a farewell cup of coffee—left behind us a suitable present in money—received and returned the usual symbols of courtesy, when again, the rope and windlass were in requisition, while, one by one, we were safely landed on terra firma; and, bidding farewell to that quiet retreat, whose green repose I shall never forget, we were soon on the backs of our camels, whose heads were turned towards Wadey Sheikh, north-eastward of the convent of Santa Katarina.

CHAPTER IV

THE DESERT;

FROM MOUNT SINAI TO AKABAH.

Departure from Mount Sinai—Route towards Akabah—The Mezzeni—Desert Feud—Adventure with the Mezzeni—Wadey el Ayun—Arab Superstition—Wadey el Ayun—Fountain—Night-march—Murder of Sheikh Suleiman—The Journey Resumed—El Hanekh—Akabah—Future Movements—Encampment at Akabah—Sheikh Hussein—Final Arrangements—Panic—Termination of Sojourn at Akabah.

In the mind of the traveller who has once really felt the desolateness of a desert-route, and experienced somewhat of its privations, many an anxious and foreboding thought mingles itself with his bright pictures of pleasurable anticipation, when setting out for a second stage, amidst scenes all new, strange and venerable. And there is something, too, in the manner of desert life, which greatly stimulates the awakened imagination.

I felt, while sojourning in the quiet convent of Mount Sinai, that so far indeed had the good hand of God conducted us, as surely and safely as if we had beheld him in the pillar of the cloud and in the pillar of fire. And certainly, there is nothing that can brace up the heart for difficulty and danger, more than a simple perception of our filial relation to a God of love. I trust this was the real state of my mind, when again I found myself surrounded by the wild-eyed children of the wilderness, equipped, armed, and ready for the intended expedition to Akabah, the Ezion-geber of Scripture.* There was something in the very stir of preparation—in the moan

* Numb. xxxiii. 35, 36. Deut. ii. 8. 1 Kings ix. 26. 2 Chron. viii. 17.

ing and gurgling of camels, and in the guttural volubility of Arab escorts, which carried back my mind, with vivid recollection, to the scenes we had passed; while far in the dim distance, imagination beheld the land of promise, and the Holy City of our God, to which every step was tending.

We had given orders to Sheikh Suleiman to conduct us by the ordinary route, described by Lord Lindsay and many others, which would have brought us soon to the shores of the north-eastern arm of the Red Sea, by way of Wadey Sa'l and Ayùn Hudhera, to Ayùn en Nuweibìa; but, for reasons which will by and by be apparent, he determined to take us by a more circuitous way, of which we were quite ignorant, until our disappointment at not reaching the Red Sea, led to an enquiry, and moreover, to a confession on the part of Suleiman, that he had disobeyed orders. The truth is, he was aware of danger, and no doubt hoped by a little management to avoid it.

On the day of our departure from Mount Sinai, our way lay partly across the plain of El Raha; when, striking off in a north-easterly direction, we entered Wadey Sheikh, which winds round to the west, and joins Wadey Feiran, and from which open off several passes over Debhet er Ramleh and Gebel el Tih, through one of which Suleiman conducted us. Soon after entering Wadey Sheikh, we noticed a Sheikh's tomb, of some antiquity, from which the present name of this pass is derived; and as we started so late in the day, we made but little way, and pitched our tents for the night at a small distance from the tomb. A Sheikh's tomb is always an object of superstitious veneration among the Arabs, as we had several opportunities of observing. On arriving at one, it is a common thing for them to gather up handfuls of sand, which they sprinkle upon the heads and into the ears of the camels, as a charm against accident and danger.

At six o'clock on the morning of the twenty-sixth of May, we recommenced our journey in good earnest; and, quitting Wadey Sheikh, soon entered upon a dreary and desolate waste, lifeless and herbless, where we encamped at noon; and during

the afternoon march proceeded through a scene of wild grandeur which deeply affected my mind. I could not distinctly learn its Arab designation, nor can I find it clearly laid down in the maps. It was not the vastness of mountain heights that awed me; but it seemed as if the whole region had once been in a state of volcanic fusion—as if the mountains had flowed down at the presence of Jehovah. The surface was, in most parts, as white as drifted snow. This was, by and by, exchanged for the most remarkable rocky formation, in horizontal strata, having, in some parts, the appearance of architectural remains of gigantic proportions, somewhat like those we had noticed in Wadey Nassb; and in others, the rocks appeared like Egyptian pyramids, worn down by age and storms. The silence of this mountain solitude was very impressive. As we glided along, it seemed like a city of the dead. While encamped at noon, a sudden squall of wind nearly carried away our tent. I managed, by a strong effort, to grasp it firmly, till our sleeping Bedaween were aroused, who soon reinstated it; but we were sadly annoyed by the clouds of sand which swept around us.

At the early part of the day, Sheikh Suleiman fell sick. He asked if I were a *Hakim* (a physician), and whether I would give him medicine. I suspected he had been living too freely, while having access to the kitchen-tent during the past route, and also while we rested at the convent. When by themselves, the Bedaween live upon the most spare diet; but are ready to partake very freely of European fare when it comes in their way. I prescribed for him accordingly, and bade him starve for two days. While halting at noon, he became worse—extremely feverish, and unfit, as I feared, to proceed. But he insisted on mounting his camel, when all was ready. The poor Bedaween seemed greatly to appreciate my attention to their Sheikh—greeted me with hearty *Bisalaams*, and repeatedly called me "*Hakim tayeeb*," (good physician.)

The Bedaween are amusing people. I was riding, to-day beside one of them, named *Jumar*, a nephew of Suleiman, whose beard and mustaches were of rather luxuriant growth.

He made many signs about his beard, and pointed at mine; but all I could understand, was, an apparent intention to remark, that Europeans wore beards as well as Bedaween. However, I was mistaken; for when Hassenein came up, I made him interpret; and the secret of all the gesticulary exercise, was, only that my Bedawee friend wished me to bestow on him a pair of scissors, with which to trim his beard into a politer shape.

During the following day, our route lay in the waste and dreary region of Debhet er Ramleh. When getting the caravan together, Suleiman presented himself with every indication of improved health. He talked, shouted, and ordered—as volubly as ever; and, approaching me as I walked out from the tent—cried "Hakim tayeeb—Hakim tayeeb," and then thrust out his tongue, and made me feel his pulse, to be sure of his amendment. Soon after we had pitched for our noontide rest, in came Suleiman, bringing with him his own jet-black coffee-pot; and, with a hearty air of cordiality, invited us to share its contents. He had often partaken of the chibouk and coffee on our invitation; but now, he was, no doubt, anxious to show some token of thankfulness for my sympathy and medical success.

We encamped at noon, just within the borders of the territory of the *Mezzeni*—a powerful tribe, between whom and those of the peninsula of Sinai, was a feud of several years standing, arising out of a long preferred claim of the former, to be the escort of travellers to Akabah (as the route lies through their country), but which had been, time out of mind, monopolized by the Sinaite tribes. Matters had proceeded so far, that war between the tribes had been for some time declared; and the Mezzeni were as determined to assert, as the Sinaite tribes to resist, by force of arms, the offensive claim. A similar spirit is now manifesting itself throughout the Desert, whenever tribes have reason to believe they are numerically strong enough to support their claims. The effect of this, as it spreads, will tend to make the Desert journey vexatious and trying, if not personally dangerous.

When making our bargain at Cairo with Suleiman, for safe conduct to Akabah, we were not aware of the existence of any feud that could at all interfere with our movements; nor, indeed, did we know of any such thing, till we were encamped, when Hassenein told us that Suleiman was apprehending an attack from the Mezzeni, through whose territory we were then about to pass. We looked upon this, at first, as one of the tricks resorted to by the Bedaween to enhance the value of their services, so as to lay claim to a larger *backsheech*, at the end of the journey. Certainly, Suleiman appeared anxious and ill at ease; and far more silent and thoughtful than I had ever seen him before. But this I ascribed more to the brief indisposition he had suffered, and to the rather strong remedies I had applied, than to any other cause.

When Hassenein gave us the information above referred to I recollected that during the afternoon march of the preceding day, a strange Arab, who seemed to spring out of the earth as it were, suddenly joined our caravan, and was in earnest conversation with Suleiman, apart; and I also recalled to mind the fact, that the same Arab (who had the appearance and bearing of a Sheikh) had joined us when we commenced our morning march to-day, and had left us—I knew not where or when. Hassenein discovered that this man really was a Sheikh of the Mezzeni; and when we knew this to be the case, I felt there might be something in the report which had reached us; and that care and vigilance would be needful. I dwell the more minutely on these matters; for the narrative on which I am now entering, is one of painful and distressing, though grateful, recollection.

When the caravan had been in motion, this afternoon, for rather more than an hour and a half, in an extremely desolate region, where one could hardly have expected to meet a human being except travellers like ourselves, we observed a little stir and agitation among our people, accompanied by low and repressed observations to each other. Every man unslung his matchlock gun, and Suleiman deliberately primed his, from a little powder-flask slung at his belt. I caught his eye

at the moment. There was a silent air of determination expressed in it, which induced something like a persuasion in my mind, that we might, perhaps, meet with annoyance from the Mezzeni, into whose territory we had considerably advanced.

It was not long before three of our party went forward on foot, at a rapid pace, and quickly turned into a defile, when we lost sight of them for a time. There was very evident anxiety betrayed by those who remained behind. We all made a pause—loaded our pistols and girded on our sabres, that we might appear fully prepared for what was to happen. At this moment, Suleiman earnestly begged us to remain behind with the camels, while he and the rest would go forward to meet a small party of the Mezzeni, who were then just in sight, and advancing upon us. We said—No: we had no fears; and that if defence were necessary we would help to defend ourselves.

We moved on. Contrary to our expectations, Suleiman fell back almost to the rear of the caravan; and we fancied he was disposed to "show a white feather." I confess I began to limit my confidence in him, when I saw this movement. We had not proceeded far, before two of the Mezzeni advanced, in company with our three Arabs, who had left us a little while before. They salaamed us peaceably enough; and after a short conference, in which no bitterness was betrayed, the Mezzeni retired quietly up one of the mountain sides, as if all had been adjusted; but Hassenein, who had obtained full information, told us that a larger party of the enemy were to give us a meeting at a fountain, about two hours distant, where we were to pitch for the night; and that there the question at issue was to be adjusted, if possible.

In the conference which had already taken place, the Mezzeni claimed their right to conduct us to Akabah, and to supply the requisite camels, at a price to be then and there agreed on. They also insisted on our dismissing Suleiman, and the rest of our escort; promising, that if we would put ourselves at once under their care, they would fight out the

question with Suleiman. On our part, Hassenein said, we had made, at Cairo, our bargain with Suleiman for safe escort, by his tribe, to Akabah, and that we intended to hold by that bargain; but that they and Suleiman might come to what understanding they pleased, so that we were conducted safely.

There was manifest uneasiness about Suleiman; and he seemed desirous of pressing onwards, instead of halting at the place agreed on. This looked like evasion, and was disagreeable to us. We insisted on halting, as proposed; and from various parts of the Desert, we saw first one, then another of the Mezzeni, coming slowly down towards the spot, till a considerable group of them were seated at a distance of five or six hundred yards from our place of encampment, where they kindled their fires; but neither conference nor interruption occurred. We, however, thought it good to be on the watch against any attack, and lay down partly undressed. No disturbance broke in upon the quietude of the night.

We rose next morning at half-past four, and were engaged in the usual preparations for resuming our march, while at a distance sat the enemy in a circle, round their morning fire, apparently holding a council of war; and near at hand was a supply of their camels, which had been brought down during the night. Suleiman seemed personally disposed to stand aloof. Several of our Arabs went to the Mezzeni, and returned without any satisfactory result. At length Suleiman, accompanied by Hassenein, went forward, when a loud and stormy conversation took place—no uncommon thing, as an appendage to an Arab negotiation. A grave ground of offence, however, had been given by one of the Mezzeni seizing the sabre and gun of one of our party—a heavy loss for a Bedawee Arab. After an hour spent in the noisiest declamation, Hassenein returned, stating that the question had at length been adjusted by a compromise; and that Suleiman had agreed to take and pay for five of the enemy's camels, and to dismiss as many of those which had brought us from

Cairo. We of course protested against having any additional camels forced upon us, either by Suleiman or the Mezzeni; and gave notice to the former that we should not, on settling accounts at Akabah, allow of any alteration in the terms of our contract made with him at Cairo.

At half-past six we were all loaded; but I was far from being favorably impressed by the physiognomy and bearing of the five Mezzeni to whom the new camels belonged, and who were to become part of our escort. I was sorry, moreover, to lose any of our party who had accompanied us so far. But it was not to be avoided. In about three hours we reached the entrance of Wadey el Ayún (the valley of the fountain), after having passed through a less dreary route than we had traversed the day before—enlivened with some few traces of vegetation, tamarisk trees, nackels, and the species of acacia from which the gum-arabic is procured. In the midst of these was a continual sound, as if proceeding from thousands of chirping grasshoppers. Multitudes of small lizards, called by the Arabs *Serebani*, were to be seen here, as well as in many other parts of the Desert, shooting across the way beneath the feet of the camels.

Near the mouth of Wadey el Ayún, and standing on a slight rocky elevation, is a single palm tree, of no very considerable size, yet visible at a great distance. Around it are sedges, rushes and such like succulent plants, giving an indication that water is not far away. We pressed onwards with increasing speed; and the servants were in advance, in order to secure a supply of fresh water for our use, before it should be soiled by watering the camels. The arrival at a fountain is always a notable event in Desert life. I have often recalled the delight with which I reached that fountain, and drank of its refreshing stream. As soon as we had provided for ourselves, we led the camels down. And there, too, were the Arabs lying flat at the brink of the water, drinking among the camels, like camels. Wadey el Ayún is a long unbroken pass, of many miles extent, along which, frequent small streams wind their quiet way, garnished in the most lovely

manner by tamarisk bushes and palm clumps, on all sides. Here indeed the wilderness seemed to put off its savage grin and to smile in verdant gentleness ; though, on either side of this narrow pass, the rocks are bold, lofty, and most picturesque. The pass itself is evidently the deep bed of a vast mountain torrent, winding in the most fantastic manner, and presenting a new and charming picture at every turn. The slightest sound awakened a thousand echoes ; and there was an air of wildness about the whole party, occasioned by the loud and harsh voices of our joyous Bedaween calling forth replies, in every variety of tone, from the surrounding rocks and caverns far and near.

One of our young men had a narrow escape from serious danger, in this remarkable, and in some parts difficult, pass. We were pursuing our course over a shelving rock. He was riding next in advance of me. His camel slipped and fell on its side, and in an instant dashed him on the rock. This was the only false step I ever noticed in a camel during the whole journey. I was greatly alarmed, and called loudly to him ; but before I could conveniently halt, so as to offer assistance, he sprang upon his legs—shouting out, " Tayeeb, tayeeb, Khowaga" (all right, Sir), and in half a minute more, he and his camel were again in due marching order. It was quite wonderful. Neither of them seemed in the least degree discomposed or hurt. The sun bore down upon us with intense heat, so that by ten o'clock we were glad to pitch our tents under the shade of a wide-spreading tamarisk tree, of great age, which had doubtless been the temporary home of many a traveller, and many a Bedawee party, as indicated by the remaining ashes of bivouac fires. There was a tempestuous appearance in the atmosphere ; and by and by, a smart shower of rain fell, the drops of which evaporated almost as fast as they descended, from the cloth of the tents. While writing in my tent, on this and many other occasions, the ink actually dried in my pen at almost every word.

At half past three we resumed our journey ; but there was

plainly something wrong between Sheikh Suleiman and the Mezzeni, who had recently joined the caravan; and suddenly their Sheikh reappeared amongst us—but from whence he came I could not guess. He was in earnest conversation with the men of his tribe; but held little intercourse with Suleiman. He was a cold, subtle, snaky looking fellow; and always created an uneasy sensation in my mind, when I happened to be near him; though I confess that towards us, as travellers, his bearing was inoffensive, and even courteous. His presence always seemed to bode mischief, and contrivance for the purpose of mischief. I was not deceived in him, as will appear by and by. I enquired what was the cause of disquiet in the caravan, and learnt that our new escort were, after all, unwilling to go to Akabah; for on a former occasion, two of their tribe got bastinadoed by the governor there for certain Desert pranks, and they thought it quite possible they might fall in for a share of the like discipline; and besides, they wanted to drive a fresh bargain for more money. We had nothing to do with this; but certainly I had it in my mind to get the guilty one bastinadoed for having stolen the sabre and gun of our party; and I had plainly said as much; which perhaps reached their ears, and they supposed it possible that they might all be deemed guilty. Whether this was the case, I know not; but certain it is, they suddenly pulled up, and refused to proceed; and while they and their Sheikh were gathered together—squatting on the sand—a very unpeaceful and discontented-looking group, we passed on, having retained the Arabs and their camels, who had been, in effect, dismissed when the Mezzeni joined us. I felt persuaded, however, that this must lead to some further adventure.

Suleiman's disquietude was visibly increased; and he strongly urged us to proceed with the utmost speed—hinting a desire that we should make a forced march all night, so as fairly to outstrip the enemy; but as we felt persuaded that his cupidity stood in the way of adjustment, and was one of the causes of the annoyance, we replied we had no fear whatever; yet that if he thought himself in peril, we would do

what we could to diminish his anxiety, but were not disposed to march all night. We proceeded at full camel pace for upwards of two hours, still in the wild pass of Wadey el Ayún, while the tempest was breaking upon us—rendered more magnificent by the rocky scenery, over which the dense clouds floated and burst with heavy reverberations of thunder. The tempest soon spent itself, and left the atmosphere calm and serene.

On making an abrupt turn, we noticed a sudden pause and embarrassment among the leaders of the caravan; and, glancing off to the right, saw a large company of the Mezzeni rushing down the rugged side of a steep declivity, with wild clamor and vehement gesticulation. We drew up at once, and assumed an attitude of defence, while some of our escort advanced and held a noisy parley with them. We found they were those we had left behind, with a considerable addition; and that they had made a short cut across the mountains, on foot, in the expectation of thus meeting us in the pass below. Though at first they were prepared to fire upon us, the conference seemed to have the effect of suspending hostilities; for they retired up the mountain, and suffered us to pass on unmolested. But still, Suleiman was ill at ease. The sun went down upon us gloomily, and we continued our star-lit way, over many a rugged mile, trusting all to the instinct of our camels, till about nine o'clock; when, wearied and somewhat excited by the stirring events of the day, so novel to men of peaceful habits like ourselves, we pitched again for the night, setting a watch to guard against surprise by our wily enemies. I could not but feel my mind and imagination much acted upon by the kind of mystery which hung over their movements; and this was rendered more intense by the circumstance of every conference among our own party, as well as between them and the Mezzeni, being carried on in a language of which we were ignorant, except a few words and phrases of common usage. I passed a wakeful night—listening to the myriads of grasshoppers chanting in full chorus till daybreak.

The next day was the Christian's day of rest. We had on the preceding night, given directions to halt during the Sabbath hours. Suleiman was desirous of proceeding, but he obeyed us. It was a charming spot in which we encamped —an amphitheatre of granite, scattered over with tamarisk trees of some magnitude, and having various outlets into opposite parts of the Desert. It was a sweet solitude, in which to enjoy the liturgy of our venerable Church, and to think of our beloved flocks assembled in the house of prayer. The 140th Psalm was among those appointed for the morning service. We felt and remarked upon its suitableness for imparting serenity and comfort amidst the hostile movements of the tribes in whose territory we were encamped.

Some of our Bedaween discovered there were flocks near at hand. We gave orders for the purchase of a goat, as a present to our party. It was soon procured, dressed, and eaten; and, long before we imagined our orders had been obeyed, they were slumbering after their morning meal. We expressed our surprise to Hassenein. "Oh," said he—"Bedaween never leave any thing for to-morrow—eat 'em up all at once."

From the hour of noon, a continued agitation was kept up in the encampment by the frequent arrival of strange Arabs, with whom Suleiman and the rest held sometimes loud and angry, and at other times repressed and subdued conversations. It was, doubtless, upon the old theme. It seemed as if the strife between the tribes was gathering up to a storm that must break. Suddenly the Sheikh of the Mezzeni, who had several times been amongst us, again made his appearance. He was immediately engaged in earnest conference with Suleiman. There was a doggedness in his manner which boded no good. By and by a message was brought to us from him, inquiring whether we would pay a certain sum, on condition that he should peaceably join our caravan, and give us safe conduct through his territory. Believing this to be one of Suleiman's contrivances, to save his own pocket, and alter the terms of our contract; and feeling that if we submit-

ted to such a thing, future travellers might suffer imposition as the consequence, we said—"No! we would give nothing. We had made our bargain with Suleiman, and intended to abide by it." Here the matter ended, so far as we were concerned; but as the Sheikh of the Mezzeni (Sheikh Furriqh, as he was named) was just retiring towards one of the mountain passes, Hassenein, who was fond of burning gunpowder, fired off several pistols in quick succession, for the purpose of cleaning and putting them in good order. Furriqh returned evidently angry, as if the fire arms had been discharged as a note of defiance. Another strange Arab arrived at the same time, and communicated something to him in a whisper; when, without uttering another word to any of our party, Furriqh left the encampment, with an expression of determination in his manner which I shall never forget. From that moment I believed danger to be at hand; but yet I was calmly assured that we had an arm stronger than man's about us. Yet it was an uneasy position, in a strange land—among strangers, who have no law but that of the sword.

At half-past three, Suleiman, with some degree of agitation, earnestly begged us to prepare to march; and soon began plucking up the tent pins, crying—"Yellah—yellah," (make haste), to his followers. We were soon ready and mounted, and were surprised to see a cross, smeared with some red color, on the necks and haunches of the camels. We inquired what it meant. It was the blood of the goat which had been that day given to the Bedaween. What was the intention of the sign so made in blood? We could get no satisfactory answer; but only a notion of some superstition, like that of sprinkling the dust from a Sheikh's tomb on the heads of the camels.*

* I have met with a notice of this custom, in Dr. Robinson's recent work vol. i. p. 269. "Our Arabs bought of their visitors (from the Haíwat tribe) a kid, which they killed as a redemption (Arabic, *Fedu*), in order, as they said, that its death might redeem their camels from death, and also as a sacrifice for the prosperity of our journey. With the blood they smeared crosses upon the necks of their camels, and on other parts of their bodies. Such sacrifices are frequent among them. This mark of the cross we supposed they had probably imitated from their neighbors, the Monks of Sinai; or perhaps they made it as one of their simplest marks."

It was during this march that we discovered Suleiman's disobedience, in taking us by a way contrary to that we had desired. We remonstrated with him, and demanded the reason. He then freely confessed he had been all along afraid to go by the usual route, on account of the determined state of the Mezzeni, for that would have led him too near their general encampment. He had hoped, by taking the longer and more unusual route, to elude them altogether. But events now proved how sadly he had been mistaken.

We had therefore nothing to do, but to make our best speed. We pressed onwards through one of the noblest mountain passes that was ever seen; and it was a fine picture to see our caravan winding its way upwards and downwards over dreary and difficult ways, fit only for the desert-practised foot of the camel. We were a wild-looking set.

We had entertained fears of falling short of water before reaching Akabah; and, moreover, such water as we had with us was becoming disagreeable and unwholesome. Imagine our delight, when Suleiman, who was somewhat in advance, looked up joyfully to the mountain heights on the right, crying at the top of his stentorian voice, "Moyia, moyia tayeeb" (good water). On reaching the bold rock, which seemed to have been cleft by a hand of mercy and goodness, we found a deep fissure, down which there coursed a small stream, depositing in several natural cisterns formed on the ledges of the rock, clean, sweet, delicious water. In an instant we were all dismounted, and busied equally in quenching our thirst, watering the camels, and replenishing the water skins for the rest of the journey. I have drunk the wines of France, of Italy, and of the Rhine, and thought them delicious; but there was something beyond them all in this precious water of El Ayún.

To the very latest day of my existence, I think I shall remember the march we made after quitting these sweet waters.

In evident anxiety, Suleiman proposed two things; first, that we should encamp, in about an hour, at an unusual spot,

that the enemy who were pursuing us might be deceived and get far ahead of us; or, secondly, that we should proceed onwards throughout the night at our best speed, till nine o'clock on the following morning. We declined the former, because we were anxious to reach Akabah as speedily as possible; and as to the latter, we expressed our willingness to go as far and as long as we should be able. "Tayeeb, tayeeb," said he—and we moved on. The sun soon set upon us, and the quickly coming darkness spread its mantle, while the vast mountain-masses were piled up about us. From half-past three till a few minutes before twelve at night, we pressed forwards; and not one false step did our poor weary camels make over that fearfully difficult mountain-pass. By degrees all conversation among the Arabs dropped off, as if slumber rested on all spirits: but there really was a sad wakefulness in the silence which prevailed. I believe we were all possessed with a belief that we should be attacked by some party of the Mezzeni, lying in wait for us; and we held ourselves prepared. If a word dropped from any one, Suleiman ordered silence, as if there should be nothing but the tramp of the camels to give intimation of our approach; and as if he desired to catch any distant sound of voices. Poor fellow! I have reason now to think that he was bowed down with apprehension. The Mezzeni were up, and they were many—we were but few, and could have no reinforcement. The greater part of our night's march was through Wadey Wetìr; and in the dim shadowy light which the stars and rising moon afforded, the rocks on either side presented the idea of a massive city, where dome and tower and gigantic colonnade strove for pre-eminence. To my own mind, the effect of the scene, and of the occasion, was almost overpowering. My recollection of this night's journey, now while I am writing, is more like that of a feverish dream than a transaction of real life. By the mercy of God, we came in perfect safety to the end of Wadey Wetìr, and found ourselves at length on an extensive plain, with the Red Sea, or gulph of Akabah, on our right, and the little peninsula of Nuweibìa, the principa

encampment of the Mezzeni, at a good distance behind us. Here Suleiman was content that we should encamp for the night, taking up such a position as might best conceal the light of our fires. We pitched our tents in silence and in safety; and the newly risen moon shed her pale lustre on the smooth waters of the Red Sea. The sense of repose which we were thus permitted to enjoy, after such a march, was indescribable. I slept soundly as if all apprehension of danger was past.

I was awakened for a few minutes, as early as three o'clock on the following morning, by the sound of many voices in loud and earnest conversation, amongst which I recognized that of Sheikh Suleiman; but as noisy conversations, at such early hours, are by no means uncommon, with these restless spirits of the wilderness, I gave no heed to it, and composed myself for sleep again, intending to rise by about half after four, in order to get a dip in the Red Sea, before resuming the march; and this intention I fulfilled; but just while throwing on the few clothes I had taken with me, I heard suddenly a loud strife of many tongues bursting forth, not in our encampment, but in a small copse or grove of palm trees, about two hundred yards distant. At once the thought rushed upon my mind, that the Mezzeni had overtaken us, and were meditating an attack, now that we were so near the place of their main encampment. This was directly confirmed by the sound of a gun-shot in the palm-grove, which was soon followed up by a second. I ran up towards the encampment as rapidly as possible; and just as I reached it, another shot rang awfully upon my ear. I found our party in a state of the greatest consternation, and gathered closely together, gazing wildly towards the grove. The first thing I learnt, was the harrowing fact, that poor Suleiman had just been murdered by the Mezzeni! It was an astounding announcement. To what would this desperate blow lead—here, in the Desert? The prospect of further bloodshed was terrible. It would have been insupportable, but for the influence of that inward calmness which is the privilege of the children of God. We

were braced up for the worst, and stood gazing upon the scene, in full expectation that out of a deep and deadly spirit of revenge, we should be immediately overpowered by the enemy, and held entirely at their mercy—as any show of defence against so many as had now come down upon us, would have been utterly futile, and might have led to the destruction of us all. How wild and desolate this awful theatre of death appeared, while, with the sound of gun-shots still vibrating in our ears, we thought of Suleiman writhing in his death-throes, and anxiously watched the movements of the murderers. We were motionless—almost breathless. Each man among us gazed silently upon his fellow. Our suspense was not of great duration, but long enough to get the heart secretly lifted up in communion with a God of mercy. And there was sweet peacefulness in that brief exercise.

—— My worst fears were groundless. The hearts of all men are in God's hands. Our helplessness must have been a powerful matter of temptation to the blood-stained men, over whom the departed soul of Suleiman was hovering. But God restrained them. ——

Having slaughtered their victim, the Mezzeni (of whom about forty were counted), quietly marched back towards Nuweibìa, without exchanging even a word with us; leaving behind them the corpse of poor Suleiman—a sad memorial of their malignant vengeance; while several others of their tribe, who had been lying in ambush beyond the scene of terror, came forth from their hiding places, and joined their retreating comrades.

My heart almost sickens at the recollection of this dreadful transaction, while referring to the notes made on the spot, and compiling from them the particulars of this sad page.

As soon as the enemy had fairly departed, I took Hassenein with me, and advanced carefully towards the copse of palm trees, where I found the mangled body of poor Suleiman quite dead, but with the agony of the death-pang still visible on his sunburnt and swarthy features. It was a terrible sight, thus to behold the leader and confidential companion of our

wild route, lying as the clods of the valley, and saturated with his own life-blood. And how, in a Christian's heart, was the sense of the sad reality heightened, by knowing that the poor sufferer was a follower of the false prophet—a Mahommedan —ignorant of Him who was "delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." I have seen death in many forms; but I never beheld it with so dread an aspect as it here assumed.

I was more than half inclined to withhold the minute particulars of the dark tragedy, when arriving at this part of my narrative; but they now fasten themselves upon my mind and I feel constrained to leave them on record.

Suleiman had received three balls through his body, and four sabre-gashes on his head, which was also nearly severed from the trunk; and his right arm, which had been evidently raised in an attempt at warding off a blow, was all but divided near the wrist. We returned to the encampment, where our Arabs were sitting together, still terrified. At length, a few of them who volunteered their aid, went and washed the body—wrapped it in an unfolded turban, and prepared it for immediate interment. They hastily formed a resting place, about a mile upwards, towards the hills which skirted the plain in which we were encamped, by raising four walls of large loose stones. Having made all ready, they brought up the remains of their leader, laid across the back of his camel, and, with deep emotion, deposited them in their final abode, arching it over with large masses of stone, and quitting it with what appeared to me like deep expressions of vengeance against the tribe, on which lay the guilt of his murder.

—— I turned away from the tomb with a heavy heart. . . . Was my way to the Holy City of my God to be tracked with blood? ——

On making a careful inquiry into the particulars immediately connected with this sad catastrophe, I collected the following:—It appeared that while we were resting on the previous day at Wadey el Ayún, the Mezzeni came down in order to make a final effort at supporting, without bloodshed,

their claim to conduct travellers through their territorry to Akabah. Sheikh Furriqh was of the number, as I have already stated. When he was about to retire, after an unsuccessful attempt, an Arab of his tribe came and secretly informed him that his (Furriqh's) nephew had been shot on the previous day by one of Suleiman's tribe, in reference to the very question then pending. On receiving this information, Furriqh at once broke off all negociation, and quitted the encampment. It is believed that Suleiman never knew the fact which had been communicated to Furriqh; but news was brought to him that the Mezzeni intended to pursue us with an increased force; and this quite accounts for all the anxiety and timidity which he evinced during the afternoon and evening preceding his death. It appears that the Mezzeni, bent on accomplishing their purpose, gathered together their force, and, following us at dromedary speed, arrived at the encampment as early as two o'clock in the morning—that a deputation from them came to Suileman, while some of the rest remained in the palm-grove, and others went in advance, and formed ambuscades—that Sheikh Furriqh was one of the deputation—that Suleiman shewed them the usual hospitality of breaking bread with them—that the conference ended without any adjustment of the matter in dispute—that after the deputation had retired to the copse, two Arabs of a neutral tribe, who had come with us from Mount Sinai, went to the Mezzeni in order to mediate, but were unsuccessful—that while they remained, Suleiman was sent for, and that having broken bread with the Mezzeni, he had a right to expect that his life would be held sacred—that Suleiman had scarcely reached the adverse party, when Sheikh Furriqh said—"We do not care about the money, but there is blood between us;" —that instantly one of the Mezzeni shot him through the body, and that Furriqh cut him down with his sabre, while two other shots which were fired took effect upon him. My recollection of Furriqh, from the first moment that he appeared in our caravan, is such as to convince me that he would readily commit such an act as this—so subtle—so

cruel—so cowardly—without one feeling of remorse or misgiving.

Our future movements towards Akabah now became matter of anxious consideration. We were still in the enemy's land; but we had no leader. Jumar—Sheikh Suleiman's nephew, was next in weight and authority. We told him we must now rely on him for safe convoy. He replied he dared not stay, but must proceed alone at full speed to Akabah. He feared lest, as a relative of Suleiman, he should be singled out as the object of some further vengeance. He kissed our hands—mounted the dead Sheikh's powerful camel, and soon was out of sight. We felt that now the management of the caravan must be in our own hands. Our terrified Bedaween seemed quite helpless; and I almost feared they would refuse to proceed. We, however, bade Hassenein speak to them in the most determined manner, and at length they expressed their willingness to resume the march. It was then late in the morning for getting in motion; but we felt the painfulness and anxiety of delay in such a spot; so—helping them to collect and drive together the camels, some of which had strayed to a distance, we got all loaded between eight and nine o'clock, and were again on our way, taking into our service a feeble old Sheikh, of a friendly tribe, through whose territory we had yet to pass, and who had joined Suleiman on the previous day at Wadey el Ayún, and accompanied us thus far.

It was with heavy hearts that we resumed our march, along the shores of the Red Sea, which presented but little variety of aspect to arrest our minds, and divert them from the sad thoughts that were dwelling within. Often and often I glanced backwards, and around, to see that we were not pursued by our late assailants, or any others of their tribe. We passed on in safety, and made a short halt at noon; but soon were again mounted, in order to encamp for the night, if possible, beyond the bounds of the enemy's territory. We proceeded for nearly seven hours almost in silence. It was a dreary time The thick darkness overtook us, but was soon

dispelled by the bright dominion of the stars, which in thi latitude are peculiarly lustrous. The moon had not risen. At about eight o'clock, we saw ahead of us, at some distance, a light as of a bivouac fire. It struck a new panic in the hearts of our poor affrighted Bedaween ; and I confess I was rather ill at ease; for the events of this and the preceding days had made my mind exceedingly sensitive. I believe it was supposed by some of our party, that the light before us was from the fires of some of the Mezzeni, who, as they imagined, were in wait near their borders, to strike a final blow. It certainly seemed a probable supposition. But we slowly continued our route, and at last lost sight of the light; and, passing by the spot at which we thought it had appeared, pitched our tents, and passed the night in safety—giving thanks for the mercies we had experienced.

At six o'clock on the following morning we were again in motion, still coasting along the Red Sea, till we came to a vast promontory, which seemed to forbid any further advance in a direct line; while on our left, turning off in a north-westerly direction, was a defile leading to the savage and extremely difficult pass of El Hanekh, which occupied all the time till our noontide rest. It is one of those wild scenes of which words can give no idea. It looks as if the footsteps of man had never invaded its fastnesses; and in some places is so rugged and steep, that we were glad to dismount, and both climb and descend with wary heedfulness. Here and there we met with broken acacias, over which a thousand uptearing tempests seemed to have passed; while masses of rocks, which had toppled from their heights, blocked up the dreary pass. It was wearisome work for the poor patient camels to make their way. Having mastered the more difficult parts, we entered upon an extensive sandy and stony plain, scattered over with acacia clumps, with a burning sun overhead—when, by and by, to our great delight, we again hailed the bright waters of the Red Sea, and pitched for the midday rest on a charming smooth sandy beach, just opposite the

little island of Graia, called by the Arabs, *Kalat el Dier* * It was charming, after the fatigue of the morning march, to bathe in those sparkling waves, beneath which multitudes of coral groves were distinctly visible. We were now fairly out of reach of the Mezzeni, and in the territory of friendly Arabs, with their Sheikh among our escort. We enjoyed, therefore, our noontide rest, with every assurance of safety.

Soon after commencing the afternoon march, our eyes were fixed upon what appeared like a narrow strip of land studded with palm trees, on the eastern side of the Red Sea; but yet so distant as to be very indistinct, though the sun was brightly bearing down upon it. This was Akabah —the point of our destination. After what we had experienced, it was indeed delightful, even at such a distance, to gaze towards the termination of our second desert route. We toiled onwards, but still it appeared very distant; yet we quite calculated on reaching it at some time during the evening or night. At length, after having passed Wadey Merakh, and Wadey Taba, scattered over with palm trees, and others bearing a curious shelled fruit, called the *Dom* (of which the Arabs eat freely, though it is unpalatable enough), we came to the head of the gulph; and immediately before us, lay the palm-groves of Akabah. Darkness overtook us before we reached them; and it was one of the most picturesque things I ever witnessed, to see great numbers of bivouac fires quickly lighted in various parts of the groves, around which were gathered large parties of the desert inhabitants, with their wild features and costume brilliantly illuminated. Akabah is quite a place of resort for all tribes and travellers passing on either of the routes—east, west, north, or south. The groves afford them a temporary home. Akabah was literally swarming with Arabs—especially the Aloeens and other neighboring tribes of Edom.

* This little Island, on which there are yet the remains of bold fortifications, served from an early period, as a defence of the port of Elath, against tribes whom it was always difficult to subdue. In the time of the crusades, it became a theatre of Christian valor; but was totally abandoned as far back as the fourteenth century.

In the midst of the palm-groves is the little fortress of Akabah, in which is placed a Turkish governor—with a small body of irregular and ragged soldiery. Here government stores are kept for the supply of the Hadj caravans to Mecca; and something like a show of authority is exercised over the neighboring tribes, who are, after all, more easily led than driven. Some travellers have, in prospect of greater safety, obtained admission to the fortress as their home during their brief stay. We preferred having our tents pitched under the walls, on the western side, so as to occupy a nice shady spot on the very brink of the gulph of Akabah, commanding the loveliest mountain scenery imaginable.

On reaching Akabah, our Bedaween brought us up to this position. When we had arrived, I could scarcely see any object but the tall palm trees above me; when suddenly I felt a hand drawing the halter of the camel from mine, and preparing to make the animal kneel down for me to dismount. I guessed it was a friend; but I knew not who it was. Scarcely had the camel knelt on the sand, when I found myself grasped by a pair of strong arms, and fairly lifted off my saddle. I was next kissed on both cheeks by a rough bearded person, after the Arab manner, who, with a sobbing voice, pronounced the name of "Suleiman." I recognized the voice of poor Jumar, who had reached Akabah in safety, and was the first to greet us in this affecting way. It quite touched my heart, thus, in a wild spot of the earth, to be greeted as by a friend. I felt as if Akabah was a home for me. Jumar had related to others of his tribe, whom he found there, the sad story of our journey from Mount Sinai; and soon he brought to us Toualeb—a Sheikh of the Oualed Said, who greeted us cordially; and told Hassenein that had they not seen us approaching towards the head of the gulph in the course of the afternoon, he should have sent off an Arab with a dromedary, to make inquiries about us; for he had entertained great fears for our safety.

At present, besides the little fortress, Akabah contains only a few rude habitations of the most wretched kind—a dreary

contrast to its former greatness, when Solomon sent from thence his ships to Ophir, and there constructed his vessels.*

At Akabah, the engagement with our Sinaite Arabs terminated; except that by their contract they were to wait two days while we should determine upon our future movements Our desire was to pass through Edom, and to visit the far famed ruins of Petra; and thence pass onwards to the Holy Land by way of Hebron; in which case it would have been needful to put ourselves under the escort of the Aloeens, the most powerful tribe of Edom, and dismiss our Sinaite friends, who never venture to conduct a caravan through that peculiar region, of which Sheikh Hussein has, for a long time past, been the mighty autocrat.

To make a bargain with Bedaween Arabs in Cairo, is no difficult matter. In the heart of the Desert it is a very different thing. And their cupidity and meanness in such transactions is quite disgusting. We had a fair specimen of it. It requires no small nerve and determination to deal with them in their own fastnesses. And besides, I believe they fancy that all Europeans, especially Englishmen, are as wealthy as Nabobs.

At the time of our arrival at Akabah, there was a large assemblage of Sheikhs and inferior Arabs, especially of the

* 1 Kings, ix. 26. What a humbling picture does this very spot present, of the perishableness of human enterprizes and temporal interests. If one could minutely trace out the changes which it has undergone since the day when Israel encamped on it in their wanderings (Numb. xxxiii. 35), we should gaze on it with a solemn and melancholy interest.

Ezion-geber and Elath are mentioned together in Scripture narrative. The former appears to have been the naval station, and was certainly situate on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, called the Elanitic Gulph, from *Elath*, *Ailah*, *Ala*, and *Alana*, which stood at the head. The latter was, doubtless, the proper entrepôt of commercial enterprise. On the conquest of Edom by David, he took possession of this place, and there established a trade to all parts of the then known world. Solomon certainly built his ships here, and sent them to Ophir. It continued in possession of the Israelites about one hundred and fifty years, until, in the reign of Jorum, it was recovered by the Edomites, from whom it was retaken by Azariah. Under Ahaz, it was captured by Resin, the Syrian. Jerome says it was the first port from India to Egypt. It became subject to the Ptolemies after the death of Alexander the Great; and in the time of Jerome, the tenth Roman legion was stationed in it. (See 2 Sam. viii. 14; 2 Chron. viii. 17 18; 2 Kings viii. 20, xiv. 22, xvi. 6.)

tribes of Edom, gathered together for the purpose of attempting some adjustment of questions which had been long pending, such as that between the Sinaite tribes and the Mezzeni, which cost Suleiman his life. Each tribe was eagerly asserting its right against Sheikh Hussein; who, with his powerful tribe of Aloeens, had long monopolized the route through Petra to Hebron. In such a state of things, we felt it would be unsafe to attempt a passage in that direction, much as we desired it. The settlement of all matters in dispute between the tribes, could alone render it practicable.

On the morning after our arrival (June 1st), the scene which presented itself at the tent door was very charming. The tall palm trees above us formed a delightful shade; while full in front lay the Elanitic gulph, with its deep blue waters sparkling in the early sunlight, and rippling to its margin, within a few yards of us. On the opposite side, rose up the north-eastern termination of Gebel el Tih—rose-tinted, massive, yet graceful; and far off to the left, the peninsular country of Nuweibìa; while on the right lay Wadey el Arabah, stretching upwards to Mount Hor, and onward towards the Dead Sea. On the smooth waters of the gulph was to be seen here and there a fisherman, astride on the trunk of a palm tree for a boat, plying the only occupation of the resident Arabs;* while scores of little sunburnt children were sporting in the shallow waters at the margin, dashing along and shouting with wild joy. Round and about our encampment were to be seen and heard noisy clamorous parties of various tribes, squatting in circles, and gazing with earnest curiosity upon us—the newly arrived European travellers. It was a strange scene.

In the course of the forenoon, we received a visit from Sheikh Hussein, who had been informed of our desire to pass through Edom to Hebron. These Sheikhs speak of their

* There are several varieties of excellent fish to be found in the Red Sea, one of which, called by the Arabs Nazari (*i. e.* the *Christian*), is peculiarly delicious. It grows to a large size—is of a fine crimson and vermilion color, and its flesh something like that of the turbot. We had a fine specimen of it on our table.

"kingdoms," and assume a lofty bearing. Was Sheikh Husesein a descendant of the "Dukes of Edom?" In appearance, he might, at all events, be deemed a most striking and picturesque representative. Though five shillings, English, would probably have been a fair price for the purchase of every rag upon his back, yet he exhibited a calm stateliness of manner, quite apart from formality or stiffness, which made one forget every thing else but his thin, expressive, sunburnt countenance, lighted up by the quickest and most sparkling eyes I ever beheld. Every action was graceful, every glance full of meaning. He is of moderate height—thin and wiry; and, I suppose, between fifty and sixty years of age; but with all the elasticity of youth. We exchanged the usual salutation as he entered the tent, and seated himself between us. Pipes and coffee were immediately served, as the preliminary to all Arab conferences. Sheikh Hussein is a fearfully profuse smoker.

Having previously acquired some knowledge of his character, we were prepared for a scene. He is a greedy, avaricious, and subtle man. Our conference was soon opened, and he boldly demanded of us ten thousand piastres (about one hun dred pounds, English), as the price of a suitable escort and safe conduct through Edom to Hebron. We replied, we were not prepared to give him any thing like that sum; that we knew he had conveyed other Englishmen, and a nobleman, too (Lord Lindsay), for much less; and that on making pecuniary provisions for our Desert-route, we had calculated accordingly. Hussein declared that he would not have demanded so much, but for certain arrangements he had made with other tribes, which would oblige him to divide among many whatever he should receive; and that in consequence of such arrangements, travellers would be no longer exposed to the dangers and difficulties with other tribes that they had been; and hinted that this increased facility was something worth paying for. We replied, we had nothing to do with the ar rangements between him and other tribes; that we were not bound, or even over anxious to go by way of Petra; that we

were quite ready to return with our Beni Saïds to Suez, and to proceed from thence by way of Gaza, or Nakhl; and that they were awaiting our determination. We said we would not submit to an exorbitant demand, but were willing to give him four thousand five hundred piastres, and a suitable backsheech at Hebron, if he fulfilled his engagements to our satisfaction. He refused the offer, and our conference broke up. But there are always many words to an Arab bargain. We concluded that we should see Hussein again.

Soon after he had left us, we received a visit of ceremony from the governor of the fortress, attended by one of his satellites, both of them thorough Turks, and both equally mean and insignificant in manners and appearance. Scarcely were they seated in the tent, when a fine, venerable personage, a Sheikh of the Amram tribe, with a white, flowing beard, and arrayed in his full Desert attire, presented himself as our guest, and very unceremoniously took his seat, while the door of the tent was surrounded by a wild set of hangers-on, of various tribes, who squatted in the dust, and intently gazed on all that was passing, exchanging sundry remarks with each other—indicating, as most Arabs do, a prying curiosity. Pipes and coffee were forthwith served to our new friends; and we soon found that our hospitality was bidding fair to keep up a constant succession of visitors, as long as our stores of coffee and tobacco lasted. I had given relief to the inflamed eye of one of our own people, the news of which was soon spread abroad; and I began to fear I should be called upon to try my skill upon all the eyes in Akabah. The Arabs are vastly fond of medicine, and such like things. One, whose sight was quite gone, was led up to the tent, and, begging me to cure him, appeared quite surprised and disappointed when I said it was beyond my skill.

We saw no more of Sheikh Hussein during the day; and were somewhat annoyed at learning, that instead of arrangements having been positively made, as he had alleged, between him and other tribes, in reference to the conducting of travellers—there was then a *parliament* of Sheikhs actual-

ly assembled for the adjustment of the still open question; and certainly, during all this and the next day, the little world of Akabah rang with the clamorous discussions of these mighty men of the wilderness; and we felt that till they had fairly come to an understanding, it would be most indiscreet in us, to attempt the route by Petra. We had already seen enough of Desert-law to make us very circumspect on this subject.

On the third day, while our Sinaite Arabs were becoming anxious to return to their tents, Sheikh Hussein again made his appearance, accompanied by his son Mahommed, a fine young Bedawee, preparing, with no small precocity, to follow in the steps of his father. I inquired of him his age; "Allah knows," said he, "I do not." I suppose the vagrant habits of Bedaween life beget a total indifference to such matters. Mahommed and his father would have made a fine study for a painter, as they squatted together with all the wildness of the Desert visible in them. The behavior of Hussein was quite as free from embarrassment on renewing the negociation, as if we had not, on the former occasion, so decidedly checked his rapacity. He assured us that every thing was now *really* adjusted between him and the rest of the assembled Sheikhs, and that the journey might be taken with perfect safety—that he was quite able to command our safe conduct. We looked suspicious, as he had before misinformed us; and besides we well knew that he only wanted our money, and just as much of it as he could squeeze out of us. Our desire to pass through Edom had certainly undergone some diminution since we had arrived at Akabah; and we knew that another route to Hebron was open to us, by retaining our Sinaite Arabs; so we replied, that if he would escort us for such a remuneration as he had been content with from other Englishmen, under similar circumstances, we were willing to put ourselves under his care. I reduced our proposals to writing—stipulating for safe conduct, for four thousand five hundred piastres, and five hundred more as backsheech on reaching Hebron, together with sundry other

matters as to the time we should be allowed to stay, without molestation, among the remains of Petra, &c. This document was read over and explained to him in Arabic, and he appeared to make no strong objection to its contents; and said he would rather conduct us at a loss to himself, than that we should return with our Beni Saïds. We bade him consider the matter fully, and see us again at sunset. He returned some time after the hour appointed, saying he must have eight thousand piastres, and five hundred more as backsheech; and hinted something about a new dress—a not unusual present from travellers to their Sheikhs. We simply replied, we had not so much money with us, nor could we have, till we should reach Jerusalem. We now distinctly informed him that the negociation was at an end, and that we should next day enter upon another route with our Beni Saïds. Hussein evinced neither anger nor disappointment, further than that he rose up with all imaginable stateliness, and departed without a salaam.

The die being now cast, we relinquished all hope of visiting Petra—gave directions for our caravan to be put in marching order for the following morning, and made an agreement with Jumar, who was then to act as the representative of poor Suleiman, for fourteen camels, at two hundred piastres for each. This was to include every thing, except such backsheech as we might be disposed to give on reaching Dhaheriyeh, on the borders of Canaan, beyond which, he and his tribe had not power to escort us. So faithfully had our Bedaween served us during our former routes, that I felt no small satisfaction while looking forward to a third, under the escort of men who had attached themselves to us, and shared our dangers and difficulties.

It was on the "great and terrible wilderness" of Paran, that we were preparing to enter, with a probability of spending ten or eleven days in threading our way through its wilds and fastnesses. We had already been for twenty-two days in the wilderness of Shur or Etham,* and were pretty well

* Exodus xv. 22. Numbers xxxiii 8. The wilderness of Shur seems

familiarized with all that appertains to Desert-life and habits. We reinforced our store of provisions, rice, flour, coffee, &c. from the fortress of Akabah; paid our return visit of ceremony to the governor, and awaited the return of the morning light to commence our march.

Knowing that Sheikh Hussein and his Aloeens were in full force at Akabah, and that they could not but be chagrined at our resolving to turn our backs upon them and their country, I confess I was not without apprehension that some ruse might be put in practice to intimidate us, or some insurmountable hinderance thrown in the way of our progress by another route. I even thought it possible that the rest of the Sheikhs, with whom Hussein had been so long wrangling, might on such an occasion coalesce with him, and keep us in their power, so as to attempt at forcing the terms of Hussein upon us. During the afternoon, a rumor ran like lightning through the encampment, that the Aloeens were stealing our camels (which were feeding among the low bushes), so as to cut off our means of departure. The whole of Akabah was in commotion. Arabs were seen wildly mounting and dashing away at full speed, some without their turbans, and with the long locks of hair left at the top of their shaven heads, streaming in the wind—grasping their matchlock guns in their extended right hands, as if preparing for a gramd mêlée, and shouting as it were in a loud war-cry. All this certainly looked very ominous; and it was no very pleasant thing to know, that personally we were without the slightest means of defence, against a party so strong and savage as the Aloeens, in the event of their resolving to be troublesome. In the midst of this strange scene, I was filled with apprehension at hearing shot after shot fired in the direction towards which the gene-

to comprehend all the western part of Arabia Petræa. If there was any difference between the wilderness of Shur and that of Etham, it seems to have been only this, that they differed one from the other, as a part from its whole. As Shur seems to have been the general name of all that part of Arabia Petræa that lay next to Egypt, so by the wilderness of Shur, was probably denoted all the Desert tract thereof; whereas only part of this Desert tract, namely, so much as lay nearest to Etham, was peculiarly called the wilderness of Etham.

ral confluence of Arabs had been. But at length all was silent again; scarcely a voice was to be heard. The Arabs were quietly returning. The rumor was, after all, un founded; and the gun-shots had been fired at a mark by a few Turkish soldiers belonging to the fortress, and some of the Arabs who had nothing better to do.

A quiet, calm, lovely night terminated our sojourn at Akabah. We went to our repose in that wild spot, with our hearts resting on the renewed mercies of God, and our hopes looking forth o the wilderness of Paran.

CHAPTER V.

THE DESERT;

FROM AKABAH TO DHAHERIYEH.

Wilderness of Paran—Departure from Akabah—Plain of Darfurekh—Strangers—The Haiwat Tribe—Wadey el Mushehhem—"The Way of Mount Seir"—Wadey el G'ssaim—Adventure with the Tiyahah Tribe—Adjustment of Differences—Ebodah—'Abdeh—Wadey er Ruhaibeh—Rehoboth—Wadey el Khaluseh—Elusa—The Retem—The Borders of Canaan—Bir-es-seba—Beersheba—Dhaheriyeh—Agricultural Pursuits—Dismissal of the Bedaween.

It was in the wilderness of Paran that Ishmael dwelt, when from the days of his youth he grew up and became an archer; and God was with the lad.* And it was in this "great and terrible wilderness," also, that for thirty-eight† of their forty years, the people of Israel wandered. Hitherto, we had trodden much in their footsteps, and perhaps pitched our tents on the very scenes of some of their encampments. A similar source of delightful satisfaction awaited us in the wilderness of Paran. We could not but feel a deepened sense of the reality of scripture narrative while journeying through these venerable localities. Indeed, the very habits of oriental life made me often feel as if I were actually living in the bible period of the world. I suppose the manners of the Arabs have undergone little, if any, modification since Ishmael came to dwell in Paran. All the world about them has undergone change; but the descendants of Ishmael are unchanged.

* Genesis, xxi. 20, 21.

† Deut. ii. 14. The whole of this part of the Desert is called by the Arabs Et Tîh—that is "*the wandering.*" The name Et Tîh, as applied to this locality, is found both in Edrîsa and Abulfeda, who refer it to the wanderings of the children of Israel.

The wilderness of Paran is generally understood to include the Desert and mountainous space lying between the wilderness of Shur, westward, or towards Egypt, and Mount Seir, or the land of Edom, eastward; between the land of Canaan, northwards, and the Red Sea, southwards; and thus it appears to have comprehended, really, the wilderness of Sin and Sinai, together with the adjoining tract, in which lay Kibroth-hattaavah and Hazeroth. This may be gathered, perhaps, from Deut. i. 19, where it is said—"When we departed from Horeb, we went through all that great and terrible wilderness, which you saw by the way of the mountain of the Amorites; and we came to Kadesh-barnea." The wilderness of Paran, in the large acceptation of the term above referred to, seems clearly to be the wilderness mentioned in this passage.

I feel greater difficulty in attempting to make intelligible my route through the wilderness of Paran, than through the other parts of the Arabian Desert which I have traversed; for in the first place, there is a hopeless discordancy of names in most of the maps, ancient and modern, that I have consulted; and, moreover, among the Arabs themselves, a similar want of agreement is observable on the same subject. And what is worse than all, many of the ancient Scripture names of places have been entirely obliterated, and others are traceable with the greatest difficulty in an Arabic intermixture. It may, however, be sufficient for my present purpose, to mention that our route lay directly through the heart of the *Wilderness of Paran*, proceeding first due west, then bearing upwards in a north-westerly direction, for full half the way; and thence, in a north-easterly course to Dhaheriyeh. As to the present names of the various places of our daily encampments, I can only give them according to their sound as pronounced by the Arabs.* This part of the Arabian Desert is far less visited by Europeans than others; indeed, it is com-

* It is believed that many of the Arabs purposely give false names to places, in order to deceive. It is a prevailing notion among them, that Europeans visit their territories only for the sake of discovering and obtaining possession of hidden treasures, of which they suppose there are many.

paratively unknown, except through the recent work of Dr. Robinson.

It was on the fourth of June that we recommenced our journey.* The early morning sun had overspread the lovely gulph of Akabah and its mountain girdle, with unspeakable brilliancy, when we rose for the purpose of getting our caravan in marching order. The usual adjustments caused the usual delays; and it was not until nearly eight o'clock that we were fairly on our way.

Knowing the subtlety of the Arab character, and somewhat of their greediness of gain, I could scarcely repress the apprehension that some *coup de main* would be attempted against us by Sheikh Hussein and his Aloeens, and that they would not allow us quietly to depart. We mounted, however, taking Jumar as our Sheikh, and one of the servants—leaving the rest of the escort to follow with as little delay as possible. Passing down from our encampment to the narrow shingly shore of the gulph, we could not well avoid coming in full view of the encampment of the Aloeens, from which a few shots, if judiciously directed from among the palm-clumps, might quietly enough have done great execution upon us. We had, however, sufficient reason for believing that Hussein would not rashly embarrass or injure a party of so powerful a tribe as that by which we were escorted, or offer real molestation to those under their care. Hussein had too much on his hands with the adjacent tribes, to render it expedient for him to be at war with the Sinaite tribes, as he must have been had he intercepted our course by violence. Besides, he well knew that if Europeans suffered injury at his hands at Akabah, there would be a suspension, at least for a time, of all travelling through his territory; so that his craft would be greatly endangered. Apart from such considerations as these, I cannot suppose that his Arab cupidity would have suffered us to pass in safety.

* During our stay at Akabah, Viscount Castlereagh arrived from Cairo, with a large escort, and upwards of fifty camels. On his Lordship's invitation, we united our caravans, and went forth with between sixty and seventy camels, and suitable escorts, &c.

We continued along the narrow beach, having the palm-groves of Akabah on our right. We had not gone more than a quarter of a mile, ere we saw the encampment of Hussein, and the Sheikh himself, his son Mahommed, and a few of his tribe squatting together, under the low bushes. Instead of offering any hindrance, Hussein rose as we passed, with a stately air, and gave us the salaam; but addressed a few words to Jumar, in a sharp, angry tone, the purport of which was—"You have brought travellers to Akabah, and waited to take them away again. You have no right to do this. The next time you escort any, go back to your tents immediately, and leave them here; or—look to yourselves." There was a threat implied in this, full bold enough to be held out to tribes so powerful as those of Mount Sinai.

We were soon joined by the rest of the escort, and slowly wound our way along the head of the gulph, till we reached, on its western side, the entrance of the Grand Egyptian Hadj route, commencing in a steep defile, through a vast mass of mountain, called Gebel Mahamar.* It was by this pass that Ibrahim Pasha returned from his Syrian expedition; and, in many parts, we found it literally strewed with the carcases of his camels, horses, and mules. Sometimes the stench of them was quite intolerable. On gaining the heights of Gebel Mahamar, we commanded a superb view of the gulph of Akabah, stretching far off to the south, and lying like a vast purple amethyst set in a rich incrustation of Mosaic work—for such the surrounding mountains appeared while bathed in the light of the morning sun. Northward, extended Wadey Arabah—the usual route for Petra, by way of Mount Hor, which most travellers have believed to be the ancient bed of the River Jordan, through which it was thought to have joined the gulph of Akabah, prior to the destruction of the cities of the plain, and the formation of the saline deposit of the Dead Sea, from which there is now no exit.† But, how-

* In some maps it is called "En Nukb," and "Kaá en Nukb."

† This opinion has been generally entertained till recently; but it now seems to admit of a question. Certainly there is a very striking resemblance between the general features of so much of Wadey Arabah as I

ever this might have been, it was a delightful thought that few changes could have occurred in the genera. aspect of this scene, since Israel in their wanderings looked down upon it as we looked, when they passed by from their brethren the children of Esau, who dwelt in Seir, through the way of the plain from Elath, and from Ezion-geber, and turned, and passed by the way of the wilderness of Moab.* It is this which imparts so peculiar an interest to these wild scenes. If I gaze on the remains of ancient Greece and Rome, or survey the fragments of Egypt's mysterious majesty, I can behold but little as it was seen in the palmy days of those wondrous abodes of might and grandeur; but I can see the wilderness as Israel saw it, though the storms and tempests of centuries upon centuries have gathered and broken over its surface. There is an idea of permanence in the very aspect of the wilderness, which cannot exist where the transmuting and transforming hand of man has motive for its exercise. Rome, Greece, Egypt, have been susceptible of change; and they have been changed. They will continue to change. But the wilderness is too vast for the grasp of man. Rome, indeed, has left the print of her mighty foot even there, and it will abide; but still the Desert is the same.

Continuing our ascent till twelve o'clock, we halted amidst mountains remarkable not only for the bold gracefulness of their outline, but also for the variety of rich coloring which they presented—dark olive, rich brown, umber, rose-tint—all blended in the loveliest harmony of effect. Sometimes by easy and gradual, and then by steep and difficult ascents, we reached, by six o'clock in the evening, the borders of the far-stretching plain of Darfurekh, skirted at its extremities by hilly undulations, seen in beautiful outline upon the unclouded sky. The surface of the plain is covered over, in all parts, by loose fragments of hard stone, almost as black as coal, and as if broken up with a hammer for the purpose of forming a macadamized road. We encamped for the night, upon a spot

could descry, and those of the valley of the Jordan. I shall touch more fully on this subject in another place.

* Deut. ii. 8.

bearing traces of having been the habitual halting place of the great caravans to Mecca. There lay the remaining ashes of their bivouac fires, and the circles formed by the circumference of their tents.

If the quick eye of an Arab descries in the distance the slow step of the camel, or the gleaming of a spear-head, or the uplifted barrel of a matchlock, he puts himself in readiness to meet a foe, or a victim ; or to embrace a friend, and salute him with a fraternal kiss. On the open plains of the Desert, approaching objects are discernible at a great distance. Just as the sun was going down, we were all put on the *qui vive*, by the sudden appearance of three camels, mounted, and advancing by the way we had come, towards the place of our encampment. Our first persuasion was, that it must be Sheikh Hussein, coming to us with a hope of making terms, and of inducing us to retrace our steps towards Petra. They soon approached near enough for us to notice that one of the camels was white ; and we knew that Hussein's son Mahommed was wont to ride a white camel. If it were Hussein and Mahommed, we felt persuaded that they had not come alone, but that somewhere in the rear, would by and by be seen a stout troop of followers. It was an exciting moment. The strangers at length reached our encampment, dismounted, and were soon received, certainly not as foes—by a circle seated round one of the evening fires. They were not Aloeens, but of the Haíwat tribe; and one of them was a Sheikh. Part of our route lay through the territory of this tribe.

On the following morning at half-past five, just as we were making preparations for the march, it appeared that the Sheikh had claimed for his tribe, like the Mezzeni, a right to supply camels, at a price to be agreed on ; and, after much wrangling, as usual, it seemed as if difficulties would arise. Past experience had taught us anxiety on this subject—a subject with which all parts of the Desert are becoming rife. Where the law of the sword prevails, matters such as these will hardly be adjusted without much bloodshed. And till they are thoroughly disposed of, a journey through the Desert, how

ever safely it may be made in regard to the persons and property of travellers, must needs be attended with sad and vexatious annoyance.

It appeared that nothing was actually arranged between our Bedaween and the Haíwat Sheikh when we recommenced our march. There was much loud talking, and evident disquietude in the caravan. We therefore resolved to force everything to a point, at the noontide halting time; and in this we succeeded, having expressed our determination not to proceed another step until all questions were disposed of. It seemed to be agreed, that our Haíwat friends should join our escort and give us safe conduct through their territory, upon terms of remuneration which our people were to meet. The Haíwat Sheikh, though barefoot, and clothed in a faded keffieh and a few other gaudy colored rags, was one of the most graceful persons I ever beheld. His countenance was bland, and extremely versatile in its expression—his voice gentle and silvery. His every action formed a picture—but the rogue was greedy of gain. When Lord Castlereagh good-naturedly received him and others into his tent, for the purpose of settling disputes in the presence of us all, he seated himself with the easy self-possession of a noble among nobles, and talked of his "kingdom." During the day, our route lay across the plain of Darfurekh; and at night we encamped in Wadey el Tumath.

During this day's journey, the camel which I had ridden throughout the past journey, became slightly lame; and as I supposed that an Arab would manage better with him than I could, I thankfully accepted Jumar's offer of poor Suleiman's noble beast, which carried me during the rest of the way. Often and often I called to mind, the manner, voice, figure, and joyous spirits of our poor Sheikh, whose loss in the caravan was very sensibly felt. He kept all in such admirable marching trim; and his loud "*yellah yellah*" set everybody in motion. He, poor fellow, was in his lonely Desert-grave. We were the objects of God's wondrous mercy.

I feel it difficult—as I have before intimated—to convey to

an European mind an idea of the impressions left upon my own, by a Desert-route. Its loneliness amidst numbers—its frequent sameness—its hoary antiquity—the dreaminess of the ordinary pace of the camels—the absence of all human habitations—the sense of vast distance from the great world and its civilization—the fewness of incidents—the melancholy chanting of the Arabs towards sunset—the wild, gipsey-like appearance of the bivouac—all combine to form a picture of sensations (if I may be allowed such an expression), not easily obliterated by time. I feel it all, while now writing, with a keenly excited recollection.

On the third day, our way lay through Wadey el Mushehhem, by easy passes between sandstone-rocks, the structure of which, in some parts, resembles architectural remains—in the form of citadels and towers; and sometimes conveys an idea of the graduated seats of a vast amphitheatre. At other parts they were extremely white and chalky, and appeared to have been washed, and almost polished as if with mechanical smoothness, by the torrents of many a thousand years, whose evident bed gave the line of our march. Finding a deposit of rain water, fit for the camels, and not altogether intolerable for ourselves, we encamped at a rather earlier hour than usual; for water in the Desert is too much prized to be knowingly passed by.

For two nights past we had felt it exceedingly cold for such a climate; and, indeed, in the morning we found our clothes and linen damp with the night-dew—a rather unusual circumstance at this season of the year.

Our fourth day's journey, from Wadey el Mushehhem through Wadey el Kureiyeh, which cost us ten hours of fatiguing and dreary travelling, quite filled my mind with an idea of "the *great* and *terrible* wilderness." We were in the direction of "the way of Mount Seir,"* which lay directly from Mount Horeb, across the wilderness of Paran, in a north-easterly direction; from whence Moses sent forth to spy out the land of Canaan.† During a great part of the day, we

* Deut. i. 2.

† Numb. xiii. 3—29.

were harassed by drifting sands; and when, at noon, we lay down for rest, we awoke almost covered by accumulations which had been driven under the edge of the tent. The night was boisterous—so much as to jeopardize our encampment; but we weathered it; and after upwards of nine hours' wearisome toil over sandy plains during the next day, we encamped soon after sunset, in a lovely spot called Wadey el G'ssaim.* It is a splendid amphitheatre of beautifully outlined and tinted hills, the colors of which were strikingly brought out by the rich beams of the setting sun. I do not know that I ever felt the effect of color more than I did on this occasion. Every object in the caravan—the camels—Arabs, &c.—all were bathed in the gorgeous light, as we gathered round the wells which supplied refreshment for the beasts.

The next day was an eventful one. On our arrival at Wadey el G'ssaim, on the preceding evening, a rumor ran through the encampment, that the Tiyâhah tribe, into whose territory we had then just entered, and who are numerous and powerful, claimed the exclusive right to conduct travellers through their own country towards Dhaheriyeh, and intended to enforce their claim by compelling our escort to return, and by supplying us, on their own terms, with camels belonging to their tribe. We gave little heed to this—believing that any little difficulty that might arise, would be easily adjusted; the more especially as there was no actual feud, or "*blood*,"† between the Sinaite and Tiyâhah tribes. A Sheikh of the latter tribe had accompanied us from Akabah, and given us full assurance of safety; but it afterwards appeared that there are two divisions of the tribe—that he presided over the more distant division, and had no authority over that on whose territory we had entered.

In the morning, soon after daybreak, the latter came down

* Or, "Wadey Es-Ain."

† If an Arab of one tribe happens to kill one of another tribe—there is said to be "blood" between the tribes. Blood is to be repaid only by blood; except death is caused by accident, in which case the penalty is commuted for sheep, or camels. This illustrates Exodus xxi. 13. Numbers xxxv. 9, &c. Deut. xix. 4, &c. Joshua xx. 1, &c.

upon us in a large body—perhaps about one hundred strong, and as wild and ferocious a set of savages as one would wish to meet in the Desert—armed to the teeth with their long matchlock guns, and the other usual weapons. Hearing a stir in the encampment, we rose and looked out, and were rather startled at seeing one division of them prepared to discuss the question with our people, while the other occupied the brow of a steep rock, commanding every turn of the pass by which we should have to proceed, with their guns ready, and their matches actually burning and prepared for an attack, in the event of our attempting to march.

The discussion proceeded with noisy violence till about eight o'clock, during all which time we were in the power of these vexatious visitors. We and our servants kept aloof as much as possible, and maintained an air of calm and fearless indifference to the whole scene. While the hopeless wrangling proceeded, three shots were fired from the brow of the rock occupied by one division, but whether as a signal for others of their tribe to join them, or for the purpose of intimidation, it was not easy to determine. The Bedaween are great cowards, no doubt; and but for their matchlock guns, with which they take a clever aim from a distance, I believe half a dozen cool and determined Englishmen would put a score of them to flight.

Soon after eight o'clock, our Sheikhs acceded to the terms proposed. At a given signal, the party on the rock vacated their position, and came down into the encampment. The terms, so far as I could understand them, were, that our Sinaite Bedaween should be dismissed, with their camels—that a supply of camels, of equal number, should be furnished by the new tribe, to convey us throughout to Dhaheriyeh; and that the Sheikhs in our caravan should be allowed to accompany us according to their contract. We were most unwilling to part with our Arabs, who had accompanied us all the way from Cairo; but there was no avoiding it. And surely we had no right to complain of Desert laws and usages.

The place of our encampment was now crowded with

camels, which had been brought by the Tiyâhah Arabs; and it was one of the wildest scenes of uproar and clamor I ever witnessed, while each individual possessing a camel, insisted on having it taken into service. Sabres were drawn by men of the same tribe, upon each other; and a slight wound or two inflicted, while cutting off the baggage from one loaded beast, in order to put it, by force, upon another. And there is no doubt, that many a display of desert ferocity would have been made, but for the resolute interference of the less excited actors in the strange, wild drama. There was one disappointed savage, whose flashing eye and fiendish malignity I shall never totally forget. He stalked away like a man bent on mischief. There was a very remarkable difference between the appearance and manner of the Tiyâhah tribe, and those with whom we had long been familiar. They had a gaunt, hungry and sanguinary air, and a recklessness of bearing which proclaimed them to be among the most untamed sons of the Desert. For the most part too, they were taller, more sinewy and attenuated in their figures; and the few rags which they wore betokened extreme poverty.

Soon after nine o'clock, we were all loaded, and ready to resume our journey, with minds anything but possessed in favor of our new escort. Notwithstanding the presence of our Sheikhs, I felt myself little better than a prisoner in their hands; for personally we had made no contract with them; and knew not exactly upon what footing, in minute particulars, our connection with them was placed. As a general change of animals, as well as of men, had been effected, I was required to give up poor Suleiman's fine camel, which I had ridden thus far in safety and comfort. Another was brought for me—a beast of immense height and strength, and thoroughly vicious; for while I was mounting, he rose suddenly before I could reach my seat, and, in an instant, I was thrown head foremost upon his neck, which, with a great effort, I contrived to grasp with my arms; and while thus suspended, the huge creature reared and stamped with his fore feet in order to get rid of the incumbrance; and it was not

till some of the Arabs sprang up and forced him down, that I could land myself in safety. I then positively refused to ride him, and insisted on being permitted to resume the use of Suleiman's. This was at length conceded to me; and all seemed to be fully adjusted.

For half an hour our way lay over an extensive plain, rough and stony, and skirted on all sides by limestone rocks of considerable magnitude; and, crossing the plain in various directions, we saw several mounted Arabs, riding at full speed towards the rock, with their matchlock guns grasped in their extended right hands. This betokened no good; and evidently kept our party on the *qui vive*. We rode on slowly, having our Sheikhs a little in advance of the caravan. When we had reached nearly the middle of the plain, we saw here and there a straggling Arab in the distance. By and by their numbers increased, and some were mounted. At length they seemed, as if by magic, to spring out of the earth, and from the clefts in the distant rocks. The whole plain, right and left, appeared in motion. It was the gathering of a clan! And surely never did the mountain beacon-fires of Scotland promote a more prompt and startling gathering. They rapidly advanced towards the brow of a low sloping sand-hill, which commanded our route. Their numbers were great. I could not—I did not attempt to count them. Our party moved on but slowly, and, as I thought, with an embarrassed and undecided step. We kept in the rear, between the Sheikhs and the baggage camels. When we were sufficiently near, a deputation from either side met, as usual, and occupied much time in clamorous talking, accompanied by very emphatic gesticulations. We still kept aloof, feeling that any attempt at interference, on our part, would be but folly; though since the affair with the Mezzeni, which ended in the murder of Suleiman, I entertained no personal fear; being persuaded that the persons and property of travellers, under the escort of a sufficiently powerful tribe, would be respected; yet I dreaded, lest a general mêlée should take place, which might end in bloodshed and permanent feud between these tribes.

After much tedious waiting, which was wearisome enough to the spirits, one of our men who was engaged in conference, made a signal for us to proceed, as if all matters of dispute had been set at rest. We advanced a few steps, when the whole party rushed down the declivity, on which they had taken up their position, with great clamor and confusion; and then it seemed as if warfare must actually commence. Matches were lighted, and weapons made ready. We dismounted to await the issue. But, after all, the Arabs are furious talkers—and talk a long while before they actually strike a home blow. Suddenly, however, a rush was made as if to seize all the camels. I made some show of defending mine, till Jumar came up and took charge of it. We soon found ourselves actually in the possession of the new party; but happily they consisted of that division of the Tiyâhah tribe, over which the Sheikh who had accompanied us from Akabah had authority; so that in this stirring scene they were in some sort our friends. Again we renewed our march; but once more were compelled to halt. New questions arose in a moment; and again, matches were lighted and matchlocks made ready. During all this time we were in total ignorance of the cause of this new outbreak. Fresh attempts were made to force us to dismount, and the clamor was wilder and louder than ever. We endeavored to proceed, when suddenly an Arab, of no very prepossessing appearance, rode near enough by my side to snatch the halter of the camel out of my hand, which he fixed to the pummel of his own saddle. I was somewhat perplexed at this manœuvre, and laid my hand on my pistols, with an air of determination—looking as terrible as a peaceful man could, when the fellow immediately took out from his saddle-bag a cake of Arab bread—broke off a bit and gave it to me, at the same time touching his heart and his lips with his hand. This was a token of friendship. We both ate of the bread. We were thenceforth to be allies; for to eat bread together is one of the best guarantees of safety that can be had in the Desert. We rode on in silence, but in some anxiety about

the tents and baggage, which had been sent in advance, before the second encounter took place. After several hours' march, in the heat of the noontide sun, we were rejoiced at descrying, at about an hour's distance, the tents pitched ready for our arrival, in Wadey es-S'ram. The sight was quite cheering. As we advanced up the Wadey, which here and there shewed signs of rude cultivation, we found several Arabs (I believe of the tribe called 'Azâzimah), some tending their goats, and others threshing out wheat, the produce of one of the little patches of cultivated ground near at hand.

While we were encamped, fresh matters of disturbance arose between our Sheikhs and the Tiyâhah escort, which bid fair to break out into another stormy scene. It seemed too plain that the Sheikhs were endeavoring to drive a sharp bargain. We determined that all matters should be completely adjusted before resuming our march. This was facilitated by the unexpected arrival of another Sheikh, belonging to some neighboring tribe; and the result of a protracted discussion was the payment of five piastres per man (about one shilling English), to the Tiyâhah escort, on receipt of which they agreed to withdraw their camels, and permit us to proceed in peace with our Sinaite party, who during the morning had taken a circuitous route, and were now in sight, winding round a mountain-pass towards Wadey es-S'ram—the place of our encampment. It was a relief to my mind to learn that after all, we were to complete our journey under the convoy of our old and tried friends, who showed no small satisfaction at being again encamped with us.

As there was water to be had beyond a range of hills which skirted one side of Wadey es-S'ram, we resolved to encamp where we then were, for the night—and dispatched some of the Arabs to the wells, called Bîrein, to replenish the water-skins. And it was indeed a gratifying sight, when we beheld all the disturbers of our peace, quietly wending their way back to their tents—gainers, just to the amount of five piastres per man, after all the turmoil and violence which we had witnessed during the day. We were assured that the

next day's march would put us quite out of the reach of danger and annoyance, and therefore looked forward with some eagerness to the resuming of our journey—a little disturbed, perhaps, at seeing, after dark, several bivouac fires in the Wadey beyond, and on the mountains around us. We could not quite assure ourselves, that it was not preparatory to some movement against us on the next day. Happily, however, there was no ground for apprehension. Round about Wadey es-S'ram the desert appeared much less bare and arid. The hills assumed a smoother, and more undulating form; and here and there was to be seen a thin sprinkling of grass, but seared and withered by the heat of the sun. Traces, too, of rude husbandry were visible on all sides. The land once "flowing with milk and honey, which is the glory of all lands," was ere long to be entered on; and the desert itself began to give tokens of our approach towards its borders.

On the seventh day after quitting Akabah, we mounted at five o'clock, and pursued our journey over a gently undulating surface, stretching far and wide. It seemed boundless, as we passed from slope to slope; and was covered with small fragments of black stone, similar to what we had found in the plain of Darfurekh. The former dreariness of the desert seemed to return upon us. After nearly two hours ride, we noticed, on our left, some ruins, occupying a bold and prominent position on a gracefully rising hill. The energy of the Roman mind had once been displayed there; and the mouldering ruins declared, in the solitude of the desert, how the glory of Rome had passed away. I think there is no doubt that these are the ruins of the ancient *Eboda*—the name of which seems to be still retained in the Arabic name, 'Abdeh. We turned off our direct path, for the purpose of visiting these remains; and as we approached them, we noticed, right and left, the foundations of stone walls, which had evidently, in days gone by, served to separate gardens and fields. It was relief to find even such traces, as we then beheld, of a former civilization, in this now almost untrodden wilderness. But there was a melancholy feeling connected with them.

The activities of civilized societies had ceased; the race who had thought and felt, and hoped and wished, and acted there, had passed away—the dust of ages had covered them; and now these ruins told forth a humbling tale amidst the silence of the desert.

The most prominent objects as seen at a distance, were two elevations having the appearance of the fortresses of an acropolis. The southern base and slope of the hill are covered with the prostrated ruins of buildings, of hewn stone, amongst which are several columns and entablatures. On the summit, towards the west, are the remains of a Greek Church, the walls of which are, in many parts, erect, and also of hewn stone. Towards the east, are the ruins of a fortress, in the form of a parallelogram, and of a similar material. No inscriptions are any where to be found. Wells and cisterns, now dry, are seen among the ruins, one of which is cut to a great depth in the solid rock. It was formerly arched over, but the arching is now broken through. At the foot of the hill, and separated by a broad ravine, is another deep well, finished with an arch above, of good solid masonry. These ruins altogether give proof of ancient importance and great strength. The Church, from its apparent magnitude, suggests that the Christian population must once have been large, though Eboda is no where mentioned in history as an episcopal city.* Here, then, the cross of the Redeemer was once planted; and here perhaps souls have, in days gone by, beheld by faith the Son of God, and obtained "redemption through his blood." But there is now no living lip to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus; and the wandering Bedawee of the desert loiters here with his camel, and wonders what manner of stones are these. It is a common belief among the Arabs, that hidden treasures of great value are yet existing in these scenes of desolation and decay.

While we were occupied with these ruins, the caravan proceeded by a less circuitous route; and in order to rejoin it we were obliged to make a cut across a part of the Desert,

* See Dr. Robinson, Vol. I. pp. 285—287.

too uneven and toilsome for the baggage camels. As we advanced, we found additional traces of walls, which had once separated gardens or fields. Frequent patches of rude cultivation appeared; but we met with no Arab encampments. At about half past ten we reached Wadey er Ruhai beh, where we found more ruins. Just on the left of the camel way is an arched building with a dome—probably the remains of a Mahommedan Santon's tomb. On ascending the brow of the hill beyond it, the extensive ruins of an ancient city, tumbled together as if overthrown by an earthquake, presented themselves. Many acres are covered with them. The shapes of houses, and the forms of streets, may still, though with some difficulty, be traced. There are the probable remains of a Christian Church, but no inscriptions of any kind. Dr. Robinson thinks it must have been a city, with a population of at least twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants. The traces of the mason's chisel are yet visible on the surface of some of the stones—but the whole scene is one of impressive desolation. There is great difficulty in the attempt to connect these ruins with any ancient record; though it has been remarked that the Arabic name of the Wadey in which they are found, (Er-*Ruhaibeh*), suggests the Hebrew name *Rehoboth*, one of Isaac's wells, in the vicinity of Gerah.*

During our afternoon march, the aspect of the Desert underwent a total change. Instead of the bare, arid and stony surface, with which we had been so long familiar, we passed over beautifully sloping hills of sand, sprinkled with myriads of small white snail shells, and in many places thickly studded with a kind of broom called *Retem*, and other hardy plants. The Desert seemed to put on a smile, as the sun illuminated the fresh green which garnished its varied surface. In many parts, it assumed the appearance of a wild English common, of boundless entent. In the course of our ride we passed an Arab burial-place, in which was a sort of cairn, or rugged heap of stones irregularly thrown together. It is the tomb of Sheikh El-'Amry, whose name the Arabs always mention

* Gen. xxvi. 22. See Dr. Robinson, Vol. I. p. 290, 291.

with a curse; and many show their hatred of it by spitting on the tomb as they pass. There is a legend, or superstition, connected with the memory of this personage, the particulars of which I could not collect. About two hours after sunset, we were delightfully encamped in Wadey el Khaluseh—a broad, open plain, skirted by hold and beautiful hills, clothed with shrubs and herbage. As I walked out from the tent in the evening, bright with moonlight, I was pleased at seeing two or three of the camels, which had strayed up to some of the heights around us, presenting their peculiar and graceful outlines in strong relief upon the background of a grey, cloudless sky. There they stood, as motionless as statues; impressing the mind deeply with a sense of the orientalism of the whole scene; while below and around were the watch-fires of the Arabs, exhibiting, in fine *chiaro-'scuro*, their picturesque persons and costumes while gathered together in groups. The hope that another day's march would bring us up to the borders of Canaan, occupied my mind so much as to make me almost sleepless with anticipation.

By six o'clock on the following morning, we were in motion again; and on the right of our encampment, saw, by the morning's light, the ruins of what Dr. Robinson believes, on probable grounds, to be the ancient *Elusa*, the name of which is easily traceable in that of the valley which they overlook—Wadey el *Khaluseh*. We did not stay to explore these remains, being anxious to press onwards with as little delay as possible. There is no doubt that the ancient Elusa lay without the borders of Canaan. It is mentioned by Ptolemy, in the first half of the second century, among the cities of Idumea, west of the Dead Sea. It was an episcopal city; although chiefly inhabited by Heathens, connected with the Saracens of the adjacent deserts. Jerome relates that in his time it was semi-barbarous.*

Pursuing our morning route over the graceful slopes of sand hills, thickly covered with the Retem and other plants and shrubs, which frequently grow up to the height of small

* See Dr. Robinson, Vol. I. p. 297, 298.

forest clumps, I could sometimes almost so far forget that I was in the Desert, as to look for a village spire, after the manner of England, peeping forth from the forest-like scenery through which we were passing. The shade afforded by the tall and spreading branches of the Retem, is very cheering and refreshing; and often quite enough to protect against the hottest sunbeams. It is most probable that under the shade of this very shrub,* the prophet Elijah lay down and slept, and requested for himself that he might die. And, certainly, it was in this wilderness—a day's journey from Beersheba, that that event of his life occurred, and where the Angel touched him, and said unto him, "Arise and eat;" and he looked, and behold there was a cake baken on the coals (I suppose as the Arabs now bake their bread), and a cruse of water at his head.

At about ten o'clock, a still further change was visible in the whole extent of the country about us. Behind, lay the last characteristics of the Desert, over which we had passed: while before, and on either side, were beautifully swelling hills, covered with a thin and delicate grass—not green, but yellow almost as gold, and presenting a rich and beautiful tinting as the sun shone down upon it. Not a tree—not a shrub was to be seen; but an unbroken and interminable range of pasturage, capable, in moist seasons, of affording sustenance to innumerable flocks. Here and there were small parties of Arabs, with numbers of sheep and goats; and, now and then, a tent or two, of black camel-hair cloth, where was carried on a manufacture, in rudely constructed looms, of the material of which the outer Arab garments are made. The Arabs salaamed us as we passed.

* * * * * *

Our Desert route was now at an end—we were within the borders of Canaan!

How sweet and balmy was the air, and how charning the

* See 1 Kings xix. 4—6. The Hebrew word, which our translators have rendered "*Juniper tree*," is, as to its radical letters, the same as the Arabic *Retem*—the name of the umbrageous shrub so common in this part of the Desert, which borders upon Canaan.

prospect which then lay before us—the land flowing with milk and honey—the mountains of Judah, in graceful outline upon the east and north-eastern horizon. I cannot say that any strong emotion possessed my mind, on being told that I was no longer a wanderer in "the great and terrible wilderness," but in the land of Canaan, and in sight of the mountains of Judah; but certainly my heart swelled with a sense of unutterable gratitude to my heavenly Father, who had led me thus far in safety, amidst many perils—along my wearisome and difficult way.

About another hour's brisk travelling brought us to a smooth grassy spot, where the slopes of many hills met, and in which were gathered large flocks of sheep and goats mingled together, after the manner of patriarchal times. Our tents had been sent on, and were pitched ready to receive us. How delightfully inviting were those primitive habitations, in a land so smooth and so smiling as that on which we had entered.

At a short distance from the encampment were two wells; and at the principal one, a number of shepherds employed in drawing water, with long ropes having loose buckets, made of skins, attached to them. They were singing their dreamy song as they toiled at their occupation; and the thirsty flocks drew near, by turns, and drank freely of the water, poured out into rude troughs, formed of large blocks of stone, which had doubtless been in use for many a century.

"What wells are these?"

"*Bîr-es-Seba*," said our Arabs.

The Arabic name carried with it a familiar sound. The days of Abraham were at once associated with it. These are, no doubt, the ancient wells of *Beersheba*.

—— And where is Abraham? —— We might almost have been induced to forget that ages had rolled by since here, as a shepherd, he sat by the well and tended his flocks; and might have looked for his patriarchal form amidst the shepherds of a more recent age.

I drank of the wells of Beersheba. The water was fresh and pleasant, though it had a slight earthy flavor. The mouths of the wells are nearly even with the surface of the ground, and protected by a firm and solid curbstone all round, in which deep grooves have been worn by the friction of the ropes used in drawing water.

On the north side of the wells, ascending a range of low sloping hills, are to be seen the remains of human habitations; but nothing is left to give any idea of their extent or character. Fragments of pottery are scattered in all directions among the ruins. Both Eusebius and Jerome have spoken of a place of habitation on this spot, and designated it as a large village with a Roman garrison.

The geographical relation of Bîr-es-Seba, is such as to leave but little doubt that it is the Beersheba of scripture, where Abraham dug a well* (most probably one of those which we had visited); where he and Isaac and Jacob often dwelt, and from whence the Patriarch, with his only son Isaac, went up to Mount Moriah, for the purpose of offering up a sacrifice that was typical of a higher and a better:† the very spot from which Jacob fled to Padan-aram, with his brother Esau's birthright and blessing;‡ and where also he sacrificed to Jehovah on going forth to Joseph in Egypt.§ The whole of Canaan now lay before us, from Beersheba even to Dan.

It was on the ninth day after our departure from Akabah that we reached Dhaheriyeh, having passed over a rich grazing country, very similar to that round about Beersheba, till within about the last two hours, when we entered upon a pass running between limestone hills, sometimes rising and projecting with considerable boldness, and productive in various kinds of rock-plants. We were often cheered by the song of skylarks, bounding up into the clear expanse with their "most eloquent music." The morning was balmy and refreshing. While I was riding in advance of the party, a hyena crossed my path—the only wild beast I had seen

* Gen. xxi. 30, 31.
† Gen. xxii. 1—19.
‡ Gen. xxviii. 2—10.
§ Gen. xlvi. 1.

during my wanderings. He was moving at a slow pace; but soon trotted up one of the mountain sides, out of the reach of Bedaween guns.

Dhaheriyeh occupies a prominent site on a hill, and is visible at a considerable distance; but it has an aspect of poverty and wretchedness. It consists of hovels built of mud and stone. Remains of fortification, and, as we judged, of a church also, are still to be seen. Some have imagined that Dhaheriyeh was one of the line of small fortresses which were built along the southern boundary of Palestine. However squalid in appearance, there yet seems to be considerable wealth in herds and camels.

We pitched our tents under some olive trees, at the distance of a few hundred yards from the walls, near extensive threshing floors covered with grain, and were soon surrounded by a number of the inhabitants, who came forth to reconnoitre the European travellers. The arrival of a caravan from the Desert, is an event for the good people of Dha heriyeh. They behaved with civility, though eyes, ears—every faculty seemed taxed to the utmost in the service of their curiosity. Some stood in groups talking loudly altogether; others sat in the dust smoking their long pipes, and looking on in silence. The inhabitants are all shepherds and agriculturists. We walked round to see their manner of cultivating grain, tobacco, and cucumbers. The tobacco was in bloom. When seen in considerable quantities in that state, it presents a beautiful appearance. The tillage is very rude and unscientific. The wheat-produce is thin and poor. They were busily employed on their threshing floors, which are wide open spaces on the surface of a table-rock of limestone. The grain is beaten out by the treading of oxen yoked together. These animals are not muzzled while treading out the corn, but are allowed to pick up their morsel when they choose to do so. As a prevalent oriental custom which we had noticed in Egypt, and afterwards had frequent occasion for observing in Syria, we felt it to be the continuation of a practice enjoined and recognized in Scripture, from

an early period.* I presume that but little change has taken place in the pastoral habits of the people, since Abraham and his family dwelt in the land. We saw numerous large flocks, both of sheep and goats; and considerable herds of small and beautifully formed neat cattle. We obtained delicious milk—a pleasant change after the privations incident to the Desert. From the heights we could not obtain any extensive view, but only a succession of swelling hills. Fig and olive trees are scattered round about; but "the time of figs was not yet."

As Dhaheriyeh was the extreme point to which our Sinaite Arabs could escort us, we sent for the *Sheikh el Beled* (Sheikh of the village), and make our bargain with him for camels, horses, and asses, to take us on to Jerusalem. As our Desert stores were nearly all consumed, we required only a much reduced establishment to bring us on to the Holy City. The Arabs of Dhaheriyeh had none of the wild peculiarities of the Bedaween, and seemed to want much of their free buoyancy of spirit, though they are quite as noisy.

As we resolved to leave Dhaheriyeh early on the following morning, it was needful that all our arrangements should be made before we slept. One matter really caused me some regret—it was the necessity of bidding farewell to the faithful and kind-hearted Bedaween, who had been our guides and companions over many a dreary route, and amidst many surrounding dangers. A hearty cordiality had grown up amongst us. They had rendered us the most willing and cheerful service; and I felt a sadness stealing over my heart, as they gathered together their camels, in preparation for a short evening march towards the Desert, for the purpose of retracing their steps to their tents in the peninsula of Mount Sinai. I think we were all unwilling to part. As a Christian—and a Christian minister, I could but think how sad it was that these poor Heathen should go back to their tents and their wild Desert habits, without carrying with

* Deut. xxv. 4. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." See also 1 Cor. ix. 9. 1 Tim. v. 18.

them truths that might bear upon the eternal interests of their souls. But what could we do? We had no means of speaking to them on such topics.

We gathered the poor fellows about us; and in addition to the amount of the contract with Jumar, gave him a backsheech of one hundred piastres, and ten to each of the rest, with the addition of a few shawls for turbans, and a tarbouch or two. These small rewards were received with smiling satisfaction, and we stood with them as friends among friends.

The hour of departure arrived. Their camels were all loaded. We gave out a few rations of tobacco and coffee, as a last present; when, one by one, they made their adieus; and—last of all, Jumar kissed me solemnly on both cheeks and on my forehead—and gave me his final salaam. They were soon in motion; and winding their slow way by the route through which we had arrived, our tried friends of the Desert were soon lost to us. My heart warms towards these interesting people as I write. Few things in travel would give me more pleasure than to be en route with them again; and I think many an eye would sparkle were they to see us once more in their Desert-home, and mounted on their camels.

CHAPTER VI.

PALESTINE;

FROM DHAHERIYEH TO JERUSALEM.

Palestine—Hebron—Valley of Eshcol—Machpelah—Jewish Pilgrims—Road to Bethlehem—Bethlehem—Chapel of the Nativity—Bethlehem—Village of the Shepherds—Costume, etc.—Departure from Bethlehem—Tomb of Rachel—Jerusalem—Arrival at the Latin Convent, Jerusalem.

And have my feet really pressed the rocks and valleys of Judea? And have these eyes gazed on the venerated scenes of Palestine—the allotments of the tribes—the inheritance, the forfeited inheritance of God's ancient people Israel, once the glory of all lands, but now the abode of desolation? Have I, indeed, been a privileged wanderer in the land of prophetic announcement—of miracle and wonder—the land in which prophecy is yet to be gloriously fulfilled as certainly as it has been, and in which the consummation and triumph of gospel glory shall be manifested? My heart kindles at the recollection, and memory brings forth her deposits to confirm the sense of reality. But, I feel while now mentally retracing my steps, how feeble are the efforts of the pen, to make known to others, the vividness of impression made on my mind and heart by the presence of localities such as these. The emotion with which I recollect, is far more intense than that with which I felt, amidst the toils of travel, and the constant succession of new objects of interest.

Small as is the territory of Palestine, geographically speaking, yet there is no spot on the face of the earth, with which can be associated so various and vast an accumulation of historical interest, beginning from the time when Jehovah spake to Abram, and said "Get thee out from thy country,

and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."* Whether we contemplate the establishment of Israel in the land of promise, and the might with which, in the strength of the Lord, they trod down their enemies under their feet; whether we reflect upon Israel and her history, when the Lord himself was their king, and they yielded to his paternal theocracy; whether we ponder over the splendors of the regal sway under which God, in compliance with their desire, saw good to place them; whether we contemplate the ruin which followed on their apostacy, and associate with it an idea of the might, and then the nothingness of those powers which God raised up as instruments of his righteous judgments towards a rebellious people; whether we think of the glory which was once so great, and of the desolation which remains to this day—Palestine is the wondrous centre-point to which every recollection pours its overwhelming tribute. And while humbled and depressed under a sense of our universal fall in the transgression of the first Adam, and turning to the page which reveals the fulness of divine mercy and love; as manifested in the greatest of all gifts—the gift of God's dear Son, we turn our eyes to the land of Palestine—all our interest centres there; for there prophecy had its accomplishment, and promise its fulfilment—there was set forth the greatest mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh—there mercy and truth met together—there righteousness and peace kissed each other—there shone forth the tenderness of the Father's love—there was heard the hopeful choral song of Glory to God in the highest, and in earth peace, good will towards man—there was accomplished the wondrous sacrifice which makes salvation possible, and eternal glory sure; and from thence went forth to the distant ends of the earth, the glorious truth on which every hope of

* Gen. xii. 1—3.

man depends, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." And though the brightness of gospel light has faded there—though it glimmers only amidst the thick shades of an apostate church, and from the corruptions of a decayed church, savoring too much of the blindness and idolatry of Rome—though Israel too is banished, and the few stragglers of their race there drag on their days in poverty and oppression; though fruitful valleys are barren; though vine and olive crowned hills now yield an unwilling and scanty subsistence to the degraded population that sigh among them; yet—Palestine is the centre of all interest still, the spot to which the hopeful Christian looks while praying over the page of prophecy; the scene on which hard-hearted Israel hopes that Messiah shall yet come, to restore royal dignity and temporal glory upon a chosen and still beloved people.

It was in the early morning of the thirteenth of June, when we resumed the journey, and turned our steps towards Hebron.* The "hill country" of Judah then lay before us. Our route was by a continuous valley between bold limestone rocks of moderate height, sometimes entirely clothed, and at others thinly scattered over with the prickly oak, pines, and other trees and shrubs less familiar to us. Small cultivated spots were fenced off with low stone walls, similar to those we had seen on the borders of the Desert. As we proceeded, my mind became more and more assured of the fact, that this ancient route—trodden by the feet of men in all ages of the world's history—the main and direct road from Beersheba to Bethlehem, and thence to Jerusalem, must have been that by which the child Jesus and his virgin mother, with Joseph, took their flight from Bethlehem, when the angel of the Lord had said to Joseph, in a dream, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child

* The Arabic name of which is El Khalil—*the Friend.* It is not improbable that this name is associated with Abraham, "the friend of God."

to destroy him."* The latter part of the journey lay over the brows of several hills in succession, many parts of which were steep and difficult, and frequently devoid of all herbage. At length, after about four hours' steady travelling, our eyes first rested on the city of Hebron, built upon the slope of a hill; its grey stone buildings having roofs constructed in domes, and bearing an aspect of neatness and cleanliness as seen at a distance. Between us and the city lay an extensive plain, stretching out to the right and left, towards which we descended by a steep pass, worn in the rock by the traffic of ages. On the right were abundant olive grounds; and on the left, a luxuriant vineyard. The clusters of fruit were just in the process of formation, and by their magnitude gave promise of rich abundance. The vineyard is fenced off with a stone wall, and in the midst is a tower—a watch-tower according to the ancient custom.† This we noticed also in most of the vineyards which we saw afterwards. We pitched our tents under the shade of some fine olive trees; and while enjoying our rest, looked forth upon Hebron, and the plain of Mamre which lay before us.‡ Our stay in the neighborhood of this venerable city was only for a few hours, and admitted of but a hasty visit within its walls.

Though so promising on the approach, yet its interior is miserably filthy and wretched. The bazaars are close and dark; and for the most part, the inhabitants appear poor and gloomy. In the midst of the plain of Mamre is a large

* Matt. ii. 13. † Isaiah v. 2; Matt. xxi. 33.

‡ I am inclined to think that "Mamre" included a considerable district around Hebron; though we are accustomed to think of it as a plain lying in the midst of bold hills. I am persuaded the hills themselves are included in the term. It is said of Abraham, that he dwelt in the "*plain*" (though some critics would render it "the *oaks* or *terebinth trees*") of Mamre, which is in Hebron. (Gen. xiii. 18.) There is no doubt then, that the plain (if such is the proper rendering), in which we were encamped, was that plain. In Gen. xxiii. 19; xxxv. 27; xlix. 30; l. 13, "Mamre" is used alone—without any mention of the plain. There is clearly a distinction in this. From the *plain* of Mamre, Abraham could not have looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, so as to see the smoke of the country going up as the smoke of a furnace (see Gen. xix. 28); but from the heights on the south-east of Hebron—looking towards the east, I think he could easily have seen those proofs of Divine vengeance.

threshing floor, on which both oxen and men were employed as at Dhaheriyeh. I brought with me a few grains of the wheat grown on this distinguished spot. The mosque within the city of Hebron, is said to have been built over the cave of Machpelah, the burial-place of Abraham and Sarah—of Isaac, Jacob, Rebecca, and Leah. Over this spot the Moslems keep a jealous watch. I did not enter the mosque: nor is it an easy matter to do so, for either Jews or Christians. It is delightful, indeed, while writing these pages, to recollect it was at Hebron that Abraham, and other distinguished men of the patriarchal age, dwelt and enjoyed peculiar communion with God; that there God "brought Abraham forth abroad, and said, look toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them; so shall thy seed be;"*—that there David once wandered over the hills, a shepherd boy; and after the death of Saul was there anointed king, and took up his royal residence for seven years; and near at hand was the pool over which he hanged up the murderers of Ishbosheth.† It is more than probable, that there too, he—the sweet lyrist of Israel, composed some of those psalms to the spirit of which the Church of God, in all ages, has made its heartfelt response.

I should gladly have lingered about Hebron; but it was needful to proceed; and about two hours before sunset, we were again on our way. The route was stony and wearisome; but on each side there was a succession of rich vineyards, olive grounds, and large plantations of figs, mulberry, walnut, apricot, and pomegranate trees, carefully fenced with high stone walls, of rough but solid workmanship. A tower was to be seen in each. I have but little hesitation in believing, that hereabouts—perhaps this rich and still luxuriant valley, is the Eschol of Scripture, whence the spies brought back with them to Kadesh the rich proofs of the fruitfulness of the promised land.‡

After about two hours and a half, we reached a wide, open country, flanked by bold hills on either side, called Ed-Dirweh, where we resolved to encamp for the night. There

* Genesis xv. 5. † 2 Samuel iv. 12. ‡ Numbers xiii. 22—24.

was an abundant fountain near at hand, which kept a constant supply of delicious water in a large stone trough, at which were Arabs watering their horses and camels. While getting ready for encamping, we explored a considerable ruin having somewhat the appearance of a Christian Church, standing but a little distance from the fountain; and thence we went to examine some sepulchral excavations made in the face of a rock, which had been cut down perpendicularly. The situation of the rock was at the end of the plain or field in which we halted, nearest to Hebron. The excavations consist of chambers (after the manner of Egyptian tombs), of about twelve feet square in which are still sarcophagi of hewn stone. Not having been disposed to give too great credence to the Mahommedan claim to possess the burial-place of Abraham and his family, under the walls of the great mosque in the present city of Hebron, the thought occurred to our minds, that after all, this spot might have been the very field which Abraham bought as a burial-place of Ephron the Hittite. This field is described as being, not *in* Hebron, but in Machpelah *before* Mamre,* and the cave is said to be at the *end* of the field. Though the Empress Helena built a Christian church over the spot then said to be the place of patriarchal sepulture; and though the mosque of Hebron now occupies the site of that church—yet I do not see any thing conclusive on the subject, arising from such circumstances. Whether or not Ed-Dirweh is the field in question, certainly the tombs are very curious, and probably of patriarchal antiquity.

While preparing for our journey early on the following morning, a party of Jewish pilgrims were wending their way towards the Holy City, and passed our encampment. Some were on foot, some mounted on asses, and all appeared miserably poor. It was a stirring sight, to see these aliens from their own birthright, seeking the hallowed spot for which the Jewish heart sighs and pines. We exchanged salutations with them as they passed; and at a little before seven o'clock

* See Genesis xxiii. 9, 17, 19.

were on our march. Our next resting place was to be, not in tents by the weary wayside, but in Bethlehem, the city of David—not the least among the princes of Judah, though little among its thousands; the birthplace of the Son of God, the ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting.* The prospect of reaching Bethlehem on that day, checked almost every thought and feeling but that of gratitude and adoring love to my heavenly Father, who had mercifully brought me on thus far.

The hills, as we passed along between them, bore evident and abundant traces of ancient fruitfulness, having been cut in terraces, on which a suitable depth of soil was gathered with great labor, where vines and olives had been cultivated —apparently up to the very summits of the hills. On either side was a slender pasturage for cattle, and fields with scanty crops of wheat and barley, interspersed with clumps of the prickly oak and other shrubs. In some parts, the fields were giving up their slight produce to the husbandmen; and I could but think that in some such scene as this, in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, and at such a season of the year, the sweet spirit of the tender-hearted Ruth found favor in the sight of Boaz, when he said "Hearest thou not my daughter; Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens."† Never was a more touching story of its kind, than that of Ruth; and in this place I felt the loveliness of it.

Passing the pools of Solomon, without staying to make any very careful examination of them, we pursued our way over a rugged road, shut in on both sides by hills, sometimes quite bare, and at others covered with low prickly shrubs and slender herbage, when at length, an abrupt bending of the pass gave us the first distant glimpse of the object of our desire—Bethlehem,‡ which soon, however, disappeared in the windings of our toilsome path. We passed on slowly till the country fairly opened before us; and, crossing a somewha

* Micah v. 2. Matthew ii. 6. † Ruth ii. 8.

‡ The Arab name is *Beit-Lahm*.

level plain, began to ascend the rocky path by which the elevated site of Bethlehem is approached; and, looking back and around me, it was delightful to think that over these hills and plains of his birthplace, the royal shepherd boy of Israel, the princely David, had wandered with his flocks, and that with every peak and slope his eye had been familiar.

The city occupies a commanding position, on the northern brow of a hill looking over towards the region of Moab. The substance of the hill is limestone, and it is terraced in all directions, and planted with fine healthy olive and fig trees. The aspect of Bethlehem itself is poor. Its buildings are in the usual style, square and rude, and finished with small domes. The winding path of ascent is in several places toilsome and difficult, and of chalky whiteness. As we approached the gate, we met several of the women of Bethlehem coming out to the well,* bearing their earthen vessels on their heads, to draw water. Their complexions were almost like those of Europeans, when contrasted with sunburnt Egyptians and Arabs, with whom we had been so long familiarized; and their figures were easy and graceful, as their flowing drapery cast its long folds about them. It is a saddening thought, while entering within the walls of Bethlehem, that the crescent of Mahomet gleams over the spot where the wondrous star announced the humbled presence of the incarnate God; and that Christianity is there but a tolerated, a permitted, a despised thing. The greater proportion, however, of the present population of Bethlehem are nominally Christian.† Oh! that a pure Protestant faith could be there

* The situation of the present well of Bethlehem seems to accord with the description in 1 Chron. xi. 17, of that well from which David desired to be refreshed, when, weary and exhausted, he cried—"Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate."

† It is not a little singular, that this circumstance arose from the act of Ibrahim Pasha, a Musselman. The hostilities, which a few years since existed between him and the Sultan, led to a partial destruction of the city, the ruinous traces of which are still visible. The hardihood of the Arabs induced Ibrahim to treat them with the greatest severity. On his victorious return, after driving the Sultan's forces out of Syria—he put the Arab population to flight and to the sword, but spared the Christians; because, as he said, they had been guilty of no offence.

proclaimed and established; and that the darkness of a debased and degrading system could be chased away forever.

Having set our feet within the gate of this venerated city, we pursued our way along the main street, which was sometimes steep, and always narrow, gloomy, and dirty; and as we passed, many a graceful Syrian, and swarthy Bedawee glanced upon us with an air of curiosity and inquiry. Every man was armed; and such is now the case throughout Syria. Had we not been already well acquainted with such things, the appearance of the inhabitants of Bethlehem would have been startling at first. We soon reached the Latin Convent, which was to be our place of abode during our short sojourn; for here, as in other parts of Palestine, for want of more suitable means of accommodation, the traveller has a choice between his tent and the walls of a convent. Of the two, the latter is certainly more safe and quiet. The convent occupies an extreme part of the site of the city, towards the east; and is said to have been erected by the Empress Helena, over the spot on which our blessed Saviour was born; she having previously swept away a heathen temple, built in the time of Adrian, in contempt of Christianity. Externally, it has less the appearance of an ecclesiastical, than of a defensive edifice. Its bold buttresses and small grated windows betoken a great regard to general security, while its low and narrow portal seems intended to prevent the once daring custom of the Arabs, of riding into the interior of religious houses, for the purpose of violence and spoliation. The whole structure is of extreme solidity; and appears capable of resisting all modes of assault short of a vigorous cannonade.

On our arrival we were shown into a large reception room, well lighted, and fitted up partly after the oriental manner, with carpeted dewans. Two or three monks, of the Franciscan order, soon made their appearance, and tendered us every courteous civility; and it was not long ere the Superior himself came to welcome us to our new abode. Shortly after noon, we were served with a homely, but substantial meal of rice-soup, boiled meat, an omelet, and several other smal

matters, with a bottle of the poor sour white wine of Palestine, compared with which, the sweet water of the well of Bethlehem was a distinguished luxury.

Having taken our refreshment, we were conducted by one of the monks to the roof of the monastery, in order to enjoy the extensive view which it affords of spots endeared to the heart of the Christian. In the distance, eastward, are the mountains of Moab and the plains of Jordan; while southward, stands the hill of Tekoah, from which the surrounding wilderness is said to take its name—familiar as the scene of the pastoral life of the prophet Amos.* Beyond, and rather more towards the east, lies the wilderness of Engedi, to which David retreated for the purpose of concealing himself against the pursuit of Saul,† and where the allied army of the Ammonites, Moabites, and others encamped, when they came forth against Jehoshaphat;‡ and nearer at hand—a little more to the south, is seen the spot which tradition has assigned as that wherein there were "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night;" when "the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." Many of the surrounding hills are thinly clothed with fig and olive trees, and here and there were traces of corn-growth, among which the husbandmen were employed in gathering the small bounty of God. At the more distant parts of the picture, a brown and sterile appearance pervaded the surface both of hill and plain, betokening that the hand of God was withdrawn, for a season, from that once luxuriantly productive soil. The intense heat and glare of the sun soon induced us to make our retreat to the interior, where we spent a short time in visiting the church, and the spots which have been assigned as scenes of the most august transactions of gospel history.

The church—supposed to be as ancient as the early part of the fourth century, is solid and spacious, supported on columns

* Amos, i. 1. † 1 Samuel, xxiii. 29. ‡ 2 Chronicles, xx. 2.

of granite. And though the convent and church properly belong to the Latins, yet Greeks and Armenians have separate portions of both allotted for their use. On the ground floor of the church, there are but few objects of curiosity, excep some paintings of Scripture subjects, rude and apparently very ancient. It is the church underground which absorbs all interest—especially in minds possessing credulity enough to find the actual place of the nativity amidst the paintings and gildings and lamps by which a superstitious enthusiasm has disguised the humble realities which it professes to venerate. When preparing to descend, we each received a small lighted wax taper, the approach being by a dark and narrow stair, cut, like the under chapel itself, in the rock. This crypt is not much more than thirty feet in length and twelve in breadth, and receives no light from without, but is illuminated by a great number of splendid lamps, presented by various princes of Christendom. The alleged scene of the nativity of the Redeemer is designated by a tawdry altar; and, surrounded by burning lamps, is a circle of marble and mosaic work, with a border of silver, indicating the precise spot in which God stood forth manifest in human flesh. The silver plate has the following inscription :—

"*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*"

Shall I continue this description?—or shall I declare, how sadly these mere toys of popery interfered with the solemn feelings I had desired to cherish in a place, which, with probability enough, may be looked upon as connected with the wondrous work of our redemption?

Near the altar of the nativity, is exhibited a kind of trough, formed in marble, and elevated about a foot and a half from the floor; and this is spoken of as *the manger* in which the infant Jesus was laid, because there was no room for him in the inn. In a recess, opposite, is the place where it is said the wise men of the east sat, when they came to worship; and in another, is an altar representing the table on which they offered their gifts. Descending still further, by a winding pas-

sage of some length, we next arrived at a spot, shown as that in which Herod caused the children of Bethlehem to be massacred; and beyond it a cave in which Jerome is said to have made his Latin translation of the Bible. A brief stay was sufficient for me; feeling, as I did, that the inward contemplation of sacred localities, was far more profitable and delightful, than the most ingenious devices of popery, to render them meretriciously attractive. The tendency of man's natural heart, is to walk by sight rather than by faith; and to this corrupt tendency, the Church of Rome ministers in all her externals. Faith says—I know that Jesus, the eternal Son of God, was born in Bethlehem, for the word of truth declares it—and this is Bethlehem. "True," says the Church of Rome; "but, lest your faith should falter, look here, look there—here is the exact spot of the nativity, marked by a silver plate, and a Latin asseveration—there is the real manger, in which the mighty babe reposed." Now, to my mind, all these things suggest an idea of littleness, utterly beneath the regard of simple Christian faith, which walks forth on the sacred site of Bethlehem, and, expanding itself in the serene atmosphere of revelation, apart from the dreamings of mere superstition, and surveying the whole precincts of the now humbled city of David, inwardly affirms—here, on this rock, the noble current of prophecy overspread its borders; and—bursting into a stream of mercy, poured forth its waters of life through the Child of Mary.

A ceremony connected with the midnight mass of the Romish church at Christmas, as performed in the grotto of the nativity, is thus described by a member of that church*—"At midnight, at the hour of salvation, when, in all the Catholic churches in the world, the infant Jesus receives the homage of all faithful Christians, the reverend father warden opens the procession, and advances with slow step, his head bowed, and reverentially carrying in his arms the infant Jesus" [or as we should say, the idolatrous representation of him]. "On reaching the very spot of the nativity, the deacon, with deep

* Baron Geramb.

devotion, chants the gospel. When he comes to the words 'and wrapped him in swaddling clothes,' he receives the infant from the hands of the father warden, wraps him in swaddling clothes, lays him in the manger, falls on his knees and worships"—[*what?*—we ask]. "At that moment," continues the Romish narrator, "there flashes into the soul, something supernatural, I may venture to call it, judging from what I have witnessed—from what I myself have felt. Piety ceases to find a voice to express its gratitude, its love—it speaks only in the melting language of the eyes, in sighs and tears."

This is sheer popery. Those who know what it is to live in the habitual exercise of a kind and degree of piety which results from a "something supernatural," already infused into the soul by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost, and whose every day existence is an exemplification of the power of faith, which depends not on the stimulation of the senses by merely visible objects of human construction, will smile with pitying concern, at that morbid piety which displays itself in tears and sighs, amidst the childish stage-play of such a scene as this. If there be anything more especially calling for jealous watchfulness, in these days of heresy and innovation, it is the tendency to prop up a weak faith, and to generate a mawkish sensitiveness on spiritual subjects, by externals—be they images, symbols, or ceremonies only.

Our day at Bethlehem passed most happily; but I was glad to retire early—to a coarse bed, provided for me in a small whitewashed cell, which doubtless had been the abode of many a previous pilgrim, overlooking the convent garden planted with orange and lemon trees in full fruit. Perhaps I enjoyed my rude comforts the more, because I had been so long an absentee from regular beds and stone walls. Ought I not to be content, and more than that, thought I, when I reflect, that here the child Jesus—my Redeemer, found no room for his reception; and that in the days of his mature and majestic manhood, he had not where to lay his head. Many a solemn thought and deep feeling occupied my mind, while

surveying the hallowed scene of the nativity; but it was when the stillness of midnight hung around me—when the inmates of the convent were silent, and all Bethlehem hushed in repose, that my heart acknowledged its serene and grateful assurance, that I, a poor helpless sinner—so far from home—a brief sojourner in one of the holiest spots of the whole earth, derived all my safety and comfort, and all my grounded hope of future and eternal blessing from Him—who here condescended to take my nature into marvellous and mysterious unition with his Godhead, that he might sympathize in its wants and its infirmities, and glorify it by his triumphs.

To the east of Bethlehem—not much more than a mile and a half distant, is the village traditionally said to be that in which the shepherds dwelt, to whom was made the supernatural announcement of Messiah's birth. You approach it by a steep descending road, with fig and olive trees scattered on every side. The soil is very white and chalky. It is inhabited by Greek and Latin Christians. It is miserably dilapidated, and conveys an idea of poverty and wretchedness. Many of its inhabitants were engaged in threshing and winnowing of corn.

Passing downwards from the village, a view presented itself of the spot, which we had previously seen from the roof of the convent, where it is said the shepherds heard that heavenly minstrelsy which still sounds forth sweetly from the pages of inspiration.* It is carefully enclosed with a rough stone

* I cannot help quoting one of the sweetest sacred lyrics of modern days, on this subject:—

There's music in the heav'n amid the stillness of the night,
While shepherds are abiding yet, to watch their fleecy care;
The clouds are rolling rapidly, and in the bursting light,
To golden harps are carolling the angels bright and fair.

Oh! listen to the choral song, which hails a Saviour's birth,
That fills those humble watchers' hearts with wonder and with love,
"Good tidings of great joyfulness to all who dwell on earth,
And glory in the highest be, to God enthron'd above!"

The world that had been travailing so long in pain and woe,
Hath heard amidst its guilty fears a voice which soothes to rest;
And God the Father's gracious face, with cloud obscured till now,
Shines through the image of His Son, the blessing and the blest.

wall, and covered with numerous olive trees of vigorous growth and considerable age. In the midst of the enclosure is a small grotto chapel, to which we obtained admission. It contains a rude altar, and the usual pictorial appendages. The almost level ridge, in the distance eastward, is that of the mountains of Moab; between which and the nearer elevations, lies the Dead sea, whose waters are not visible from hence. This interesting spot is now in the possession of the Greek church, though once it belonged to the Latins. In consequence of the change, the latter are beginning to claim some other as the actual and real scene of the angelic announcement. Alas for Rome! She generally endeavors to prove too much, and often overshoots her mark.

I am much inclined to think, on a general survey of the particular spot above described, that it may be really the place in which the shepherds kept watch by night. Of course there has been great change in the surface of the surrounding country in the course of upwards of eighteen centuries; but at present, this is certainly the most pastoral looking plain in the neighborhood of Bethlehem; and the character of its soil gave me reason to believe that such was its ancient character. I am less disposed than some travellers have been, to question the truth of traditions in reference to sacred localities, except where, as in the grotto of the nativity, and elsewhere as I may have occasion to mention, there is an evident attempt to prove too much.

After a hasty examination of Bethlehem, as to its interior, I have little to record beyond the fact of its presenting a sad picture of filth, poverty, and ruinous desolation, for which I apprehend there is no help, while it continues to sigh under the grasp of Mahommedan domination. And all this sad reality is easily traceable to one sole cause—Israel's rejection of Messiah. Had Israel held fast to their integrity—where

With the music of the angels be the music of my heart,
And let the Shepherds' gratitude my ev'ry power inflame;
And with the anthems of the church, my soul, bear thou thy part,
For all the mercies shown to thee in Christ's redeeming name.

The Rev. T. J. Judkin.

is the spot on which the foot of the infidel could have fixed itself securely—where is the mountain, where the valley, from Dan even to Beersheba, from which there should not even now be going forth the joyous song of exultation at the glorious triumphs of redemption, in which the voices of the thousands of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem would be heard bearing their distinguished part? But there is a day coming (is it far distant?) when the glory so long departed from Judea shall return with renewed lustre, and gathered Israel shall chant forth the promised anthem for which the church waits, "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The usual dress of both males and females is, I should suppose, very much, if not quite, like that in use from the earliest ages. It is what I have seen in the most ancient pictures of Scripture subjects. The female costume is full and flowing, and commonly of red or blue; while that of the men of Bethlehem and its neighborhood—and I may say of Palestine generally, consists of a linen tunic, which leaves the neck, arms, and legs bare, and is bound round the loins with a leathern girdle. Those who can afford it, have, in addition, a full cloak or mantle. They all wear turbans. Every thing I saw had the effect of carrying my mind quite back to the period with which the Scriptures render us so familiar And in many a sunburnt and graceful shepherd youth as we passed along, imagination might almost picture the lineaments of the once humble, but ennobled stripling son of Jesse the Bethlehemite.

The population of Bethlehem appear to spend their days in listless indolence, with the exception of the women, who I am informed, are the merest drudges and slaves of their husbands. The usual stimulants to industry are miserably withheld throughout Palestine; for no man is permitted to realize an independence for himself and his family; but every thing he may acquire, beyond the means of a bare and scanty subsistence, is only an object to excite the cupidity of the wretched despotism under which the poor people exist, and are ground

down to the dust. The people of England, methinks, might learn a valuable lesson of contentment and gratitude to Almighty God, for the government under which they live, and the privileges they enjoy, if they could but once see and feel the condition of the degraded and enslaved population of Palestine. Alas! till the "restitution of all things," Palestine and its thousands must groan hopelessly under the hand of the oppressor.

The time for our departure from Bethlehem drew near. When all things were made ready, we bade farewell to our kindly monks, left a suitable gratuity for the hospitality we had received, and soon stood again at the narrow portal of the convent, surrounded by a large number of Bethlehemites, who had brought for sale to the pilgrims, as they no doubt accounted us, rosaries made of the olive tree, crosses and carvings of the Virgin and Child, and other popish toys and trinkets formed of mother-o'-pearl, by the manufacture of which, I imagine many of the people obtain a scanty subsistence. It was difficult to rid ourselves of their importunity; and I dare say our indifference to their merchandize, made them set us down in their estimation as very bad *catholics*, after all.

It was an absorbing train of thought which took possession of my mind as I mounted for my journey. Many a weary mile had I travelled under the burning sun of Africa, and amidst the dreary desolation of the trackless Deserts of Arabia —since I bade farewell to my dear family and my beloved flock; and now, thought I, with a grateful adoring recollection of mercies innumerable, and a hope too strong for utterance—now—in a brief space—before yonder sun shall sink to his western home—"*Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.*" And, again, I mused upon the gracious promise with which my journey commenced—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."* Comfort, great and lasting, had I enjoyed during every step of my way; and I looked forward

* See incident in page 11.

with full assurance of comfort yet to come. Blessed, forever blessed, be my heavenly Father, He has abundantly proved his faithfulness.

Farewell to Bethlehem; but not to its hallowed associations; they are engraven on my heart.

Passing slowly along the narrow streets, amidst the crowded population who seemed to be all abroad, we made our exit by the gate at which we had entered; and our route lay, for some time, down a winding and terraced road of steep declivity, which helped us to obtain an accurate idea of the noble and commanding position of the august city we were quitting. Fig and olive plantations, in great luxuriance, hung on every part of the hill slopes; and, bathed in warm sunlight, presented a lovely picture. Having mastered this part of our way, we turned nearly northward, and entered upon a more level but extremely rugged mule and camel path, between the stone walls of fig and olive groves. On reaching higher ground, we were enabled here and there, eastward, to catch glimpses of the Dead Sea, shut in by the mountains of Moab. In that direction all appeared arid, brown and barren. For some distance the road is a continuous ascent. When distant about half an hour from Bethlehem, the traveller inquires, "What is yonder square white-washed building of Turkish structure, surmounted by a dome, and occupying its position on the left, not far from the main way?" The answer is ready:—"It is the tomb of Rachel—the 'Mother of Israel.'" It may be so, though the present building is evidently modern, and Mahommedan. The Turks can have no motive for palming an error upon us on this subject. That the place of Rachel's interment is not far from thence, is quite clear; for we read—"And they journeyed from Bethel, and there was but little way to come to Ephrath. . . . . And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."* I dwell not on the other objects, for the

* Gen. xxxv. 16—20. How tender is the recollection of this fact as

identity of which there is not the slightest proof—such as the impression in the rock, occasioned, as the superstitions say, by the body of Elijah as he slept here, when fleeing from Jezebel; the fountain of the star, and the abodes of Simeon and the prophet Habakkuk, now in ruins—but I press onwards beyond the convent of Mar Elias on the right, up the rugged pass to an elevated spot, midway, or nearly so, between Bethlehem and the Holy City—from whence, as during all the previous ascent, the view of Bethlehem—its fine position, and its surrounding territory, is charming and exciting. While frequently looking back, I could but cherish a frequent recurrence of the reflection, that to the marvellous transaction of which that ancient city was the honored scene—the lines of prophecy had all been tending, from the moment in which Jehovah declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; and then, while looking northwards, I inquired—"What is yonder dark, low ridge of building, in the distance?" and was told that my eyes were then resting on the Holy City—Jerusalem—I felt it was, indeed, something worth toiling and travelling for, to have behind me and before me the two most venerable spots in the whole world—the one in which the "seed of the woman"—God manifest in the flesh, stood forth girt about with the weapons of a terrible warfare; and the other, where, in the might of redemption, he bruised the serpent's head; and in dying, abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel. As I gazed upon both, I felt—oh how deeply! the faithfulness of God, who had thus realized in Christ, and brought to a full fruition, the first hope of rescue and restoration that ever gleamed upon a sin-bound and apostate world.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! My eyes were indeed resting on its dim and distant reality. I can see the Holy City now—how distinctly! I had no emotions—none of those over-

uttered by Jacob, when his own days were waning. "As for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there, in the way of Ephrath: the same is Bethlehem." Gen. xlviii.7.

whelming gushings of the heart, which more enthusiastic travellers have experienced. If I recall my sensations rightly, they partook more than any thing else, of a calm, peaceful, and adoring assurance that what God had promised for me in Eden, when the first Adam stood guilty and confounded before him—he had really fulfilled for me—there—in that sacred spot which lay before me—in the person of the second Adam—the Lord from Heaven. And though time may deaden, and sorrow may darken the retrospective visions of the soul as to all other things, yet nothing short of an oblivious quenching of the powers of memory, will erase the recollections of that moment, and that scene. And now, while standing on the ground of hope which belongs to the whole "ISRAEL of God"—in Christ, I can take up the song, in the house of my pilgrimage, and say:—

"Jerusalem! my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, in peace, in thee?"

I remember how, after a brief pause, we rode on in silence—a silence in itself affecting. It was a time in which no man would intrude upon the thoughts and feelings of another. Even our attendant Arabs were silent. The tide of sacred history flowed massively through my mind; and its events, from the beginning to the end, with all their grandeur and magnificence, seemed to pass before me with a wonderful sense of reality. I had journeyed onwards from the scene of Israel's bondage and deliverance, to the spot where a more terrible captivity was destroyed, and a nobler deliverance achieved. I had traversed some of the scenes of Israel's wanderings, and I now stood in the scenes of their glory and greatness—of their shame and their nothingness—yet, still in the spot where One, more glorious than Solomon and mightier than David, shall restore the lost lustre of Israel, and gather in their thousands, with the rest of a redeemed people, from the four winds of heaven—when that shall have received its *full* accomplishment which is spoken by the holy prophet:—

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob: and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem;"*—and when shall be made good to Israel the precious promise—"Behold I will bring it [Jerusalem] health and cure, and I will cure them,.and I will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth. And I will cause the captivity of Judah and the captivity of Israel to return, and will build them as at the first. And I will cleanse them from all their iniquity, whereby they have sinned against me; and I will pardon all their iniquities, whereby they have sinned, and whereby they have transgressed against me. And it shall be to me a name of joy, a praise and an honor before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good that I do unto them; and they shall fear and tremble for all the goodness, and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it."†

When we first came within sight of Jerusalem, it was distant about five miles; and from that point of view seemed to occupy a small space in the midst of a wide, arid plain, round which gently rising slopes, rather than hills, appeared to be gathered. I thought of the passage—"As the *mountains* are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever;"‡ and felt a sense of disappointment at the picture. But this, like most impressions hastily taken, was erroneous. I had not then arrived at the proper point of sight to obtain an accurate notion either of the city or its surrounding mountains. As seen at such a distance, but little more was apparent than a seemingly low, straight, embattled wall, with a few inconsiderable buildings, and here and there a small dome, and a palm tree or two—the greater part of the city, northward and north-eastward

* Isaiah, ii. 2, 3. † Jeremiah, xxxiii. 6—9. ‡ Psalm cxxv. 2.

being invisible. But still—it was Jerusalem—not such as when David and Solomon, in the fulness of their royal glory, bare rule amidst its thousands, or when Titus marched in the pride of Roman power, or when the ploughshare had passed over, and rooted up its foundations, but—it was Jerusalem "trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."* From this point, the road was level and good, for Palestine; and continued in a gentle descent. How the feet of buried generations have trodden it. How many a patriarch and prophet, how many a pilgrim and burning-hearted crusader has familiarized himself with the aspect of every object. And, perhaps, this very road was once marked by the footsteps of the incarnate Son of God.

As we advanced nearer, the city assumed her proper position, and the relative objects about her were such as Scripture narrative would lead us to expect. The Psalmist says, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together;" [or at unity with itself;] and such is precisely the idea which even now the mind conceives of it, occupying as it does, the summit and sides of a distinct and separate rocky elevation, surrounded for the most part, by a bold and deep valley, presenting as it were an almost natural fortification, surmounted by massive walls, though not at present altogether worthy of the commanding position which they occupy. In front of us, rose up the majestic heights of Mount Zion. At their westward base lay the valley of Gihon, bending off towards the valley of the son of Hinnom, and the decayed village of Siloam, to which the Mount of Offence and part of the Mount of Olives formed the background. Having reached the lowest point of descent, we wound our way slowly up towards the left, in order to enter at the Yaffa, or Bethlehem gate. At length—the weary pilgrimage was accomplished. On the hundred and third day after quitting my native shores, I stood in health, peace, and safety—a candidate for admission into the Holy City. It seemed almost to shadow forth to the imagination, the Christian's pilgrimage to the city which

* Luke, xxi. 24.

hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. While standing at the gate, ruminating on the past, and thinking how improbable it appeared, twelve months before, that my feet should ever tread Immanuel's land, it was really difficult to realize the fact—that I, separated for a season from the duties of my beloved charge, was then actually on the scene of my adorable Saviour's triumphs. My own personal identity I could not question; and yet a surmise just passed through my mind—may it not be all a dream?

A sort of quarantine had been established at Jerusalem for fear of plague; and we were not permitted to enter till the medical officer had seen us. After a short delay, during which we were waited on, outside the walls, by Mr. Johns, the pro-Consul, who showed us every polite attention, the official personage made his appearance; who, having received an explanation as to the Desert-route which we had taken from Cairo, and being assured that there was no plague in that place when we left it, just required us to submit to a slight fumigation with brimstone, in a tent pitched near the gate, as the ground of a claim for a few piastres, and admitted us at once—having previously suffered our baggage and servants to pass without any fumigation whatever. We proceeded direct to the Latin Franciscan Convent, where we resolved to take up our abode during our stay in the Holy City. A tolerable sized room, with whitewashed walls, and a small coarse bed at each end, was set apart for our use; and soon, with a little activity on the part of our faithful servants, we felt ourselves at home, with a prospect of three weeks delightful sojourn in Jerusalem. Rest, after the dreary wanderings through which we had passed, would have been delightful in any place—under almost any circumstances; but, rest in "the city of the Great King"—I felt it was far beyond my deserving. I could almost have said—Here let me rest forever; but I remembered—I had left my flock in the wilderness of an evil world, and the earthly Jerusalem must be no home for me.

CHAPTER VII.

JERUSALEM.

Prophetical Portraiture of Jerusalem—Jerusalem—The Jews—Sacred Localities—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre—View of the City from the Seraglio—Site of the Temple—Exterior of Jerusalem—Mount Zion—The Valley of Hinnom—Field of Blood—Tophet—The Valley of Jehoshaphat—Tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat—Gethsemane—The Mount of Olives—Bethany—The Road to Emmaus—Tombs of the Kings—A Lunatic—The Pool of Bethesda—My first Sabbath in Jerusalem—The New Jerusalem—The Jews in Palestine—The Church in Jerusalem—Jewish Custom—My Second Sabbath in Jerusalem—Future Movements.

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies. Judah is gone into captivity, because of affliction, and because of great servitude; she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest: all her persecutors took her between the straits. The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts; all her gates are desolate; her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness. Her adversaries are the chief, her enemies prosper; for the Lord hath afflicted her, for the multitude of her transgressions: her children are gone into captivity before the enemy. And from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed; her princes are become like harts that find no pasture; and they are gone without strength before the pursuer. Jerusalem remembered in the day of her affliction, and of her miseries, all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old, when her people fell into the hand of the enemy, and none did help her: the adversaries saw her,

and did mock at her Sabbaths. Jerusalem hath grievously sinned; therefore she is removed: all that honored her, despise her, because they have seen her nakedness: yea, she sigheth, and turneth backward. Her filthiness is in her skirts; she remembereth not her last end; therefore she came down wonderfully: she had no comforter. O Lord, behold my affliction: for the enemy hath magnified himself. The adversary hath spread out his hand upon all her pleasant things: for she hath seen that the heathen entered into her sanctuary, whom thou didst command that they should not enter into thy congregation. All her people sigh, they seek bread; they have given their pleasant things for meat to relieve the soul: see, O Lord, and consider; for I am become vile. Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger. From above hath he sent fire into my bones, and it prevaileth against them: he hath spread a net for my feet; he hath turned me back: he hath made me desolate and faint all the day. The yoke of my transgressions is bound by his hand: they are wreathed, and come up upon my neck; he hath made my strength to fall; the Lord hath delivered me into their hands, from whom I am not able to rise up. The Lord hath trodden under foot all my mighty men in the midst of me: he hath called an assembly against me to crush my young men. the Lord hath trodden the virgin, the daughter of Judah, as in a wine-press. For these things I weep; mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me: my children are desolate, because the enemy prevailed. Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her: the Lord hath commanded concerning Jacob, that his adversaries should be round about him. . . . . The Lord is righteous; for I have rebelled against his commandment: hear, I pray you all people, and behold my sorrow: my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity. I called for my lovers, but they deceived me: my priests and

my elders gave up the ghost in the city, while they sought their meat to relieve their souls. Behold, O Lord, for I am in distress; my bowels are troubled; mine heart is turned within me; for I have grievously rebelled; abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is as death. They have heard that I sigh; there is none to comfort me; all mine enemies have heard of my trouble; they are glad that thou hast done it. . . . . How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Irsael, and remembered not his footstool in the day of his anger. . . . . He hath swallowed up Israel, he hath swallowed up her palaces; he hath destroyed his strong holds, and hath increased in the daughter of Judah mourning and lamentation. And he hath violently taken away his tabernacle, as if it were of a garden; he hath destroyed his places of the assembly; the Lord hath caused the solemn feasts and Sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion, and hath despised in the indignation of his anger, the king and the priest. The Lord hath cast off his altar, he hath abhorred his sanctuary, he hath given up into the hand of the enemy, the walls of her palaces. . . . . The Lord hath purposed to destroy the wall of the daughter of Zion; he hath stretched out a line, he hath not withdrawn his hand from destroying; therefore he made the rampart and the wall to lament; they languished together. Her gates are sunk into the ground; he hath destroyed and broken her bars. . . . . Her prophets also find no vision from the Lord. The elders of the daughter of Zion sit upon the ground, and keep silence; they have cast up dust upon their heads; they have girded themselves with sackcloth; the virgins of Jerusalem hang down their heads to the ground. . . . . All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, IS THIS THE CITY THAT MEN CALL THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH?"*

Many a time has the question been proposed to me—"What is the precise impression that Jerusalem made, and

* See Lamentations, chap. i. and ii.

left, upon your mind?" The most carefully graphic and elaborate answer that I feel capable of affording, would fall far short of that which I have just given from the book of Lamentations—in every sentence of which, one seems to trace the trickling of a tear, and the bursting of a deep-drawn sigh—the tear and the sigh—hopeless and heartless—of Jerusalem—for the glory that is departed. Doubtless the prophet depicted Jerusalem as he saw her, when the avenging hand of Jehovah first laid her honor in the dust; but he did more than that. With a prophet's vision he foresaw the utter desolation which impended in times that should be big with the most disastrous events towards her—when Jerusalem should become "heaps," and be finally, as she now is, "trodden down of the Gentiles." All that Jeremiah foretold as a prophet, and every thing he recorded as an historian, is at any moment to be traced in the present aspect of the Holy City, and her miserable population. He exhibits her in all the phases of her history, from Nebuchadnezzar until Omar; and from thence to the day when the Lord shall build up Zion, and shall appear in his glory. Exaggeration is almost impossible upon the condition of Jerusalem at the present day.

—— "And the Jews themselves—are they really so destitute and miserable—so much the objects of tyranny and oppression, as some have alleged concerning them?"

This is another inquiry not unfrequently made. My answer shall be recorded in the words of the Almighty himself, by the mouth of Moses his servant—every one of which has been literally and exactly accomplished, even to the present moment. "It shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments and his statutes which I command you this day; that . . . . . the Lord shall send upon thee cursing, vexation, and rebuke, in all that thou settest thine hand unto for to do, until thou be destroyed, and until thou perish quickly; because of the wickedness of thy doings, whereby thou hast forsaken me. . . . . The Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and

thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."*

Viewed externally, and especially from the east, the desolation of Jerusalem is not so apparent, except when the eye glances upon the great mosque at Omar, occupying the site where once stood the temple in its majesty and its glory; and then it is that the tide of her wondrous history rolls through the awakened mind, and the image of her former self rises in marbled majesty, amidst the imagined songs of priests and levites, and the attendant trains of Solomon and of David—her kings. The sense of contrast then at once takes possession of the mind; and is confirmed to the exact letter of Scripture, by an hour's walk in her lonely and silent streets, amidst her dim and darkened habitations, where the sound of one's solitary footsteps keeps time to the cadence of saddening thoughts which crowd upon the soul. I never *felt*, though I have firmly believed, the dread realities in which prophecy has developed itself, till I stood within the walls of Jerusalem, and till I gazed on the mountains and

* See particularly Deut. xxviii. 15, 20, 65, 66, 67; but consult the whole chapter in general reference to the Jews elsewhere as well as in Palestine. As to their religion, such as it is, they are tolerated in it by the Turkish government: but the rapacity with which they are treated in temporal things is sad indeed. I may instance one particular, which I had on the highest authority. The houses in Jerusalem belong to Turks. If a Jew wants a habitation, he must therefore have an oppressive hater for his landlord. The landlord has a right to demand a year's rent, to be paid on taking possession; but yet he may eject the tenant at a short notice. The Mahommedan law sanctions the claim of an ejected tenant for the repayment of an adequate portion of the rent; but he must *prove* his case before the Cadi. A Jew's testimony is not admissible. A Christian's is refused. No Turk will bear witness on behalf of a Jew. So then at any moment, a Jew may be turned into the street: and in addition to that calamity, must lose all the year's rent which he paid in advance. Moreover, if a Jew engage in any little trade, he barely earns enough to sustain life. If he possess anything beyond this, he is an object towards which rapacity glances its greedy and cruel eye. The poor Jews throughout Palestine derive all their sustenance, or nearly so, from contributions made by the richer Jews in various parts of Europe.

valleys of Palestine. I think if I had gone forth a sceptic, I must have returned a believer. Either the Bible must be true or Judea an unreal thing—an inexplicable phenomenon. In its reality, and in its present condition, lies the proof which even the pride of human reason cannot reject, that the page of inspiration is the depository of immutable truth—the text of unerring appeal, of which Judea is a living commentary and interpreter.

But I must pause on this subject, till I have briefly sketched the portraiture of the Holy City and her adjacent territory, as I beheld it.

"*How doth the city sit solitary!*" All who have walked around Jerusalem must have felt this. No suburbs—no surrounding busy population—none of the stir and activity of enterprising life is to be seen. The wall of Jerusalem lies about her like a fetter; and the hand of oppression crushes her. She is captive and hopeless. A few goats and sheep, straggling about the rocks which overhang the shattered remains of the village of Siloam—a few swarthy shepherds plying their listless occupation—with here and there a fierce and armed Bedawee from the surrounding deserts and mountain fastnesses, and now and then a cowled monk or wandering pilgrim—steal in upon the picture; and except it be the sound of the Muezzin from the minarets, proclaiming the hour of prayer to the followers of the false prophet, you may sit on the hill slopes, on either side, for an hour together, and not hear the vibration of a human voice from that spot which once echoed to the strains of sacred song, and royal triumph, and national glory, and enterprising ardor. Alas, alas! "How doth the city sit solitary!"

I shall now present a narrative of my pursuits in Jerusalem, as I find them recorded in my journal at the time. But before I proceed, I would briefly state my mind in reference to what are called the sacred localities—that is, those spots which are reputed to be the scenes of the various events recorded in sacred history. They resolve themselves into two classes. Those of the first class consist of such as admit

of proof from the page of Scripture and other authentic sources, and are independent of the mere traditions and legends of popery—such as Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Brook Kedron, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Valley of the son of Hinnom, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, and others of which there is no doubt. Those of the second class, are such as have been seized upon for the purposes of superstitious usage; such as the alleged actual spot of the crucifixion and sepulture of our adorable Redeemer, and those where he was bound and scourged when living, and in which his body was prepared for the burial, when dead—and such like. With regard to the former, we have all the proof which the nature of the case admits of—nay, all we should desire. But as to the latter, superstition lays itself open to the charge of endeavoring to prove too much. That the transactions so sought to be minutely localized, transpired *somewhere about*—and *possibly* on the very spots assigned, I would not venture to doubt. But when I see so many of them huddled together within the narrow confines of the church of the holy sepulchre, my mind feels perplexed and confined in the contemplation of them; and the solemnity of thought and feeling is invaded by the tinsels and trappings and gildings and illuminations, and mere monkery under which they are obscured. Could we but sweep away the popery and superstitious guardianship which pollute and degrade the holy places, the believing heart might expand over them with unrestricted freedom and delight. I could but feel indignant and disgusted at seeing the alleged Golgotha, and the place of the holy sepulchre invaded by the presence and power of a church which exalts the Virgin Mother above her mediating, redeeming and triumphant Son. No!—— Let me sit on the Mount of Olives, from which the whole city is distinctly visible—let me get my heart attuned to the sweet music of holy meditation, till it glows with renewed energy of faith, and then let me look forth upon all these things *in the main;* let me feel that I am gazing on the *whole scene* of my adorable Redeemer's humiliation and triumph;

that there the vast sacrifice was offered, and the all-effectual atonement accomplished—that there—in that spot on which my eye now rests in the energy of recollection—He was delivered for my offences, and raised again for my justification —and I am content. But bring me back, amidst the stage-play scenery of these garnished localities, and the deep sensation produced by a suitable presence of venerable scenes, evaporates in doubtfulness and disquietude of mind. View sacred scenes in their naked reality, and the truths connected with them swell into their proper immensity as the mind receives and acts on them. View them as superstition presents them, and the mind labors at the conception, if it does not even count them little. And I am sure that in proportion to the healthy simplicity of our Christian faith, is the delight we experience while surveying sacred spots, in the main; and the contempt which we feel for all that would interfere with our more massive and enlarged perceptions. The *whole* of Jerusalem is rendered illustrious as the scene of redemption, just as the *whole* of Horeb is made glorious as the scene of a divine legislation; and as the *whole* of the wilderness is made venerable as the scene of Israel's wanderings, and as connected with the opening of a dispensation towards man, the final glories of which are yet to be developed.

Next to the solemn joy I experienced on entering the Holy City, was the delightful anticipation of finding there the newly consecrated bishop of a Church occupying the same spiritual foundation as that on which the Church of Jerusalem stood, when James—the faithful witness and first bishop, there sat in the seat of authority to uphold and promote "the faith once delivered to the saints." It was no small joy, after wandering so long in unchristian wilds, to be received and welcomed by him—the spiritual overseer of our infant church in that sacred city, and to meet dear Christian brethren, on whom holy hands had been laid—with them to hold sweet communion and to sing the Lord's song, though in a strange land.

Our first perambulation in Jerusalem led us to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. After due consideration of most that

has been written on the subject, I am inclined to the belief, that it really stands on the spot which is hallowed in our memories by the name of Calvary. It were an unprofitable task to bring together in this place all that may be adduced in the way of argument in support of this opinion. I therefore forbear. Nor will I weary my readers with any description of the Church itself, so abundantly and accurately described by others. I felt myself surrounded in it by the various kinds of popish apparatus with which I had become familiar—even to disgust, in France and Italy; and hastened through the mere exhibition that awaited me, perfectly convinced that if any of the scenes of our blessed Lord's humiliation and suffering were actually beneath that roof, they were as utterly obscured and disfigured by outward decoration, as His finished and perfect work of redemption effected there, is obscured and disfigured by the corruptions of an apostate church. I felt it to be just possible, and that was all—that the spot shown me as the actual scene of the crucifixion might indeed be that, and it might be a part of the rock, riven by the earthquake, which was enshrined near it; that the stone column, half concealed by iron work, might have been that to which our Lord was bound when scourged—that the small fragment of rude stone seen by the light of a small taper, through a kind of iron filigree, might have been the stone on which he sat to be crowned with thorns—and that the spot overhung with lamps, and covered with a white marble sarcophagus, with a kind of domed structure in the centre, might have been the place of our Lord's burial and resurrection; but when I saw the near juxtaposition of all these things—and knew, that in order to provide for the structure of the Church, the site had to be cut down and levelled; and when I reflected that on the very spot a heathen temple had stood, till removed by the Empress Helena, to make room for this Church; and moreover, when I bore in mind the purpose which all these things were to serve, and the spirit of that church which thus paraded these objects of curiosity—I did feel that after all they might not be what they professed. Yet all this could not do away with the

impression that *thereabouts* was indeed the scene of our blessed Lord's precious death and resurrection. But while there—even that impression failed to produce any satisfying effect upon my mind.

Far different was the feeling with which I stood on that commanding position—the roof of the Seraglio, or Governor's residence ; a poor mean building, filled with idle Turkish soldiers. From that spot a fine panoramic view of the city presents itself, which, while enabling the spectator to see it somewhat in detail, induces the mind to a contemplation of the contrast between its present and its former state. Amidst all the sad evidences of change, and traces of spoliation within the walls, it is delightful to glance upon the surrounding scenery, and to know that as the mountains ever stood round about Jerusalem, so they stand now, unchanged ; that prophets, apostles, martyrs—yea, their incarnate Creator himself—all have gazed on them as we behold them ; that though Jehovah frowns on them for a time, yet still they were once bathed in the glorious light of his favor, and again will be, when he shall cause his banished ones to return. The sun was nearly set when we reached the Seraglio ; but his last rich beams were cast in glowing magnificence upon the higher ridges of the Mount of Olives, on the east, and tinged the white domes and minarets of Jerusalem with a faint brightness, in which the solitary and widowed city seemed to smile sorrowfully amidst her tears.

From the roof of the Seraglio, which stands on the northern side of the ancient site of the Temple, we obtained a tolerably correct notion of that notable spot. Indeed this is the nearest point of view to which either Jews or Christians are permitted to approach. The Mosque of Omar, the Turkish cathedral of Palestine, in its poor tawdry and unarchitectural style, affords a melancholy contrast to the Temple, as imagination pictures it while reading the sacred narrative. It occupies the centre of the area, which is made quite level, and planted with cypress and other trees. As the sun was setting, the sound of the Muezzin bid the "faithful" to prayer ; and

soon, in various parts of the large area, groups of devout Musselmans were seen engaged in their wonted solemnities. How bitter must be the reflection of the thoughtful Jew, when gazing down on the spot in which Jehovah once placed his name; when he beholds on it the symbols of a perverted creed, and knows himself to be banished from its sacred precincts; when he sees the infidel triumphing where his buried fathers once sacrificed and worshipped; and Mahomet completing what Pagan Rome began.

On the following day we took a general survey of the exterior of the city, making our exit by St. Stephen's gate, on the eastern side, which is approached, from the Latin Convent, along the Via dolorosa—the supposed path by which our Lord went up to Calvary, bearing his cross; and if the Church of the Holy Sepulchre really stands on Calvary, it is probable that this street may be rightly designated. It is now a narrow, steep and rugged way, running nearly due east and west, and has two or three obscure streets branching off from it, one of which leads into the bazaars, and onwards to the Jews quarter, on the south. Passing out at St. Stephen's gate, the eye rests upon the Mount of Olives—that object of deep and enduring interest, with its white chalky soil, scattered over in parts with thin, spare herbage, and slightly overshadowed by fig, olive, and pomegranate trees. The Christian's heart vibrates as he gazes on it; and soon he almost instinctively inquires—

——"Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?—it must be near at hand."

—— Pass down yon winding path of steep and rocky descent, which your Saviour's feet so often trod, when he went forth to meditate and pray, and brace up his soul for its vast achievements—bear off a little to the right—descend into the deep valley of Jehoshaphat—cross that rude stone bridge which spans the narrow bed of the brook Kedron; and a few paces beyond—there—on the right, where those eight aged and twisted olives cast their quiet shade, fenced in by a rough wall of undressed stone—that is Gethsemane; and beyond—over the Mount, and off to the right, round its base, are the

several roads to Bethany. I beheld these scenes for a brief space, in silence, just to realize the fact; but I felt I had need of a certain preparation of mind and heart before I could set a pilgrim's foot upon their soil.

As we proceeded, I deemed it no small privilege to be surrounded by objects with which my Bible had long made me familiar; on my left, the valley of Jehoshaphat, with the village of Siloam and its fountain; before me, the valley of the son of Hinnom—the place of Tophet—and Aceldama, the field of blood, beyond it; on my right, the heights of Zion, crowded with memorials of David, and all his troubles and all his triumphs. But I recollect that every thing seemed shadowy and *representative*, rather than *real:* my mind wanted time to concentrate itself upon scenes such as these. The historical facts connected with them, and with the whole locality, had all, to me, in the rapid associations of the mind, a recentness about them, which chronology denied. The personages of sacred history seemed to be as near, as if they had been the men of but yesterday, and as if their recent biography might be heard from the lips of those who had lived and conversed with them, and beheld their achievements. Past ages came rolling back upon me while I stood in the midst of scenes which had supplied matters of record for all time and all memory—things which can never really grow old, intermingled as they are, and will be, with the various streams which make up the broad current of man's moral history from the beginning to the end. It is difficult to make other minds exactly sensible of the process which my own underwent while taking the first general survey of Jerusalem and its surrounding objects of eternally enduring interest. I think it can be understood only *at* Jerusalem. My Bible has ever since been almost like a new book to me. It is true, I do not *believe* any of its records the more for having been in Jerusalem; but I find an indescribable freshness and reality about every narrative as I peruse it, and as I suffer my recollection to bring the scene of it before me, whether it refer to the triumphs and the glory of David and of Solomon—the vengeance of Jehovah upon a favored

but faithless people, or the wonders of redemption effected for a fallen world.

I will now endeavor to bring together my observations upon the most interesting and unquestionable localities about the Holy City, without adhering to the order in which I visited them from day to day, during the three happy and privileged weeks which I spent there.

ZION. "Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments. Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following."* The rejoicing of Zion is hushed; the gladness of the daughter of Judah is changed into mourning: the towers and bulwarks of Zion have crumbled, and her palaces have become a desolation; generation has told to generation the severity of the judgments of Jehovah; and on that noble and ennobled spot, there is now seen the fulfilment of the prophecy—"Therefore shall Zion, for my sake, be ploughed as a field."† On her southern slopes she yields to the culture of the husbandmen; and thin, spare crops of grain and tobacco are scattered about. As I walked about Zion in her desolateness, and thought of the "City of David," and of the "Ark of the Lord" in the midst of the tabernacle that David there pitched for it; and as I stood at the gate of Zion, looking over to the south, down the slopes extending to the valley of Hinnom, the silence and almost solitude of the scene impressed me greatly How vast the change—how awful the cause! Instead of being the seat of enthroned majesty and glory, Zion is now a city of the dead. The bones of David himself—where are they? Were they laid in an obscure grave? Scripture affirms they were buried in the city of David.‡ Tradition says they repose on Mount Zion—the site of that city. The minaret of a small mosque points out the spot to which tradition bids us look. "Men and brethren," said Peter, when preaching Jesus and the resurrection, at Jerusalem—"Men and brethren, let me freely speak

* Psalm xlviii. 11—13. † Mic. iii. 12. ‡ 1 Kings ii. 10.

to you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and *his sepulchre is with us* unto this day."* Alas for poor humanity! Even David, himself—the man after God's own heart—what remains of him on the earth? A noble—a wondrous—a humbling history; dust—a grave—a tradition!

The larger half of Mount Zion is unenclosed by the city walls; and a considerable part of it is occupied by places of sepulture belonging to the Latin, Greek, and Armenian communities, and to the American Missionaries. The only buildings of any note are the mosque already mentioned, and a rude Armenian convent, said by the monks to occupy the site of the house of Caiaphas. And shall it be always thus? Shall the traces of divine indignation ever be visible? Faith says—no; and hope, rejoicing in promise—says, no! Though Zion has become a wilderness, and Jerusalem desolation†—though the Lord hath filled Zion with judgment,‡—yet He loveth her gates,§ He will do good unto her in his good pleasure,‖ He will save Zion and build the cities of Judah.¶

The Valley of Hinnom. Perhaps there is no better point of sight from which to view the valley of Hinnom, than that afforded by the southern slopes of Mount Zion. The lower bed of the valley lies at an almost startling depth, and is shaded by a great number of olive and pomegranate trees. The rocks on the opposite side are rugged and precipitous; but still it possesses an indescribable air of repose. Hushed are all those dreadful shrieks and cries which once echoed in the midst of it, when idolatrous parents sacrificed to Molech,** making their children to pass through the fire, and drowning their agonies amidst the braying clangor of musical instruments.†† The might of the good Josiah was displayed there—when he broke in pieces the idol Molech, cut down its polluted and blood-stained groves, and crushed the abomination of the

* Acts ii. 29. † Isaiah lxiv. 10. ‡ Isaiah xxxiii. 5.
§ Psalm lxxxvii. 2. ‖ Psalm li. 18. ¶ Psalm lxix. 35.
** See 2 Kings xxiii. 10. 2 Chronicles xxviii. 3.
†† It has been thought that the Hebrew word "*Toph*" —which signifies a loud musical instrument, gave the name of *Tophet* to this scene of idolatrous horror.

heathen. Formerly the refuse and filth of the city were cast into this deep valley, by command of Josiah, together with the dead bodies of malefactors and animals. And for the purpose of preventing infectious disease, the natural consequence of such deposits, devouring fires were kept continually burning—whence it was metaphorically called by the Jews, Gehenna—the place of eternal torments. Its present Arabic name is Wadey Jehennam.

The Field of Blood, &c. "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the Chief Priest and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed and went and hanged himself. And the Chief Priests took the silver pieces, and said, It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood. And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called the field of blood, unto this day."* "Now this man (Judas) purchased a field† with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers in Jerusalem; insomuch as that field is called in their proper tongue, Aceldama, that is to say the field of blood."‡ These Scripture narratives invest the potter's field with a gloomy and awful interest; and so far as I can learn, there seems every thing to favor the idea that the spot fixed on is the true one. Crossing the valley of Hinnom from Mount Zion, and bearing slightly towards the east, you make a steep ascent and reach the potter's field—a space of small extent, and evidently a place of sepulture. In the middle of it there is still a charnel

* Matthew xxvii. 3—8.

† St Matthew says the Chief Priests purchased the field; but here it is said that Judas did so. There is no real discrepancy, Judas *occasioned* the field to be purchased by the Chief Priests, by returning to them the money which they could not put into the treasury again.

‡ Acts i. 18, 19.

house. In the time of Sandys, one of our earliest writers, this building was roofed in, but is now open at the top. The dead bodies appear to have been admitted by apertures in the walls; "through which," says Sandys, "we might see the bottom, all covered with bones, and certain corpses but newly let down—it being now the sepulchre of the Armenians; a greedy grave, and great enough to devour the dead of a whole nation; for they say that the earth thereof within the space of eight and forty hours will consume the flesh that is laid thereon."* Even to this day, the potter's field is the accustomed place "to bury strangers in." Alas for the guilt and bitterness of heart with which that traitor Judas went forth with a suicide's determination to the potter's field! One's heart shudders while contemplating the picture. Let us beware of crying "Hail master," with a hollow-hearted profession, while we "crucify the son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

In the descent from the potter's field towards the valley of Jehoshaphat, the space, to a wide extent, is covered in every part with tombs cut in the solid rock, and some of them have the remains of enriched architraves. They are all very ancient. While standing in the midst of them and looking towards Mount Zion, the valley of Jehoshaphat runs off to the right, and is surmounted by the "high places of Tophet;" on the left it is joined by the valley of Hinnom. There is a passage in Jeremiah which I cannot help connecting with this extensive and once vastly crowded burial-place. If I am right in doing so, there still, however, remains a question whether it is entirely fulfilled. The prophet's words are these —"For the children of Judah have done evil in my sight, saith the Lord: they have set their abominations in the house which is called by my name, to pollute it. And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart. Therefore, behold the days come, saith the Lord, that

* Sandys, p. 187.

it shall no more be called Tophet, nor The valley of the son of Hinnom, but The valley of slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place. And the carcases of this people shall be meat for the fowls of the heaven, and for the beasts of the earth; and none shall fray them away Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride; for the land shall be desolate."* In the last verse of this passage, there certainly seems to be such a note of time, as should lead us to look upon the whole as fulfilled. The tradition continues to this day, that upon the heights, immediately above and about the place called Tophet (that is, upon the "high places of Tophet"—now called the Mount of Offence, or the Mount of Corruption), Solomon set up his idols and instituted the worship of Baalim, at the instigation of his strange wives—the women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites. The sacred historian distinctly declares that Solomon built "an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before (that is, toward the east of) Jerusalem; and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon."† Here there seems to be a local accordance with the words of the prophet. In the next place, a careful inspection of the spot in question, quite suggests the idea that burials had been really so multiplied there, that in Tophet, there was "no place" left for more. Here seems to be a circumstantial accordance. Every tomb is now empty and desolate, as if the carcases of the buried generations had been meat for the fowls of the heaven, and for the beasts of the earth; and in this there appears something like a second circumstantial accordance.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat. One of the most picturesque, and at the same time deeply interesting scenes, is the valley of Jehoshaphat, viewed from the brow of the hill descending from the high places of Tophet. There is a magnificence

* Jeremiah vii. 30—34. † 1 Kings xi. 1—10

in its outlining which lives in the memory. It cannot be forgotten. The bed of the brook Kedron lies along the lowest part of it; and, on either side—fig, olive, and pomegranates cast a lovely shade, while gardens of melons and cucumbers give an idea of fresh luxuriance. On either side of the valley, the heights are terraced, and in some places slightly cultivated; and the breadth of the valley is very bold and striking. Independent of all the heart-stirring associations which Scripture narrative gives rise to, the valley of Jehoshaphat, viewed from south to north, on the east side of the city, is a scene in which a gifted painter would luxuriate. On the right slope hangs the almost ruined village of Siloam; on the left, Ophel, Zion, and Mount Moriah, showing the noble site of the temple, full in the foreground of the picture, magnificently. Passing off again to the right, the eye rests upon the Mount of Olives, with its twofold ridge; and then, glancing downwards and along the shady bed of the valley, the view is terminated by the ridges of hills northward of the city. The sun was getting low when I first saw the valley of Jehoshaphat from the point of view to which I have referred; and the deepened and lengthened shadows, with the rich tintings of the sun, gave an indescribable lustre to it. It was a truly noble landscape.

The Mahommedans have a belief, that the Prophet will sit in judgment at the last day, and that the valley of Jehoshaphat will be the scene of that transaction. Projecting from the wall, above the golden gate, towards the valley, is a large stone, which, according to general Mussulman tradition, will be the seat of judgment. This notion may somehow have arisen out of a perverted view of those remarkable passages in the prophet Joel.* "For, behold, in those days, and in that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my

* Chap. iii. 1, 2, 12—16.

land. . . . . Let the heathen be awakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat; for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. Put ye in the sickle; for the harvest is ripe: come get you down; for the press is full, the fats overflow; for the wickedness is great. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining. The Lord shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem; and the heavens and the earth shall shake; but the Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the people of Israel" With a recollection of such passages as these in the mind—as yet unfulfilled by any events now on record, there is a deep and solemn interest attaching itself to every part of this noble valley. Whatever may be the full scope of the prophecy—it is evidently to be the scene of one of Jehovah's most signal interventions on behalf of his people. It was, indeed, with an awed mind that I walked in the valley of Jehoshaphat. There I felt God had indeed been—in fulfilment of prophecy; and there I was assured he will again manifest himself in the triumphs of his grace. And in this consideration lies much of the interest which one feels while sojourning in Jerusalem. One line of prophecy has terminated there; and others, yet in the womb of time, are rapidly tending to the same point. What a concentration of vast interest, then, is at this moment overhanging every hair-breadth of that wondrous and mysterious spot of the earth.

Descending the high places of Tophet, we entered the valley of Jehoshaphat at the southern end, where we found a threshing-floor, with several Arabs employed in winnowing corn. In the midst of it is a deep ancient well, commonly called Nehemiah's well; but most probably it is En-rogel, that is, the fuller's fountain, which is described in the book of Joshua as being on the south-east of Jerusalem, on the confines of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin.* If this idea be correct, then it was here that the ambitious aspirings of

* Joshua xv. 7, 8; xviii. 16.

Adonijah to the throne of Judah, were checked by the joyous proclamation that Solomon was king; for we read that Adonijah slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle by the stone of Zoheleth, which is by En-rogel, and called all his brethren the king's sons, and all the men of Judah the king's servants, to feast and to solemnize his anointing—"and, behold," said the prophet Nathan, "they eat and drink before him, and say, God save king Adonijah." The shout was borne upon the breeze from Gihon, and echoed by assembled thousands, "so that the city rang again—God save king Solomon." . . . . . "And all the guests that were with Adonijah were afraid, and rose up, and went every man his way. And Adonijah feared because of Solomon, and arose, and went, and caught hold on the horns of the altar."* The Arabs now call this well *Bir-Eyoub* (the well of Joab), perhaps in reference to the part taken by Joab in the memorable transactions just referred to.

Not far from this spot, but nearer towards the entrance to the valley of Hinnom, stands an aged white mulberry tree, casting its lengthened and spreading limbs over a wide space, and generally affording shade to Arabs who recline beneath it when the sun is high. It has been preserved with great care; and its roots are fortified by a terrace or platform of rough stones. It is said to mark the scene of the cruel martyrdom of the prophet Isaiah, by the command of Manasseh; but upon what kind of proof I am not prepared to say.

Further on in the valley of Jehoshaphat is the pool of Siloam, and beyond it the fountain of Siloam, connected by an under ground conduit. The former is supplied by the latter. And have these waters flowed on ever since the day, when Jesus said to the blind man (having anointed his eyes with clay), "Go wash in the pool of Siloam?" Have they been instrumental to the wonder-working power of the "Son of Man?" Oh delightful reality to be assured of, when seeking the stream at its fountain!

Passing the village of Siloam, overhanging the valley on the right, we reached the fountain. It is at the bottom of a deep cavern—partly artificial as I conjecture, and approached

* See the whole of 1 Kings, i.

by two flights of steps formed in the rock itself, worn almost dangerously smooth by frequent use. We found many Arabs —men and women, busily employed in drawing up water in skins, standing up to their knees in the fountain. Sheep, camels, and other cattle from Siloam, were waiting around to receive their portion. We descended, but were prevented tasting those waters "that go softly,"* by reason of the defilement which the Arab employment occasioned. But it is something to have been thus permitted to gaze on them.

The valley of Jehoshaphat and its massive sides are rich in objects of enduring interest. On the eastern side of the brook Kedron, immediately opposite that part of Mount Moriah once occupied by the temple, is the Jewish burial-ground of all ages. It is literally paved with small and roughly-hewn slabs, having Hebrew inscriptions. To lay his bones in the valley of Jehoshaphat, has been ever the object of earnest desire with the devout Jew; and many a weary pilgrimage has been made from the most distant parts of Europe, in order that another and another might have the privilege of sleeping with his fathers in this valley. The Jewish heart clings with infantine freshness to Jerusalem and her sacred precincts. Distance does not diminish the attraction. Sorrow and affliction only heighten it. But is it not an awful, an overwhelming thought, that when every one of those graves shall be opened by the power of Christ's resurrection, and buried ages shall arise and stand before the triumphant Messiah, their eyes—the eyes of them that pierced, shall gaze upon him, and wail because of him,† and mourn hopelessly over that rooted unbelief which obscured every bright vision of bliss in this life, and which will overhang with clouds of despair, the morning of their resurrection?

Advancing northward, with the Mount of Olives still on the right, and the battlemented walls of the city on the left, there are on the east side of the valley, several sepulchral monuments of considerable antiquity, rendered interesting by being associated with the names of Zechariah, James, Jehoshaphat,

* Isaiah viii. 6. † Revelation i. 7.

and Absalom; in support of which there is, however, little more than a vague tradition. These tombs, for the most part, have the appearance of being constructed by the usual process of masonry, but in reality they are hewn out of the solid rock; and in a style of architecture partaking of the early Egyptian, and the Greek; "a link," as has been observed, "between the Pyramids and the Parthenon." No entrance, either to the tomb of Zechariah or Absalom, has yet been discovered; and they appear in reality to be solid within. Instead of actually marking the place of sepulture, it seems most probable that these structures are merely cenotaphs, commemorating and committing to tradition, the memory of those persons whose names they bear. That of Absalom, who was no doubt buried in the wood where he perished,* may possibly be the pillar which he had reared unto himself in the king's dale.† There is no doubt that the Jews believe this to be the case; and they express their abhorrence of his name and character by casting a stone at the tomb as they pass. Some persons have argued for the positive antiquity of these tombs, by alleging that the Grecian enrichments have been added in a more modern age; and that such is the "*garnishing*" of the sepulchres of the righteous to which our Lord referred, when rebuking the Scribes and Pharisees for their hypocrisy.‡ But Dr. Clarke rejects the idea; and thinks that the proof of their antiquity is seen in the tombs themselves, notwithstanding the admixture of Egyptian and Grecian styles. He observes, "The columns are of that ancient style and character which yet appear among the works left by Ionian and Dorian colonies, in the remains of their Asiatic cities; particularly at Telmessus, where even the inscriptions denote a period in history long anterior to the era when such a modification of these ancient structures might have taken place."§ However, without endeavoring to establish what at the best must be conjectural, it is delightful to find here, under the very walls of Jerusalem, a kind of evidence to prove

* 2 Samuel xviii. 17. † 2 Samuel xviii. 18. ‡ Matthew xxiii. 29.
§ Dr. E. D. Clarke, Vol. IV. 373, 374.

that the facts of Scripture history have lived in the memories of men of far distant ages, in complete correspondence with the inspired records.

GETHSEMANE. "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder. And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. And he cometh unto his disciples and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time, and prayed saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done. And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy. And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. 'And there appeared an Angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.'* Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest; behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me. And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail Master; and kissed him. And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came

* Luke, xxii. 43, 44.

they and laid hands on Jesus, and took him. And behold, one of them which were with Jesus, stretched out his hand and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the High Priest's, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkset thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? In that same hour said Jesus to the multitudes, Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me But all this was done, that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples forsook him and fled. And they that had laid hold on Jesus, led him away to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled."*

This narrative must be understood and felt in its mysterious bearing upon the eternal prospects of our souls, before we can tread the dust of Gethsemane with a fitting impression of its sanctity. We must have a due sense of the marvellous nature of that Almighty Being, from whose flesh there was drawn forth the embittered avowal—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death;" we must have some acquaintance with the cause of that deep and unutterable anguish of soul which forced from his lips the reiterated petition, "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." And we must feel, too, that calm and fixed determination of heart and of purpose with which he stood forth, as the "Captain of our salvation," to be made "perfect through sufferings," for the purpose of "bringing many sons unto glory;" nor must we forget how omnipotence gave way, for power to lay its malignant and deadly hand upon him—though we cannot enter into the mystery of such submission; and when we have done all this, and got our minds imbued with the deep and awful pathos of

* Matt. xxvi. 36—57.

the narrative, we have gone but little way if we cannot add to it the appropriating assurance of faith, and say, "All this was for me—a lost sinner, and for my redemption."

Are you thus prepared?——Then, come to Gethsemane! weep, and be humbled there; and thence let faith go upward on her saving mission to the mercy seat. Tears of blood were there shed for you; and faith more than human, was there exercised for you; and fidelity unparalleled, was there displayed on your behalf. Come as a sinner should, who knows that the Father "spared not" his only Son, "but delivered him up"—on that very spot—"for us all," into the hand of cruel and wicked men. Alas! for the cause and the need.

At the base of the Mount of Olives, just over the brook Kedron, where the road to Jericho joins that to Bethany, on your right hand, lies a bare and sterile plat of ground surrounded by a wall of unhewn stone. It is shaded by eight aged and gnarled olive trees, upon which the suns of many centuries have risen and set. It is a place of loneliness and seclusion, overhung by the Mount of Olives on the one side, and the western heights of the valley of Jehoshaphat and the embattled walls of Jerusalem on the other. It is just such a spot as a soul, desiring to be alone with God, would choose, when the shades of evening were gathered over it. Such is Gethsemane. I have gazed down upon it from the heights on either side. I have traversed again and again its length and breadth. I have mused and meditated and prayed beneath its venerable shade; and in my mind it possesses a charm beyond all other scenes in the world; for I cannot doubt—none I believe have ever doubted of its identity.——And to think, that to that very spot, "Jesus ofttimes resorted with his disciples;" —that there God incarnate walked and wept and agonized and prayed and submitted! ——

That the olive trees now growing in Gethsemane have sprung from the roots of those existing in our Lord's time, is I think very probable. Their size, apparent age and general character, indicate it. It is likely that the original trees were

standing when, in preparation for his siege, Titus cut down all the timber around the city; but there is no reason for supposing that he would be at the labor and cost of removing the roots of trees felled for such a purpose. It is well known that the bole of the olive tree, when its trunk has been felled, will in due time send forth shoots or suckers in great numbers, which grow up intertwined, so as to form one compacted stem. Upon a careful examination of some of these venerable trees, such is their appearance. They bear upon them the proof of having grown in the manner I have described. Their roots, which are very large and wide-spreading, are, in many parts, far above the surface of the soil. They are protected by earth and stones, heaped up against them. At the south-eastern corner is a small space fenced off, which tradition has marked as the scene of Judas's act of treachery. It is called "terra damnata." Near that spot is a ledge of rock on which it is said the disciples reclined when "their eyes were heavy." But I needed not this attempt at minute identification, while I knew, that somewhere within the compass of that small plat of ground, the Saviour awaited the consummation of treachery, and uttered the mild remonstrance—"Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

The Mount of Olives. The Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives are as familiar to my memory while I write, as the scenes of my early childhood. Scarcely a day passed in which I did not either visit, or gaze on them at a distance, while sojourning in the Holy City. Of the identity of the Mount of Olives there can be no doubt whatever. Its relative position is distinctly stated in Scripture. It is said to be "before Jerusalem on the east."* It was this certainty, in regard to the main features of Judea, that made me more indifferent to those minute particulars on which religious enthusiasts have been wont to dwell, as seen by them through the misty medium of monkish tradition.

There are three particulars of the deepest interest which

* Zechariah xiv. 3.

take possession of the mind when contemplating the Mount of Olives. The first is, that it was the scene of David's sorrow and humiliation, when he fled before the face of Absalom. The whole narrative† is affecting in the highest degree:—"There came a messenger to David, saying, The hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom. And David said unto all his servants that were with him at Jerusalem, Arise, and let us flee; for we shall not else escape from Absalom. Make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly, and bring evil upon us, and smite the city with the edge of the sword..... And all the country wept with a loud voice, and all the people passed over; the king also himself passed over the brook Kedron, and all the people passed over towards the way of the wilderness. And, lo, Zadok also, and all the Levites were with him, bearing the ark of the covenant of God: and they set down the ark of God: and Abiathar went up, until all the people had done passing out of the city..... And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up. And one told David, saying, Ahithophel is among the conspirators with Absalom. And David said, O Lord, I pray thee, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness. And it came to pass, that when David was come to the top of the mount,..... he worshipped God." The troubles of David have ceased: the deceitful counsel of Ahithophel prevails not; the treason of Absalom is powerless: the sound of weeping is hushed, and the signs of humiliation are no longer seen: the dust of the grave is mingled with the dust of David, of Zadok, Abiathar, and the multitudes who accompanied the weeping monarch—but—there lies the path which they trod—it is the same: the bed of the brook Kedron is the same: the Mount of Olives is the same. The memory of David, of his glory and his troubles, has long grown old;

† See the whole of 2 Samuel xv. and xvi.

but the scenes in which he wept and worshipped and triumphed, are the realities of all time.

But a greater and more glorious one than David, and one more humbled and abased than he, has sanctified the Mount of Olives, with his frequent—his habitual presence. It was Jesus of Nazareth—God manifest in the flesh. Yes—God incarnate trod those very paths, which my sinful feet so often pressed; and ascended those slopes, over which I many times essayed to follow him in spirit. If He chose the Garden of Gethsemane and its lonely seclusion, as the scene of his last spiritual agony before his betrayal, it was to the Mount of Olives that he resorted—from the din and stir of the city, and the strife of tongues—to pour out his soul in secret communion with the Father, to meditate on the marvels and mysteries of redemption, and to brace up his human energies for an achievement, the glory of which should be seen throughout the world, and felt eternally in the universe. If it was on Calvary that he determined, by dying, to abolish death and to bring immortality to light by the gospel—it was from Mount Olivet that he ascended up on high—leading captivity captive; and it was there too that he condescended to give to his church one of the most distinct assurances of his second coming; for while his wondering disciples beheld him taken up, and the cloud receiving him out of their sight—behold two men stood by them in white apparel (heavenly messengers of his own providing), who also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven.* And if there was any thing capable of nerving the hearts of his amazed disciples in the prospect of being left in trust with the gospel, in the midst of a stubborn and perverse generation, who had imbrued their hands in his blood—and cried—"His blood be upon us and upon our children;" if any thing that could make them hopeful and determined in the fulfilment of their high commission derived from him—it was the pro-

* See Acts i. 9—11.

mise and divine assurance which he gave them on that sacred mount—"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." How affectingly solemn must have been the picture, when the bereaved disciples, with heads bowed low upon their bosoms, returned down those venerated heights—glanced with absorbing recollection on the Garden of Gethsemane as they passed, and entered the Holy City, which had so recently been the scene of the most marvellous transactions ever recorded, either in the word of truth or in the heart of man; how heart-stirring must have been the first solemn meeting—in that "upper room, where abode, both Peter and James and John and Andrew, Philip and Thomas, Bartholomew and Matthew, James the son of Alpheus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James," where they "all continued with one accord in prayer and and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus and with his brethren." And it is a deep sense and perception of these things, in all their reality, with more than the heart can utter as associated with them, which pervades the mind, when standing under the walls of Jerusalem, and gazing upwards to the Mount of Olives. I never felt—more than at this moment, while I am writing, the feebleness of a man's pen to develop to others the inward impressions of his heart, made by an undoubted sense of divine truths, and the presence of scenes from which they sprung forth in all their vastness and magnificence. As a redeemed soul—I stood amidst the scenes of my redemption. Faith could look around; and without a single doubt to break in upon the absorbing vision, could exclaim—here, from this very spot has burst forth every ray of that blessed hope, to which the tearful eyes of guilty, repenting and believing men may securely turn.

There is a day coming (is it far distant?—Lord hasten it!) a day in which there will be heard a cry which sin shall not check nor prejudice confound, nor unbelief stifle—a cry that

shall ring throughout Jerusalem, and on the top of every mountain, and in the depths of every valley of Judea; thousands shall utter it; thousands shall rejoice in it; millions will wither at it; the dead shall hear it from the dust of dissolution in which they have slumbered since the streams of time flowed on with those of death; and the cry will be—"BLESSED BE HE THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD;" and Mount Olivet will be the scene, not of a Saviour's humiliation as it has been, but of his final and glorious triumph, when he shall come to gather all nations—to bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and to plead with them there for his people and for his heritage Israel: when the heathen shall be awakened and come up into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and when He will sit to judge all the heathen round about: yes—"His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east; and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley: and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south."* What a clustering of august associations does the mind at once perceive around the Mount of Olives. The lapse of more than eighteen centuries has not diminished, but heightened them.

With humbled and adoring hearts, let us ascend the Mount. As we pass the Garden of Gethsemane—let us pause a moment, and weep with the tears of a godly sorrow, and believe with renewed energy of faith. It were a blessed exercise for the soul.

Those two rugged pathways which mark the face of the Mount, and a third which winds off to the south, under its brow, all lead to Bethany. Fig, olive, and pomegranate trees overshadow them here and there. The ascent is sometimes steep; but the emotions of the heart give agility to the footsteps. Midway upwards, we reach the spot from which tradition says that the Lord Jesus beheld Jerusalem and wept over it—a point from which every part of the city is visible

* Zechariah xiv. 4.

and it seems to stand on an elevation equal to that from which it is viewed, while the extreme clearness of the atmosphere helps to exhibit its details in all their minuteness. When Jesus beheld the city and wept over it—the temple was there—in the fore front, on Mount Moriah; and the glory which has departed, was there too. The Jewish heart was big with its own vain swellings; and pride and unbelief were at their height amidst the thousands of Jerusalem, while Jesus gazed on their noble habitation, and traced the secret, as well as the open workings of every soul within it, and knew the intentions of the Father's mind, while he yearned over a people whom he loved even in their apostacy and hardness. Oh! it was an awful moment. "When he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee: and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."* It was indeed a heart-stirring thing, to hear, as it were, on that very spot within sight of Jerusalem herself, the voice of Jesus speaking as a prophet; and, looking forwards and around, to behold the real traces of an exact fulfilment, achieved by himself as the mighty God of Hosts. History became reality as we gazed upon the scene.

The view from the western slopes of the Mount of Olives is, as a picture only, extremely magnificent—color, form, composition—all are in the finest order: but the mind, however, touched by such things as these, in scenes with which no hallowing recollection is associated, soon wanders from the mere picture, and gives itself up to reflectiveness. On what do my eyes now rest? On Mount Moriah; and one seems to hear a voice, sounding back from buried ages—"My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a

* Luke xix. 41—44.

burnt offering?" I continue to gaze, and think how David the king, when the Lord sent an angel to Jerusalem to destroy it with pestilence because he had numbered the people, lifted up his eyes and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and the heaven, having a sword drawn in his hand, stretched out over Jerusalem; and how he and the elders of Israel, who were clothed in sackcloth, fell upon their faces: and how David said unto God, "Is it not I that commanded the people to be numbered? Even I it is that have sinned and done evil indeed: but as for these sheep, what have they done? Let thine hand I pray thee, O Lord my God, be on me and on my father's house, but not on thy people that they should be plagued." It seems but the transaction of yesterday. And as I still linger about the Holy City and its precincts, I remember that there God dwelt between the cherubim in the house which Solomon had built for Him, whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain: that there, morning and evening, was slain the lamb which typified an availing sacrifice under a better covenant; that there too, the testimony was given, that the way into the holiest by the blood of Jesus was made manifest, by the rending of the vail of the temple from the top to the bottom; that not far distant was heard, amidst the prevailing darkness, from the sixth to the ninth hour, that bitter and mysterious cry—*Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani*—My God, my God, *why* hast thou forsaken me? and the last agonizing, triumphant declaration—"*It is finished!*"—that there the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened; that there too, after an awful and dread suspense, the purpose of God in Christ, prevailed over unbelieving malignity—and the fact was divinely declared—"I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here; for HE IS RISEN, AS HE SAID."

The view from the Mount and from its slopes eastward, is extensive and delightful; embracing, as it does, so many interesting Scripture localities, such as the chain of the mountains of Moab, and parts of the Dead Sea, towards the east

and south-east—the valley, and part of the plains of Jordan and beyond these, though not admitting of exact distinction, are Bethpeor, Gilead, Pisgah, and the height of Mount Nebo; while to the north-west stands Ramah—the birth-place of Samuel. In the foreground, on every side, the eye traverses a vast, ocean-like undulation of bare and arid mountain-tops and valleys. On the eastern side of the Mount, about two miles distant from Jerusalem, lies Bethany—that centre point of so many tender and delightful recollections—but not visible from any spot that I could find. I gathered a few olive leaves from the sacred and venerable soil; and when I look on them, my mind is crowded with associations which cannot pass away while the power of memory lasts. I quit the Mount of Olives with reluctance. I could invite my reader to wander about it with me for hours; but my narrow limits forbid the enjoyment.

Bethany. It was the home of Martha, of Mary, and of Lazarus. It was our blessed Lord's chosen and beloved place of resort; and where words of heavenly wisdom flowed from his lips into the ears of the listening, attentive Mary. How often his sacred feet have pressed the path by which we approached; and how honored was it on that memorable occasion, when there was fulfilled in him the saying of the prophet—"Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold thy king cometh unto thee, meek and sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass," and when a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; while others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way; and when the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.*

It was a lovely afternoon when we set out for Bethany. And Bethany is a lovely spot, though but a scene of ruin and poverty. It is inhabited by a few families of Fallaheen Arabs, who gain a scanty subsistence from their flocks, and small cultivation round about. Though occupying an ele-

* Matthew xxi. 8, &c.

vated site, it is yet overshadowed, on the north and west, by the Mount of Olives; and, looking towards the south-east, presents a view of parts of the plains of Jordan and the Dead Sea. It is rather thickly surrounded and interspersed with fig, almond, olive and pomegranate trees; and though the soil is good, yet, for the most part, it lies miserably neglected. It is a place of the most charming seclusion, such as imagination would picture as a fitting scene for that retirement which the quiet spirit of our adorable Redeemer loved and sought. —— And where is Lazarus—where Mary—where Martha? And where is the roof under which the family which Jesus loved, so frequently received their divine and condescending guest? Where was it that Jesus and Mary sat—when with tender earnestness he reproved the "cumbered" Martha, admonishing her that but one thing was needful, and reminding her that Mary had chosen the good part which should not be taken from her? Where too is the tomb at which "Jesus wept," and in the energy of his resurrection-power, cried "Lazarus, come forth," and "he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes?" Tradition only is left to give the doubtful answer; and it is enough for the heart in which a realizing faith has taken up its abode. This thought I, is Bethany—of that fact there is no doubt. And hereabouts, Martha, Mary and Lazarus dwelt—here Jesus sojourned—here Lazarus arose from the dead. It was not with any strong sense of identity, that I descended into the tomb to which local tradition directed us. I just felt that it might be so; and that there, in that dark cavern, Jesus gave proof of his declaration—"I am the resurrection and the life." The descent to the tomb, shown as that of Lazarus, is made by twenty-six steps, formed from the rock in which the tomb itself has been cut. It is perfectly dark, and can be explored only by the light of tapers. The steps lead to a chamber of, perhaps, twelve feet square, and of sufficient height for a person to stand without stooping. From this there is a second descent, communicating with a smaller vault, but of sufficient size to hold three or four bodies. This latter is said to be the place of sepulture from

which the resurrection of Lazarus was effected. I have no satisfactory grounds on which to doubt the actual identity of this tomb; and the disposition of my mind is rather to cherish than discard this idea. But whether the tradition be rightly founded or not, yet there is no doubt that it exhibits the *kind* of tomb in which the dead body of Lazarus was laid. We found some pilgrims at Bethany—Russians and Germans—who seemed fully to enter into the tradition.

The recollection of Bethany, with its charming seclusion and holy associations, often steals through my mind, when anxiety and care and trial make my heart crave for repose. But—farewell to Bethany, in its reality. The mental picture is as permanent as the mind on which it is traced. We returned to Jerusalem by the southern height of the Mount of Olives, through the village of Siloam, the valley of Hinnom, and entered by the Zion gate.

The Road to Emmaus, &c. Quitting Jerusalem at the Bethlehem gate, you wind off in a north-westerly direction, and soon enter upon the road leading to Emmaus, Jaffa, and Ramleh. We did not visit Emmaus, but were desirous of traversing some part of that road in which the Lord Jesus presented himself to two of the disciples after his resurrection. The distance of the remains of Emmaus from Jerusalem exactly accords, I believe, with the Scripture narrative, which makes it "about threescore furlongs." I thought of those two disciples as they journeyed on, talking together of the marvellous things which had recently happened in Jerusalem; and of Jesus drawing near to them as they communed together and reasoned:—"What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?". . . . . "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass in these days?" . . . . . "What things?" . . . . . "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people; and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. But we trusted that it had been he which

should have redeemed Israel; and, besides all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre; and when they found not his body, they came, saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even as the women had said; but him they saw not." . . . . . "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself." While dwelling on this affecting narrative, I could well conceive of the two disciples saying, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" Of what a heavenly teaching, from the lips of the risen Saviour, was this road to Emmaus the scene. What a grasp of exposition—beginning at Moses and the prophets—passing through all the Scriptures! Prophecy and type, shadow and symbol—all brought out in their full blaze of truth, were made to concentrate their bright rays in one focus upon himself.

The road to Emmaus is evidently the ancient one. It is now extremely rugged, and covered with large rough stones. From this road we turned off after a while, upon that leading to Damascus. I thought of Saul, who on that very road went forth, in the days of his unholy and misdirected zeal, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord;" and I could but contrast the spirit in which he returned to Jerusalem, having seen the Lord by the way. He went forth a bitter persecutor. He returned a humble and devoted believer. Turning off again towards the north, into the valley of the Kedron, we proceeded to visit "the tombs of the kings," as they are usually called; but as it would seem without sufficient warrant. The royal place of sepulture was, in all probability, within the walls of the city—on Mount Zion. The tombs are, however, exceedingly

curious, and serve admirably to illustrate the manner of sepulture among the wealthier Jews; and were such, no doubt, as Job had in mind, when he said, "Now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept; then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves."*

A path hewn in the rock leads down into a large area, in which stands a bold and spreading mulberry tree. The sides of the area are carefully squared. The entrance to the sepulchres is in the form of a portico, with exquisitely enriched cornices, and entablature, in which fruits and foliage are the principal ornaments. There is a great freshness still visible in this elaborate sculpture. On the left side of the portico, is the direct way of access to the several chambers; but so blocked up with stones as to be approached only by considerable compression of the limbs. I cannot give so good a description of the interior as that already afforded by Maundrell. "But within, you arrive in a large fair room, about seven or eight yards square, cut out of the natural rock. Its sides and ceiling are so exactly square, and its angles so just, that no architect with levels and plummets could build a room more regular; and the whole is so firm and entire, that it may be called a chamber hollowed out of one piece of marble. From this room you pass into six more, one within another, all of the same fabric with the first. Of these, the two innermost are deeper than the rest, having a second descent of about six or seven steps into them."

"In every one of these rooms, except the first, were coffins of stone, placed in niches in the sides of the chambers. They had been at first covered with handsome lids, and carved with garlands; but now, most of them were broke to pieces by sacrilegious hands. The sides and ceilings of the rooms were always dropping with the moist damps condensing upon them, to remedy which nuisance, and to preserve these chambers of the dead polite and clean, there was in each room a small channel cut in the floor, which served to drain the drops

* Job iii. 13, 14.

that fall constantly into it. But the most surprising thing belonging to these subterraneous chambers, was their doors, of which there is only one that remains hanging, being left, as it were, on purpose to puzzle beholders. It consisted of a plank of stone, of about six inches in thickness, and in its other dimensions equalling the size of an ordinary door, or somewhat less. It was carved in such a manner as to resemble a piece of wainscot. The stone of which it was made, was visibly of the same kind with the whole rock; and it turned upon two hinges in the nature of axles. These hinges were of the same entire piece of stone with the door, and were contained in two holes of the immoveable rock, one at the top and the other at the bottom."*

As we were returning we found a poor lunatic woman, whose dwelling was among the tombs, sitting on some fragments of stone. We were informed that there were two others, in like manner inhabiting those scenes of death and decay; but we saw only this one. She was a melancholy object. It is a common thing now, as in our Lord's time, for helpless lunatics thus to flee from the ordinary habitations of men, and to dwell in a restless secluded manner among the tombs. There was a day, when a voice could have said, "Come forth thou unclean spirit," and its behest would have been obeyed, leaving the poor sufferer sitting clothed, and in her right mind. But that day is now past.

Riding towards the northern side of the city, we went through extensive olive grounds, a few vineyards, and several plats of ground planted with tobacco; and having approached near the Damascus gate, we visited a cave formed in a ledge of rock, said by the monks, to be the place in which Jeremiah wrote his book of Lamentations; and also a muddy subterraneous place, affirmed to be the dungeon, the filthy dungeon in which the prophet was so cruelly confined by consent of

* Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, pp. 76, 77; edition, 1721. The door referred to by Maundrell has been removed from its place, and now lies on the floor.

king Zedekiah, till delivered through the interference of Ebed Melech.* But where is the proof?

The Pool of Bethesda. Just within the walls of the city, on the eastern side, and near St. Stephen's gate, is a dry reservoir, the dimensions of which are—length, three hundred and sixty feet; breadth, one hundred and thirty feet; depth, about seventy feet. It is surrounded by a parapet; and on the north and west particularly, it is surmounted by the buildings of the city. It is a deposit for rubbish, and contains in some parts an overgrowth of herbage and a few trees. This is generally affirmed to be the pool of Bethesda. Its position renders it credible. The pool of Bethesda was certainly near the site of the temple, as this is, and not far distant from one of the city gates. This, as I have already said, is near St. Stephen's gate. And besides, there is no other spot in Jerusalem, at the present day, which can support a counter claim. Often, as I passed the pool of Bethesda, did my mind recur to that affecting narrative—"Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market, a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first, after the troubling of the water, stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole? The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the waters are troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming another steppeth down before me. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked."†

Having now touched, as far as my limits will allow, upon

* Jeremiah xxxviii. † John v. 2—9.

the principal scenes and objects of sacred interest in and about Jerusalem, I resume the order of my journal.

July 19th. The Lord's day—my first Sabbath in Jerusalem. Having been deprived of the public ordinances of the Church since quitting Naples, I looked forward during all my desert-route, with no small anticipation of joy, to the delightful prospect of joining in worship with the little church assembling on Mount Zion. How great the mercy of God, in permitting this sweet Sabbath season to dawn upon me in Jerusalem. I had, soon after my arrival, enjoyed the happiness of being welcomed to the Holy City by the good Bishop; and on the Sunday morning while I was musing upon the sacred exercises in which I hoped soon to join, I received a kind note from him, inviting me to read prayers. To be permitted to kneel as a humble worshipper on Mount Zion, was, I felt, quite enough: but I could not forego the spiritual delight of leading the devotions of others, on that sacred spot. It was an occasion which filled my heart with a calm joy. The service was conducted in a small temporary chapel—an "upper room," in which some of the first efforts of Mr. Nicolayson were made. There was an air of primitive simplicity about it, according well with the position which we at present occupy in Jerusalem. It overlooks the site on which the new church is in process of erection. The congregation consisted of about thirty persons. I listened with edification and thankfulness to a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Ewald, from John iv. 24—"God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." I felt as if I had a spiritual home on Mount Zion; and, while participating the holy exercises of the day, it seemed as if, after long wandering in unchristian lands, where all is wondrous and unfamiliar, I had at length come again within the green pastures of life, and was being gently led beside the waters of quietness.

The Bishop kindly invited us to attend evening service at his own residence, where it is usually conducted. The windows of the room in which we assembled, looked over the

city towards the Mount of Olives, on which the setting sun was shedding his last beams as we prepared for the service. It was a scene of sweetest serenity and beauty. To worship within sight of the Mount of Olives—there was indeed something charming in the idea. We spent a happy Sabbath evening—one which memory has often delighted to recall. The good Bishop—in kindly consideration of our arrival, gave notice of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the fol lowing Sunday, that we might there—on Mount Zion, have an opportunity of commemorating our adorable Redeemer's dying love; in addition to which, he invited me to preach on that occasion. I could not hesitate; though I felt a humbling sense of my unworthiness to proclaim Christ in his own royal city. Never did I look forward to a coming Sabbath with an interest so deep and solemn.

The intense heat of the sun made us glad to keep within the walls of the convent during the most trying hours of the day, while we sojourned in the Holy City. But we made frequent excursions, as we were able, so as to get an idea of its present state and condition: sometimes traversing its streets, at others, ascending the walls and poring among ruins. It is impossible to describe the loneliness which prevails at almost every part, except in those which are occupied by bazaars. The streets are mostly very narrow; and on either side, near the houses, there are raised footways, below which the horse and camel path lies, sometimes at a depth of eighteen inches or two feet. The surface of the stones is perfectly smooth, so as to require some caution in passengers, whether on foot or on horseback. Every aspect of Jerusalem is impressive to those who view it in the light of holy scripture.

While marking and musing upon the sadness which seems to overhang the "City of the great King," while trodden down of the Gentiles, often did my mind recur to the glowing picture of the New Jerusalem, coming down from God, adorned as a bride for her husband, as revealed by the Spirit to the beloved disciple at Patmos; often did I seem to hear the voice of Him who sat upon the throne, declaring, "Be-

hold, I make all things new." The prophetic description of the New Jerusalem (whatever may be the extent of its mystical signification) expands before the imagination, while gazing on the desolation of the old. "And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven phials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. And he carried me away in the spirit, to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, and like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: on the east, three gates; on the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; and on the west, three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them, the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the walls thereof. And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God

Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."*

"Behold, I make all things new."—It is to a grand process of renovation that both the provisions and promises of the gospel bid us look; and surely never can faith and hope act more intensely upon the prospect, than when the eye rests on the desolation of Judea, and the depression of Jerusalem; and when the heart contemplates the tribes of God's scattered people Israel. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory."

The number of Jews resident at Jerusalem is estimated at between five and six thousand; and in Palestine, altogether, at about ten thousand; but it is not easy to obtain very accurate information; for they themselves are unwilling to supply it, and are frequently swept away in great numbers by the plague. There is, however, a continual reinforcement of their numbers from various parts of Europe. A small portion of the resident Jews are engaged in little tradings, but constantly exposed to the oppression of the Turks. It appears that no part of the land of their fathers is at present cultivated by Jews. They are indeed strangers and sojourners only, in their own patrimony; and from the nominally Christian communities—the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Roman Catholics, they are said to experience the working of a spirit as bitter as that which the Turks display towards them. If you meet a solitary Jew in Jerusalem, he gives you the idea of a man walking in expectation of being stoned or insulted

* Rev. xxi. 9—27.

As a body, they are divided; hatreds, jealousies, and animosities prevail sadly amongst them. And as soon as any one is discovered to be an inquirer into Christian doctrines, he is deprived of all share of the funds remitted from Europe.

The number of Jews increased in Palestine considerably during the first five years of the government of Mehemet Ali; but within the last two or three years there has been but little increase. Most Jews who go to Palestine, are at an advanced period of life; and probably but ill prepared for those changes in climate and habit to which they are obliged to submit. The frequent recurrence of the plague, combined with other causes, seems to have acted as a hindrance to their increase, of late years. The reasons said to influence the desire of Jews to return to their own ancient territories are these:—1. The common belief among them, that every Jew who dies out of the land, must perform a subterraneous passage back to it, in order that he may rise from the dead in the valley of Jehoshaphat, where thousands of their fathers lie buried. 2. They have a notion, that to die in their own land, renders their final salvation certain, though it will not exempt them from "the beating in the grave, and the eleven months of purgatory." 3. They believe that those who reside there have immediate communion with heaven, and that their Rabbies are in a manner inspired. Jerusalem is the strong-hold of Rabbinism. 4. They expect the appearance of Messiah in Jerusalem; and look for national restoration through him.

The greater number of Jews who come to Palestine, are from Poland. Some come also from Russia; but at present there are great hindrances thrown in their way. There are some from Wallachia and Moldavia; a few from Germany; a few from Holland; but scarcely any from Britain. Those Jews who are subjects of the Ottoman Porte, are said to be of Spanish extraction. They come principally from Turkey in Europe, from Saloniki, Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Those who come from Asia Minor, are chiefly from Smyrna. Many have come from Africa, especially of late years, and

also from Morocco and the Barbary coast, from Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. There are a few from Alexandria and Cairo.

The greater number of the resident Jews are supported by annual contributions made by the various synagogues of their brethren, in other countries. They who possess some little property when they quit Europe for Palestine, very commonly make it over to friends, on condition that they remit them an annuity while they sojourn in the Holy Land. The sum which each individual receives from the annually raised fund, is very small. Five ducats, or about three pounds ten shillings for each man, is as much as can be expected, per annum. The plan now adopted for regulating the pecuniary provision is this. The sum raised in the various European synagogues is remitted altogether to Amsterdam, to a rich Jewish merchant, who for this purpose, is called the president of the Holy Land. This person remits it to the Austrian Consul, at Beyrout, who forwards it to properly authorised parties at Jerusalem, for distribution. The average amount may be about two hundred and eighty thousand piastres, or about two thousand eight hundred pounds. The poverty of the Jews in Palestine is very great, as may be reasonably expected from what I have already mentioned. The contributions from Europe have of late been smaller than usual; and when they arrive, instead of doing real good to any important extent, are a fruitful source of heart-burning and strife. There is no such thing as "brethren dwelling together in unity," in Jerusalem—no Jew trusts his brother. The expectation of some means of support from Europe, however small, induces many to live in idleness. Hence, there are said to be in the city four hundred acknowledged paupers; and five hundred more who actually receive charity. Many are so destitute, that without relief they would not be able to subsist during the winter season.*

* For valuable and deeply interesting information in reference to the Jews in Palestine, the recent publication of the Deputation from the Church of Scotland may be well consulted. Some of the above particulars have been obtained from that source.

No thoughtful and reflecting mind can regard the present state of the Jews—especially in Palestine, without feeling the force of that living commentary which they afford upon the pages of divine truth. They are witnesses for God, and for Christ, and for Christianity—in spite of themselves. When will the Church of Christ arise, and, in the broad sunlight of revelation, take up her proper position to the full on behalf of God's ancient people? I praise God, from my heart, that the Church of England is now beginning to do so; and that I was permitted, in Jerusalem, to see the commencement of her scriptural organization for that purpose. I think I can now believe, expect, and hope all things. Oh that we could see a vast and rapid increase at home, of those who "pray for the peace of Jerusalem," in the assurance that "they shall prosper that love her."

Just before I quitted Jerusalem, the foundation of the Church, which has been so long in intention, was completely laid and brought to a level with the surface—the present surface of Mount Zion. How delightful the thought—that the Church of England should be permitted, in the providence of God, to set up her banner there. May she be the honored channel through which the waters of life shall flow forth abundantly! May He whom the Father hath exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins—be there truly and fully set forth, that so eventually He may become, in the fulness of the divine purpose, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel.

The digging for the foundation has been a most laborious and costly process. So great have been the accumulations of soil, since Jerusalem has "become heaps," that until reaching the solid rock, at a depth of forty feet, no sufficient bed could be procured for the foundation. At that depth, then, the first stones were laid; and the Church will, in the fullest literal sense of the expression, be founded on the hill of Zion. The stone for the building is procured from a quarry a few miles north of the city, not far from a village now called

Anata, the ancient Anathoth—the birth-place of the prophet Jeremiah. It is of a fine, firm texture, and bears the tool of the mason admirably. Considerable progress had been made in the various departments of masonry when I was on the spot, and a great number of hands—some of them Arabs, and some Maltese, were employed in shaping pillars, arches, architraves, and other parts of the building, so as to be ready as the progress of the work might call for them.*

On every Friday, it is the custom for many Jews to assemble for humiliation and supplication, near the precincts of the sacred spot on which once stood the temple in its glory, but within which not one of them can now obtain admission. On one of these occasions we were present. The wall of the enclosure at that place, which is toward the west, is formed with stones of immense magnitude, and of such a kind and character as may favor the notion that they were once a part either of the temple itself or its boundary. Certainly, they are very unlike the materials of which the city and its present walls are constructed. They have been wrought with great care, and are bevelled off at their edges with great exactness and beauty. The Jews are said to have a persuasion that their prayers will find especial acceptance, when breathed through the crevices of that building of which Jehovah said —"Mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually." On reaching the spot, we found a row of aged Jews sitting in the dust in front of the wall, all of them engaged in reading or reciting certain portions of the Hebrew scriptures. There was no such outward manifestation of strong emotion as I had been led to expect; but yet every one appeared to be intently occupied, and but little disturbed by the approach of European strangers. Among them were several Jewesses, enveloped from head to foot in ample white veils. They stepped forward to various parts of the ancient wall, kissed them with great fervency of manner, and uttered their pe-

* Since this was written, the work has been suspended by order of the Turkish Government—an event not much feared at one time. The final issue of it is yet to be seen.

titions in a low whisper, at the points where the stones came in contact. I thought of Israel. when by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept; and could not but lift up my heart for the hastening of the time when their King shall be again in the midst of them—no longer in humiliation, but in glory, and when all "shall know him, from the least to the greatest."

I remember Sunday, the twenty-sixth of June, as one of the most deeply interesting and affecting days of my life. By five o'clock in the morning, I was descending the valley of Jehoshaphat, and paused a moment as I crossed the then dry bed of the brook Kedron, over which my Saviour had so often passed. I was on my way to the Mount of Olives, for a purpose in which he himself delighted. All was silent and motionless, as the rising sun of the Sabbath shed his glory on the sacred scene around me. I passed on to Gethsemane—alone in the flesh—but not in the spirit, I believe, and meditated within the bounds of that wondrous enclosure. I proceeded upwards to the first ridge of the Mount of Olives, and took my seat under the shade of a wide-spreading fig tree, in a spot which presented to me the Holy City—slumbering as it were in silent inactivity. I had met only a solitary Arab as I passed through the city towards the gate of St. Stephen; and while sitting on the Mount, not a single voice broke upon the sense of solitude which pervaded my mind. Often, amidst the stir and toil of active life at home, have I recurred to that season of sweet Sabbath repose which I enjoyed on the sacred mount, where my Saviour had so often passed his hours of secret communion with the Father. I will not attempt to lay bare the spiritual process of my soul, while there I prayed for divine light and guidance, and meditated on the portion of the Holy Word which I had been led to select, as containing the message I was that day to proclaim on the heights of Mount Zion. Again and again, I pondered over the precious passage—the words of Jesus himself—"AND THIS IS LIFE ETERNAL, THAT THEY MIGHT KNOW THEE THE ONLY TRUE

God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."* What a volume of imperishable truth do they contain! I have been privileged to set forth the truth as it is in Jesus amidst thousands in my own beloved country; and my heart has often glowed at the prospect, and expanded in the exercise; but now, in prospect of proclaiming life eternal in Christ, in the city from which the streams of life began to flow—I felt for a time borne down by the thought—"Who is sufficient for these things?" I returned, however, to the city, with a serene and happy heart; passed up the way along which Jesus bore his cross for me; and pausing for a brief space at the slope of Calvary—awaited the hour in which the little church of Christ should assemble in the "upper room" on Mount Zion The season of public worship was delightful and refreshing. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by the Bishop, assisted by Mr. Williams, his chaplain. It was a spiritual exercise to be had in continual remembrance, for its simplicity, solemnity and impressiveness.

In the evening, we attended the usual service at the Episcopal residence; after which, the Bishop kindly chanted for us the first chapter of the book of Lamentations, in the manner still observed by the Jews when bewailing the destruction of their temple and city. It was extremely plaintive and affecting; and filled the mind with saddening associations, while surrounded, as we were, by the proofs of Israel's desolation.

Before finally quitting Jerusalem, we resolved to make our visit to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan; and as our time was gliding rapidly away, we procured the attendance of Sheikh Hamdan—the Chief of the Arabs inhabiting that region, and settled the terms upon which he was to give us safe conduct to those interesting localities. I shall make the particulars of this excursion the subject of a separate chapter; and then bring my reader back with me to Jerusalem.

* John xvii. 3.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEAD SEA, JORDAN, &c.

Preparations for the Journey—Arab Pastimes—Plan of the Journey—Commencement of the Journey—Mountain-pass towards Mar Saba—Convent of Mar Saba—Tomb of Mar Saba—Route towards the Dead Sea—Sodom—Gomorrah, etc.—The Jordan—The Plain of Jericho—Jericho—Fountain of Elisha—Road between Jerusalem and Jericho.

It was on the thirtieth of June that we commenced our journey to the Dead Sea, and the scenes of Scripture-history connected with it. An addition was made to our party in the person of the Rev. John Rowlands, Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge—an old and dear friend, whom I had the happiness of meeting in Jerusalem, after several years of separation, which he had passed in Syria, Palestine, and various parts of the continent of Europe. If he should happen to take up this book, he will not be surprised at finding in it a record of the delight afforded me by our meeting.

With the Arabs, preparations for an expedition are generally attended with wearisome and harassing delays. It was so in this case. By four o'clock in the afternoon, however, all our preparations were made: tents, mats, cooking apparatus, &c.—all were packed and ready, after the manner of our desert-route. The party consisted of Sheikh Hamdan—a calm, dignified, and intelligent-looking Arab—the Chief or Regal Sheikh of the Dead Sea and the district lying between it and Jerusalem; eight Bedaween, of the same region and tribe, as guards, all of whom, as well as Hamdan, were mounted on Arab horses, and "armed to the teeth" with sabres, pistols, crooked knives in their girdles, and matchlock guns slung at their backs; and, in addition to these weapons, some carried the long Arab spear, with its tuft of camel's

hair, dyed black, surrounding the bottom of the blade—a fearful instrument in a dextrous hand. Great precaution is always taken in making this expedition, on account of a fierce and powerful tribe called the *Beni Sakhrs*, whose territory lies just on the eastern side of the Jordan; and between whom and the tribes on the west there is great jealousy, and who not unfrequently take measures for harassing pilgrims and others who visit these desolate regions. It is well, therefore, to take a considerable escort, and to show as many weapons—especially guns, as possible. Besides our guards on horseback, we had with us two mules and two asses, with drivers, to carry our tents and various other provisions for the journey—food, bedding, water-skins, and such like. Then there were our two servants, Hassenein and Abd'lawahyed, and Mr. Rowlands' servant, Giovanni—a Maltese, who was so armed, that he looked like an arsenal on horseback. Hassenein, too, being fond of arms, and a little quixotic in his habits, was girt about with an abundance also. We were all tolerably well mounted on Arab horses procured at Jerusalem, and made altogethera considerable party, somewhat formidable as well as picturesque, when winding our way among the mountain passes. The Turkish saddles, with their high pommels covered with crimson cloth, afford a safe and comfortable seat when once one gets accustomed to them; but the arrangement of the stirrups—placed far back, is disagreeable, and compels the rider to bend the knee in a very acute angle, which, upon a long journey, becomes excessively fatiguing.

Our Arabs were mostly fine dashing fellows—any one of whom, I should, however, have been extremely unwilling to meet alone on any hillside, except he were in my service, and had eaten of my bread. When they came to any open plain, they were fond of setting up a kind of mock fight among themselves, in order to give us some idea of their agility and dexterity. The picture which they presented was sometimes terrific; but yet, every action both of man and horse was graceful in the extreme. At one moment, some would be

seen in the hot pursuit of others, with the long spear poised and brandished, as if in an instant to transfix the fugitives; and then suddenly the pursued turned upon the pursuers, checking and bringing up their horses at speed, with wonderful dexterity, and, drawing their sabres, appeared ready for a deadly conflict hand to hand. For an instant, they seemed almost maddened, and rushed towards each other with a wild shout or war-cry. Then bounding off again at a fearful speed, and again mingling as if for a deadly mêlée—they would all at once break off with a loud laugh; and, returning to us, claim our applause, saying, "Tayeeb tayeeb Khowaga?" (Is it not very good, Sir?)

The plan upon which we made our journey, was, upon experiment, the most successful that could be desired. Most travellers have, I believe, found this expedition a great tax upon their strength, on account of the great heat of the plains and mountain passes, which generally exceeds the temperature of the surrounding country. It is, therefore, always looked upon as an arduous affair; and we set out with an apprehension that it would be as much as we could do to endure the heat. Even the Arabs themselves sometimes quail at it, especially when in the *Ghor*, or plains of the Jordan.

Most travellers, who take this journey from Jerusalem, proceed direct to Jericho on the first day, and there pitch their tents for the night. On the following morning they visit the northern shore of the Dead Sea, which is somewhere about two hours distant in a direct route; then the River Jordan, distant about an hour and a half from the Dead Sea, and return to their tents worn and exhausted by the almost intolerable heat. On the third day they commonly return to Jerusalem by the way they came, or by way of Mar Saba; in which latter case, they visit the Jordan first, and then the Dead Sea. We made our journey in a manner quite the reverse of this; and though it was performed on the thirtieth of June, and the two first days of July, yet we suffered no real inconvenience. Indeed, the severity of the heat was in

a great degree avoided. Having made the experiment so successfully, I would strongly recommend all travellers to do as we did, and make a condition about it, while bargaining with their Sheikh for the escort.

It was soon after four o'clock in the afternoon of the thirtieth of June, that we left Jerusalem by the Bethlehem gate; and, winding down the steep sides of Mount Zion, crossed the valley of Hinnom, by the place of Tophet, which brought us to a mountain pass, at the bottom of which is continued the bed of the brook Kedron, after it turns off from the valley of Jehoshaphat. Before entering the pass, we made a halt at Bîr el Eyoub (the well of Joab), in order to get all the party together. Our guards called to some Arabs loitering about the well, who brought us fresh sparkling water in buckets made of skins. We took a plentiful draught, and deemed it luxury. There is, after all, I repeat, no beverage to be compared with delicious water, in the estimation of an unvitiated palate. We formed altogether a wild and fanciful group while gathered together around Bîr el Eyoub; and when I thought of the nature of our expedition, I felt there was an indescribable sensation of romance connected with it. Before we moved from the spot, we were joined by a young Greek, two Russian pilgrims, and a Greek priest, all of whom had expressed a desire to join our party, in order to have that sort of protection against marauding Arabs which the appearance of numbers is calculated to afford. After all had satisfied their thirst, we resumed our journey.

The route lay south-eastward, between a rapid succession of hills of beautiful form and considerable magnitude, some of them partially covered with short grass and other herbage, and the others rugged and bare. The fantastically winding course of the brook Kedron was at our feet on the right; and beyond it, at about an hour and a half distant from Jerusalem, we found a rather large Arab encampment under the brow of a hill; and near it, numerous flocks of sheep and goats grazing. We were too distant to exchange salutations with the shepherds. An Arab encampment is unlike what many

would suppose. The tents are very low, not sufficiently high to admit of an adult person standing upright in them. They are pitched together in rows, and made of camel's hair, stained or dyed black. Altogether they are as unpicturesque as their inhabitants are the reverse.

The bridle ways in these mountain-passes not being wide enough for even two persons to ride abreast, except now and then for a few yards, we continued our route in lengthened procession, enlivening it as we might by snatches of conversation. Every part of the scene was extremely wild and beautiful; and it was quite surprising to see how our little compact Arab palfreys climbed and scrambled over the most difficult places which lay in our way, more like cats or monkeys than any thing else. Let them but have their heads, and take their own course, and they carry you through wonderfully. But if you try to show yourself wiser than your horse, it is ten to one but he may chance to stumble with you. I have tried the experiment.

After about three hours, the bed of the Kedron assumes a remarkably bold and peculiar aspect. It is, in fact, a vast and terrible chasm. I cannot venture to compute its depth. It appears as if ocean streams had once forced their wilful way through it, and made the stubborn rocks submissive. It winds rapidly and abruptly, and presents the appearance of a vast amphitheatre at every bend, in which the seats, or rather rows of seats, lying along in the greatest regularity, consist of the natural horizontal strata of the dark rocks. In the thousands of fissures on either side, numberless birds had their nests, and were skimming about in the depth below. It is impossible to describe the grandeur and stupendous magnificence of this ravine, at the very edge of which lay our narrow path—the path trodden for ages—the only path. It looks like a scene of tremendous natural convulsions.

While rivetted to the enjoyment of this extraordinary picture (upon about a mile of which I could look back as already passed), I gazed eagerly forward towards a new turn in the road—and immediately before us, built up from the

very bed of the ravine, and ascending to the level on which we were passing, stood the most wonderful structure of its kind I have ever seen—a place of immense strength, castellated, and unassailable except by heavy cannonade. It was the Convent of Mar Saba, to the superior of which we had obtained a letter of recommendation from the Greek convent in Jerusalem—Mar Saba itself belonging to the same community. Here we had resolved to make a claim of hospitality, and to pass the night.

As soon as the approach of pilgrims (for such all are accounted who visit these localities), was known within the walls, the sound of a deep-toned bell was heard, and several monks appeared on a kind of watch-tower, probably for the purpose of reconnoitering. One remarkable thing about this convent is, that you are admitted above; and descend to the parts of it which are used for the purpose of habitation. We had not stood many minutes at the gate, before our whole party were admitted—wild Arabs and all, whose reckless bearing presented a striking contrast to the subdued and quiet behavior of the Greek monks. I was amused at seeing one of them extend his Moslem hand, with a sort of braggadocio air, to a spare and humble looking monk, who, with an instinctive timidity, seemed to shrink from the contact. The Arab persevered—wrung the monk's hand heartily and with a loud shouting laugh, as if he would say—"Away with all your Christian prejudices—I am as good a man as you any day, and enjoy a freedom of which you know nothing." The poor monks of Mar Saba have suffered so much persecution from the surrounding tribes in days gone by, that there is no wonder at their being, even now, timid and suspicious.

The exterior of the convent, however striking, afforded but little notion of the singularity of its interior. It is wonderfully fortified, partly by the natural defence afforded by surrounding rocks, and partly by artificial structure, of laborious ingenuity; all of which is as needful now, as in earlier days, in order to resist the lawless marauding spirit of the Arabs,

sometimes impelled by hunger, and sometimes by mere force of their restlessness and characteristic rapacity.

Soon after sending our letter of introduction to the Superior, we were conducted by a small party of monks down several steep flights of winding stairs, partly of masonry and partly cut in the rock, as if we were to be deposited at the very bottom of the vast ravine in which the convent stands. Every step of our descent increased the admiration with which we gazed around upon this surprising structure. The loneliness and savage grandeur of the rocky heights and natural fortifications above and around us, filled my mind with a strange idea of entire separation from the world—as if we were come to the very last of human habitations. After descending to a great depth, we reached an open platform of levelled rock, in the midst of which was a charming little herb and salad garden—so fresh and so green, that the eye rested on it with delight after the wearisome journey. It gave a most refreshing air of coolness to the whole picture. Beyond this, approached by a flight of stone steps upwards, was another platform, on which stood the guest-chamber, with two or three other and smaller rooms, serving as kitchen and lodgings for servants. We were at once ushered into the former—a cool and actually clean apartment, about thirty feet long and twenty-five broad, nicely fitted up with carpets and dewans, on which we selected our several sleeping corners. We were soon served with a small glass of delicious arakee and some sweetmeats; then followed a fragrant cup of coffee; and in the comfortable repose of the convent we soon forgot the fatigues of the journey. We spent a happy evening, as the sun went down upon us, and while sitting on the flat roof of our chamber, watched the coming darkness, and the assembling of the starry wonders of the firmament.

After battling with musquitoes for many hours of the night, we were aroused as early as five o'clock, by the entrance of a couple of monks, who served us, according to their custom, with a little glass of arakee—a few slices of deliciously cool water-melon and coffee. This was by way of preparation for

breakfast. We hesitated for a moment upon the arakee at that early hour of the morning; but, however, supposing the use of it to be based upon some satisfactory oriental theory, we accepted it, and certainly were not the worse. I have always found it well to adopt the customs and habits of those about me, in regard to matters of diet, not only in Europe, but in Africa and Asia.

We amused ourselves for a time in exploring such parts of the convent as were open to guests like ourselves. Amongst other matters of interest, we found several small cells cut in the face of the solid rocks, and approached by rudely formed stairs. Some of these were at a considerable height; and seemed intended for the use of such members of the fraternity as might be desirous of entire seclusion, and of indulging an ascetic spirit. After breakfast, we expressed a wish to visit the the church and other antiquities of the convent, which was promptly complied with. The church is a very solid and substantial building. Its windows are shaded by immensely heavy buttresses, for the purpose of protecting them against the Arabs, who formerly used to commit much devastation by shooting arrows, and throwing stones and other missiles from the heights of the rocks on the opposite side of the ravine The interior is quite in the usual style of Greek churches, with an ornamented pavement, and a superabundance, on all sides, of tawdry gilding and embellishments. Pictures of grim saints are painted in fresco on the walls—at full length; while lamps, and ostrich eggs in strings or rows, festooned, are suspended from the roof. Besides the fresco paintings on the walls, there is a crowd of other pictures of sacred subjects, in the flat Greek style, in oil—many of them very ancient and curious. Some of the more modern ones contain representations of God the Father, and God the Holy Ghost—the former as a bearded old man, the latter as a dove—according to the custom of the Church of Rome. Upon this subject, Mr. Rowlands urged the proper objections of a Protestant spirit, which led to a rather lengthened discussion, in which several of the younger monks appeared to take some little interest;

while the elder ones, with a slight indication of annoyance, attempted to put an end to it. The poor monks seem to be sadly ignorant, and incapable of seeing the scriptural principle upon which Protestant objections are founded.

Quitting the interior, we ascended to the roof of the church, from which we obtained a very complete view of the wild and savage locality in which this most remarkable habitation is placed. It seemed almost as if an earthquake had burst the rocks asunder, and as though the convent had been constructed out of the materials wonderfully supplied to the hand by such a terrible natural convulsion. We were next conducted to the tomb, in which are said to repose the bones of John of Damascus, the heresiarch of his day, who introduced into the Greek church the adoration of the Virgin, that unscriptural innovation of the Church of Rome. It is lamentable indeed to see the Greek Church thus hallowing the memory of a man who drew her away from her original purity in this respect. The tomb of this saint, like most saints' tombs in these countries, consists of a low arch formed in the wall; beneath which lies a stone effigy, ornamented; and on the breast of it is indicated the heresy for which he was the too successful advocate. Above it is suspended a little lamp with olive oil kept continually burning. We next visited the tomb of Mar Saba, the founder of the convent, who for forty years had lived an ascetic life in those mountain fastnesses. The tomb is detached from other buildings—stands nearly in the centre of the convent, and is surmounted by a dome. The interior is a small circular chamber, with a picture or two, and lamps. Mar Saba died in the odor of sanctity, about A. D. 532, at the advanced age of ninety-four. His acts occupy a prominent place in the history of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. Not far from the tomb of Mar Saba is the ancient—the original convent church. It is undoubtedly an excavation in the solid rock; the fruit of immense labor. The arch roof is formed with the greatest care. A few extremely ancient and curious pictures, in a state of rapid decay, are suspended on the walls, and about the altars. While we were in this

ancient sanctuary, we examined one of the service books, printed under the authority of the Church of Rome, and containing most of the unscriptural deformities of that apostate church.

Sheikh Hamdan was already a-weary of convent walls and both he and his Bedaween were impatient for us to be moving. When within habitations of stone, the Arabs lose much of the wild energy which characterizes them in the desert. They glide about with a moping step, or lie down to sleep or smoke in a shady nook. Our wild guards were evidently longing for a release from the restraint which the convent put upon them. We told them we should be ready to start after our early dinner, which was served a little after noon. One delicious item of our slender fare consisted of a salad dressed with olive oil, and made of a kind of sorrel, which grows within the convent walls. It has a very pleasant acid flavor. Soon after we had finished our repast, we sounded the note of preparation. The spirit of the Arabs seemed to revive; and at about two o'clock, we bade farewell to our hospitable friends at Mar Saba—left them a suitable gratuity, and mounted our palfreys for the Dead Sea, intending to pitch our tents for the night on its north-western shore, and so avoid as much as possible, all oppressive heat.

From the convent of Mar Saba to the Dead Sea is a journey of six hours. It is, I believe, the route described by Sir Walter Scott, in one of his "Tales of the Crusaders," as having been taken by Sir Kenneth and Saladin, after their repose at the "Diamond of the Desert." It is singularly wild and desolate; and lies over and between endless mountainous undulations. After about two hours, we commanded from an elevated spot a very interesting view of parts of the Dead Sea, with the rose-tinted mountains of Moab on the east, showing the mouth of the river Arnon, where it empties itself into that awful reservoir. Towards our left—still eastward, was Mount Gilead, distinctly visible in the distance, and Ramoth Gilead. Though we were then at least four hours distant from the Dead Sea, yet, by reason of the extreme clear-

ness of the atmosphere, it seemed as if by descending another valley and topping another hill, we could step down upon its shores. Its waters were of deep purple, and their surface appeared as smooth as glass ; while immediately above there hung a shadowy mist, which gave me the idea of sulphurous exhalation. It was a lovely picture to gaze upon ; but, how awful in the associations connected with it! One could but look upward to the placid and clear blue sky, and think of the dread moment "when the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire, from the Lord, out of heaven."* Perhaps it was upon a firmament as lovely and glowing as that on which we gazed that the dark clouds of God's terrible indignation gathered. The divine fury has subsided. The liquid monument of it remains.

Losing the Dead Sea for a time, we reached another part of our route in the wilderness of Judea, from whence we obtained a distant glance of the plains of Moab and the Jordan. This in its turn we soon lost, and were shut up between vast mountain ridges, the passes of which were extremely rugged and difficult. The poor Greek priest, who was of our party, had an unexpected, but not seriously injurious fall from his horse in one of these. There was happily a light breeze playing about us, which helped to reduce a temperature, which else would have been distressing in the depths of the mountain passes. We journeyed on in patient anticipation, amidst scenes the wildest and grandest, till at length, as the son was getting low, and casting on all objects that richness of tinting so peculiar to these localities, the plains of Moab and Jordan in their full extent were stretched out beneath us, even as far as the Sea of Galilee, northwards, had our sight been strong enough to descry it; while towards the south, bounded by the hills of Moab on the east and those of Judea on the west, the Dead Sea again took up its position in the picture.

From thence, our route lay along a rapidly-descending path; and as we passed on, the sun, pursuing his homeward

* Genesis xix. 24.

course, gave such a tone to the whole wonderful landscape as cannot be forgotten—deep, rich, glowing. I feel at this moment how impossible it is to express in words, the effect of color. Those who would understand its power should study it in the East. I could willingly have pitched my tent upon those heights, and there awaited the return of the morning sun. My eye was then rivetted on scenes of deep and abiding interest. On my right was the scene of divine terror unspeakable. There—the smoke of the rebellious cities "went up as the smoke of a furnace." To the left, in the plain before me, wonderfully and miraculously crossing the River Jordan, Joshua and the people of Israel and the Ark of the Covenant entered the promised land. From thence the prophet Elijah was taken up in a chariot of fire, and his mantle descended upon Elisha; there the waters of the River once gave proof by their obedience, to the prophet's mission, when he smote them with the mantle which was his inheritance; and there, too, even in those waters, John once stood baptizing the many who yielded to the power of his ministry; and at length baptized that immaculate Lamb of God, on whom, even there—there, on that very spot, the Holy Ghost visibly descended like a dove, and a voice from the Father was heard proclaiming—"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

The sun went down in his course, casting his last beams on the ridge of Moab; and soon the whole landscape, lately so bathed in light and loveliness, became grey and shadowy. Then followed, without any lasting twilight—the dominion of the stars, which at first, one by one, and then in full assemblage, crowded the expanse of the firmament, pouring down their soft quiet light upon the motionless surface of the Dead Sea. It was an absorbing scene. We still continued making our descent, part of which lay over the narrowest ridges of fearfully steep declivities, from which a slip would have been destruction—with room, and sometimes barely room, for only one passenger at a time, over which our clever little horses carried us with instinctive dexterity. We moved on in perfect silence, each heedful of his own safety, and at length

reached an extensive plain, covered with low brushwood, which we traversed till the level waters of the Dead Sea, in all their mysterious reality, lay at our feet. Sheikh Hamdan gave the word for halting, and with a thankful heart I dismounted for our evening's rest. A wanderer from my own dear home—I had found a home on the Dead Sea shore. Our tent was soon pitched, the fires lighted, our refreshment prepared; and a cup of tea, with some Jerusalem bread and Bethlehem honey, formed a banquet—fit for a prince.

From the tent door we could look forth upon the sullen waters of bitterness which marked the scene of divine judgments. Our Arabs were soon hushed in the silence of repose, stretched along on the sands around us; and with no sound stealing on the ear but my own single voice, I took up my Bible and read aloud—"And the men said unto Lot, Hast thou here any besides? sons-in-law, and thy sons, and thy daughters, and whatsoever thou hast in the city, bring them out of this place: for we will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord; and the Lord hath sent us to destroy it. And Lot went out, and spake unto his sons-in-law, which married his daughters, and said, Up, get ye out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city. But he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law. And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city. And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed. And Lot said unto them, Oh, not so, my Lord: behold now, thy servant hath found grace in thy sight, and thou hast magnified thy mercy, which thou hast shewed unto me in saving my life; and I cannot escape to the moun-

tain, lest some evil take me, and I die: behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: Oh, let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live. And he said unto him, See, I have accepted thee concerning this thing also, that I will not overthrow this city, for the which thou hast spoken. Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do any thing till thou be come thither. Therefore the name of the city was called Zoar. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground. But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt. And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord: and he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. And it came to pass, when God destroyed the cities of the plain, that God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow, when he overthrew the cities in the which Lot dwelt."* There was an awful interest about the whole scene and its associations which I cannot forget. After united prayer and praise, we laid ourselves down to rest for the night on the sands of the Dead Sea shore; and soon almost the silence of death hung over us.

Our intention was to be moving on the following morning as early as four o'clock; and our plan was to send on the servants with tents and baggage direct towards Jericho, with directions to find Ayún Sultan—or "the fountain of Elisha," and there to have refreshment ready for us on our return from the Jordan. They were to have part of our Bedaween as an escort, while Sheikh Hamdan and the remainder were to conduct us to the Jordan, and protect us against the Beni Sakhrs, in case any of them should be lying in wait, which was probable enough, as they might have seen our fires burning on the previous evening. It was a lovely grey morning

* Genesis xix. 12—29.

when I rose before the sun. It was a scene of wild and dread desolation on which I gazed southwards—the outspread waters of the Dead Sea shut in east and west by the bold and precipitous heights of Moab and Judea. The morning breeze caused a slight ripple on the surface of the stagnant waters, which appeared clear and bright. There is considerable action of the water at some times, as I judged from the deposit, about a yard distant from its northwestern brink, of small branches of trees, reeds, &c., which had been carried down by the rapid stream of the Jordan. My friend and fellow traveller, Mr. Erskine, bathed in the Dead Sea, and found the water extremely buoyant. I could not quite make up my mind to the experiment; but I tasted the water. It is impossible to express the intensity of its nauseousness when taken in sufficient quantity, and retained long enough to act upon the palate. It has two distinct flavors when first tasted, which soon unite and make a most loathsome compound. The first is of extremely pungent saltness, and capable of excoriating the palate. The other is sheer bitterness—and so bitter, that it seems to penetrate the skin of the mouth. Though I took no more than about half a wine glass full in my mouth, and did not swallow any, yet my palate was saturated with it, and the sensation remained during the day. I brought away a bottle of this loathsome water, and a few pebbles from the shore.

This remarkable inland sea, or lake, is spoken of in Scripture by the name of the "*Salt Sea*,"* the "*East Sea*,"† and the "*Sea of the Plain*."‡ The Greek and Roman writers have called it "*Lacus Asphaltites*," on account of the quantities of bitumen found in and about it. Its present Arabic name is "*Bahr Lout*" (the Sea of Lot), which helps to identify it as the scene of God's fearful judgments upon Sodom and Gomorrah. Its dimensions have been variously estimated. Dr. Robinson, a recent and accurate observer, supposes it to be about fifty miles from north to south; and about twelve, in

* Gen. xiv. 3; Deut. iii. 17; Josh. xv. 5. † Ezek. xlvii. 18; Joel ii. 20.
‡ Deut. iii. 17.

the widest parts, from east to west. I had no means of judging, as I only visited the north-western shore. It covers the once charming valley of Siddim, which the sacred penman compared to "the garden of the Lord;"* and on which once stood thefive guilty cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Zoar. The present aspect of this region was well described by Moses, in a memorable passage,† depicting the desolations of Judea—"The generation to come of your children, that shall rise up after you, and the stranger that shall come from a far land, shall say, when they see the plagues of that land, and the sickness which the Lord hath laid upon it: and that the whole land thereof is brimstone and salt and burning, that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein, like the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in his anger, and in his wrath; even all nations shall say," &c. The page of Scripture makes the region of the Dead Sea eloquent to the guilty heart of man. St. Peter felt this when he spake of God turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, condemning them with an overthrow and making them an example unto those that after should live ungodly.‡ With the record of that terrible event before us, how awfully impressive are our Lord's words to those who though living in the light of divine truth, reject the offers of sovereign mercy—"And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily, I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city."§

There is no visible outlet to the waters of the Dead Sea; but a process of evaporation is constantly going on, which accounts for the misty appearance so generally visible over its surface, and which in the imagination of ancient writers, clothed it with supernatural horrors. But as it does not seem probable that evaporation alone could keep such a body of water and its vast and perpetual additions within their usual

* Gen. xiii. 10. † Deut. xxix. 22, 23. ‡ 2 Peter ii. 6. § Matt. x. 14, 15.

bounds, many intelligent travellers have ventured a not unlikely supposition, that it must throw off its superfluous quantity by some subterraneous channel leading westward towards the Mediterranean. It has been calculated by Dr. Shaw, an accurate minded man, upon data easily ascertained, that the River Jordan discharges daily, upon an average, 6,090,000 tuns of water into the Dead Sea; in addition to which, it receives large contributions from the Arnon, and several other smaller streams.

An analysis of the water of the Dead Sea was made by Dr. Marcet, in 1807; and the experiment has since been made by other scientific men, with results very nearly similar. The Doctor observes, that the application of tests, or re-agents, proves that it contains the muriatic and sulphuric acids. There is no alumina in it, nor does it appear to be saturated with marine salt, or muriate of soda. On summing up the contents of one hundred and fifty grains of the water, they were found to hold in solution the following substances, and in the undermentioned proportions:—

	Salts		*Acid*
Muriate of Lime.....	5·88 grains	..	3·89 grains.
Muriate of Magnesia	15·37 ——	..	8·61 ——
Muriate of Soda	15.54 ——	..	7·15 ——
Selenite	0·08 ——	..	
	36·87		19·65

And, consequently, the proportions of these salts in one hundred grains of the water, would be:—

	Grains
Muriate of Lime	3·920
Muriate of Magnesia.....	10·246
Muriate of Soda	10·360
Sulphate of Lime.....	0·054
	24·580

So that the water of the lake contains about one fourth of its weight of salts supposed in a state of perfect desiccation; or, if they be desiccated at the temperature of 180° on Fahren

heit's scale, they will amount to forty-one per cent. of the water."*

Until recently, a general opinion prevailed, as I have already intimated in a foregoing part of this volume,† that the broad Wadey of El Arabah, which extends from the southern shore of the Dead Sea to the eastern arm of the Red Sea, was anciently a prolongation of the plains of Jordan: that no lake like the Dead Sea existed in the plain previous to the destruction of Sodom; and that the Jordan continued its course throughout the whole of Wadey el Arabah, and emptied its streams into the Red Sea. But subsequent enquiries seem to have determined the question the other way, so as to lead to the conclusion that the Jordan could never have flowed through Wadey el Arabah; and consequently that a lake must have existed in the vale of Siddim, ever since the Jordan began to flow down from Lebanon, and that the Dead Sea does not owe its existence to the destruction of the cities of the plain, though it certainly fixes their locality. The facts upon which this conclusion has been formed, are agreed upon by Professor Robinson and Count de Bertou; the latter of whom traversed the whole of Wadey el Arabah, and made his observations with great care. They are these: first, that the level of the Dead Sea and the plains of the Jordan generally, is very much below that of the Red Sea; secondly, that Wadey el Arabah rises gradually, southward, as far as Wadey Talh; and that all the springs in this portion of the valley take a northerly direction, and flow into the Dead Sea.

The exact site of the five cities of the plain is a subject of interesting inquiry, and admits, I think, of much certainty, supposing it to be true that a lake, though of much smaller dimensions than those of the Dead Sea, in its present state,

* My limits forbid more lengthened particulars concerning this deeply interesting object and its phenomena; but those readers who may desire further information, may consult with advantage Maundrell, pp. 136, &c.; Shaw, pp. 346, &c.; Mariti, vol. ii. pp. 370, &c.; Burckhardt, pp. 392, &c.; Irby and Mangles, pp. 446, &c.; Elliot, vol. ii. pp. 479, &c.; Stephens, vol. ii. 262, &c.; Professor Robinson, Am. Bib. Rep. Series ii. vol. i. pp. 419, 422, 443; Paxton's Letters, pp. 159, &c.

† See page 198.

previously existed in the vale of Siddim. The result of the recent examinations above referred to, brings us to this conclusion. In stating it, I am indebted to an intelligent compiler, who has brought the subject to a point in the simplest manner.* I shall use his words. "Our reasons for believing this hypothesis to be the true one are these: The supposition of a lake previously existing is unavoidable. The bed of the Jordan is so far below the level of El Arabah and the Red Sea, that it is impossible, in the nature of things, it ever could have flowed through that valley. And this, we conceive, implies the existence of a lake. But though we are obliged to suppose that a lake existed, we are not obliged to suppose that it was as large as it is at present. It is natural to think that so terrible a catastrophe happening on its shores would make some alteration in its dimensions, and most probably enlarge them. And if we examine the lake, we find that it is, in fact, composed of two lakes, an upper and a lower —the former being forty miles long, and the latter ten, assuming the whole at fifty. The division between the two lakes is strongly marked. On the shores the mountains approach, so as almost to separate them from above; and in the bottom a high ridge of ground runs across from shore to shore, so as almost to divide them below the surface. The water which covers this ridge is seldom more than two feet in depth, and the ford which the bottom offers, may be crossed by the Arabs at all seasons. This ford is about three hours (nine miles) from the extremity of the lake, on the authority of Burckhardt. Now, if we suppose that the lake, in former times, terminated at this point, as the form of the mountains and the nature of the bottom seem to indicate, then, between the extremity of the lake, and the low range of hills which bound the valley of the Jordan towards the south, and from the head of El Arabah, we have a level and fertile plain of seventeen miles in length, on which we suppose the cities stood. The south-eastern portion of this plain is still very

* The Rev. J. A. Wylie.—"Modern Judea, &c. compared with Ancient Prophecy." A production of no small merit.

fertile; the whole is abundantly irrigated. Its great depth draws all the streams of El Arabah into it. Numerous rivulets descend on both sides from the hills; and to these causes, no doubt, it owed the fertile aspect in which it appeared to Lot, when he chose it for the range of his flocks.

"Moreover, it is more reasonable to suppose that the five cities stood on this plain, than that they were scattered over so large a space as that which is now occupied by the lake. Each of the cities, we are told, had a king; but the kings of those days resemble the village sheikhs of modern times; and even granting that the cities were opulent, and had dependent villages around them, still the plain was amply sufficient to maintain them. In the east, the towns were thickly planted, seldom at greater distances, as we learn from their ruins, than three or four miles—a space so large as that which the waters of the lake now cover, considering its great fertility, instead of containing five would have contained fifty cities.

"From the expression frequently used in Scripture—'Sodom and her daughters,' and from the circumstance of the destruction of the cities being often mentioned simply as the 'overthrow of Sodom,' we infer that Sodom was the capital, or at least the principal city of the pentapolis; and it is probable that the other towns which perished with her were ranged around her at no great distances. The exact part of the plain in which Sodom was situated, we do not know; but the following consideration will satisfy us, that its site could not have been far from what are now the southern limits of the lake.

"When Sodom fell, the little town of Zoar afforded refuge to Lot. The time which Lot occupied in going thither, will give us the distance of Sodom, the probable capital, from Zoar. We read that 'there came two angels to Sodom at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom. And he said, Behold now, my lords, turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house and tarry all night.' During night, the angels disclosed the approaching destruction of the city, and enjoined

Lot to leave it, which he did at day-break, but not earlier. 'When the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot,' &c. Having set out, he reached the gates of Zoar at sunrise—'The sun was risen upon the earth, when Lot entered into Zoar.' It thus appears that Lot occupied only two hours in travelling between the two cities—the time from day-break till sunrise. Sodom, consequently, could not have been more than six miles distant from Zoar; and thus, its site would fall within the limits of the lower lake; for the head of that lake is three hours from Zoar—the site of Zoar, which is known at this day, adjoining the southern extremity of the lake Now, if we suppose that Sodom was the capital of the cities, and had her tributary towns arranged around her, it will appear probable that the site of all these cities was comprised in what is now the basin of the lower lake. The ground on which they stood being depressed by their overthrow, the lake adjoining them on the north poured its waters over the low barrier, and covered forever from the eye of man, this scene of enormous wickedness. Every consideration tends to this conclusion. The geographical arrangement of the region, and the construction of the lake, indicate that at some former period it has been enlarged, and the traces of the pristine beauties of the plain, which are still to be seen in some places on its remaining portion, tell us that once it 'was well watered every where'—'even as the garden of the Lord.' Among the many judgments which God has inflicted on our earth, the destruction of these cities, with the plain on which they stood, is perhaps second, in terror, only to the deluge."

There is however, notwithstanding all our examinations and all our speculation, a veil of awful mystery overhanging this dread locality. It is at once a grave and a monument; a grave in which slumber the thousands whose daring ungodliness cut them off from mercy—a grave whose chambers lead down to hell. It is a monument, on every hair-breadth of which is recorded in characters of fiery desolation, the irresistible terrors of a just—a tempted—an avenging God.

How astounding will be the blast of the archangel's trump when clanging amidst those bleak and barren rocks, and borne like a spell over the surface of those stagnant waters! when the resurrection power of the Lord Jesus shall call up into second life for final judgment, those objects of Almighty wrath, and lay bare the gloomy secret at which we surmise and shudder.

—— Are there not cities as vile, and are there not hearts as base, as those on which present desolation and the terrors of hopeless judgment are resting? And is the justice of the Almighty slumbering? ——

Our plans would not admit of lingering upon the shores of the Dead Sea. Soon after four o'clock in the morning we were ready to mount. We had not advanced far, ere the first crimson tints of the sun, like rays of promise, were just visible over the level ridge of the mountains of Moab—the same sun which had risen over the same mountain ever since the moment in which "God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day."

Our first intention was to proceed direct to the mouth of the Jordan, and so to have coursed along its banks to the particular part which, time out of mind, has been visited by pilgrims of all climes, as the scene of our adorable Redeemer's baptism; but, finding that it would greatly increase our labor, without really enhancing the interest of the visit, by driving us into the heat of the day, we resolved on taking a course north-east, and so reach the particular spot in the most direct way. The plains of Jordan!—How difficult it was to realize the fact, that my feet pressed them; that my eye gazed upon them.

The breadth of the valley of the Jordan is said to average about fifteen miles; and nearly in the middle of it is the bed of the river. On the east are the plains of Moab, bounded by the range of Abarim, with Nebo looking over the valley. The plains on the west are more dreary in their aspect than the eastern ones. They are bounded by the mountains of Judea. They appear as if they had been covered with pow

dered sulphur, with which saline particles are mixed. Not an object was seen in motion but ourselves. The wide waste seemed like the abode of silence, and as if death there held his court. And when we gazed upwards to the mountains, it was difficult to believe that they should be the haunts of men —of tribes—wild—daring—ferocious, whose only law is that of the sword.

We proceeded over a waste sandy plain at the first, in which our horses sank up to the fetlock joint. In about an hour we reached the Jordan, fringed by beautifully rich foliage of tamarisk, oleander, and other tall shrubs; the green of which was unspeakably lovely, springing up as it seemed to do, out of the very aridness of the plains. Our Bedaween distributed themselves at a distance in advance of us, so as to command an extensive view, for which purpose they ascended every knoll of sand and rising ground that lay in their way, in order to be aware, if possible, of any of the Beni Sakhrs lying in ambush, or coming down on us from the mountains. They acted with the greatest precaution, and had their weapons in hand ready for any surprise. The course of the Jordan is, on either side, quite concealed by the thick foliage which it nourishes; and this is often made a place of ambuscade, from which the Beni Sakhrs fire upon loitering pilgrims. Happily we reached the place of destination without the least molestation; and our Arabs distributed themselves so as to keep due watch while we remained. The bed of the river is deep, and its course extremely rapid; so much so, that on the last occasion of the general pilgrimage from Jerusalem, an aged Greek priest, unable to resist its force, was carried down, and perished in the waters of the Dead Sea.

The Jordan has its source a few miles north of Banias (the ancient Cæsarea Philippi), in a small pool on the western slope of Gebel-es-Sheikh, or Hermon, the highest point of the anti-Libanus of antiquity. It pursues its lovely course southward, along the great Syrian valley; thence it passes through the waters of Merom and the Sea of Galilee, and finally contributes its treasure to the Dead Sea. Its whole length is

about one hundred and fifty miles. As it proceeds onwards, sometimes with great noise and force, and at others with a smooth and silent flow, its stream, though but inconsiderable at first, receives contributions in its way, from the many rivulets which trickle from the hills of Galilee and Judea on the one side, and from those of Gilead and Abarim on the other. I drank very copiously of its delicious water, which has the softness of milk. It was not easy to know when I had drunk enough. I could but feel it was a great pity that such a delicious fluid should waste its sweetness in the awful and bitter reservoir of the Dead Sea. Perhaps the greatest refreshment I experienced, was a delightful dip in the waters of Jordan, in a lovely, secluded part, overhung with tamarisks, oleanders, and other luxuriantly growing trees, which afforded a grateful shade. And it was a charming thought, as the sweet waters passed over my head, that perhaps that very spot (for so tradition affirmed), had been hallowed by the presence and baptism of my Redeemer, and had witnessed the ministry of that distinguished person who was the "voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord."

The morning sun was now gaining power, and warning us to leave the cool banks of the Jordan, that we might accomplish our route across the plain to Jericho, before the intense heat should overtake us. The most trying part of Palestine, in point of heat, is said to be El Ghor, the plain which lay between us and Jericho. After spending about an hour in and about the Jordan, we resumed our route, striking directly across the plain westward. We were, however, attracted by a small ruin lying in a south-westerly direction to which we bent our steps. The first thought was, that it might be Gilgal: but, on reaching it, we ascertained that it was the ruin of a Greek church and convent, originally intended for the accommodation of pilgrims to the Jordan. Some remains of paintings, and an inscription or two, were still visible on its shattered walls. It has been in ruins for upwards of three hundred years. We could not get more precise information about it from our Arabs; but Dr. Robinson appears to have

been more successful. From him I learn, that the native Christians call it Deir Mar Yohanna Hajla, to distinguish it from the remains of another convent dedicated to John the Baptist, near the river farther north.

Our way towards Jericho was over a plain, which from the nature of the soil seemed capable of fruitful cultivation. It afforded pasturage for cattle in various parts, and low stunted shrubs in others; and here and there, we saw small parties of Arabs of the same tribe as our escort, gathered round their fires, even at a time when the sun was very powerful. We did not pass near enough to exchange salutations with them. We were soon upon the plain of Jericho, with sufficient traces of ancient fruitfulness on every side, to satisfy the observer that the ancient descriptions were correct. Justin (who describes it as it was but a little while after the time of Christ), says that it is a valley like a garden, environed by continual hills which enclose it like a wall, containing two hundred thousand acres, and famous for its woods, especially its palm trees and opobalsams.* The statements of Josephus are to the same effect. He says—"There are in it many sorts of palm-trees . . . . . different from each other in taste and name; the better sort of them when they are pressed, yield an excellent kind of honey, not much inferior in sweetness to other honey. It also bears that balsam which is the most precious of all the fruits of that place; cypress trees also, and those that bear myrobalanum. . . . . It will not be easy to light on any climate in the habitable earth that can well be compared with it—what is here sown, comes up in such clusters. The ambient air is here also of so good a temperature, that the people of the country are clothed in linen only, even when the snow covers the rest of Judea."† The account of Tacitus agrees with this. But how great is the change. The plain is still the same; the mountains of Judea have not changed their places; but the balsams are gone, the stately

* Palæstina Illustrata, tom. I., p. 383.

† Josephus—"Wars of the Jews," book iv. chap. viii. sec. 3.

palm trees wave not in the breeze; nor are skill and industry in active service to aid the deficiencies of nature.

We were not long in reaching the miserable remains of a poor village, usually called Jericho. But instead of this, there is some probability from the accounts of Josephus, that it is Gilgal; and that the far more extensive ruins beyond mark the site of Jericho. That Jericho really stood thereabouts, and Ai not far distant, is beyond all doubt. The position of the city of Jericho must have been charming indeed, looking down, as it did, upon the plain of Jordan, bounded by the hills of Moab. Round about these ruins, which I deem to be Jericho, there is a considerable cultivation of excellent land. Indian wheat, common wheat, with fig and nabbukh trees abound on all sides. The supply of water is ample; and if extensive irrigation were introduced the fertility of the soil would be incredible.

While I write, I can, in imaginative recollection, stand on the site of Jericho; and while looking down towards Jordan, can bring upon the scene the shadows of men, and of events in man's history, which make the heart vibrate. —— There is a vast company which no man can number, crowded upon the plains of Moab. They are a bannered host, and terrible in their bearing. There is a stir of preparation. The dust of the plain rises in clouds about them. There is a noble chief in the midst, haranguing the surrounding thousands. They are on the brink of Jordan. Those thousands are the people of Israel. That chief is Joshua, bearing his high commission to bring the people over Jordan into the promised land—the land flowing with milk and honey, which is the glory of all lands. The priests are uplifting the ark of the covenant. They advance to the van. The people press forward in eager expectation. Their wanderings are at an end. Their warfare is about to begin. The Lord of Hosts is with them, and with Joshua the man of God. They still advance. The feet of those that bear the ark are dipped in the brim of the water; and—marvellous to tell (surely the Lord is in the midst of them), while I gaze, the waters which

came down from above are standing up upon a heap, very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and the waters which came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, are failing: see—they *have failed*, and are cut off. It is the miraculous working of Jehovah. The people are passing over Jordan—right against Jericho. Jordan is driven back. The priests bearing the ark of the covenant of the Lord, are standing firm on the dry ground in the midst of the river-bed, and the thousands of Israel have passed over on dry ground. "What ailed thee, O Jordan, that thou wast driven back?" Thou hast heard the voice of Jehovah and obeyed it. He hath performed his covenant. Israel is in the promised land. The priests, too, who bore the ark of the covenant are come up out of the midst of Jordan; the waters of Jordan are returning to their place: the laws of nature are restored: and now—now—the sparkling stream overflows its banks as it did before. And hark—listen to the voice of the leader—to the voice of Joshua. The exulting people are hanging on his lips:—"When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, What mean these stones? Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land. For the Lord your God dried up the waters of Jordan from before you, until ye were passed over as the Lord your God did to the Red Sea, which he dried up from before us, until we were gone over: that all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty: that ye might fear the Lord your God forever."*

I felt myself to be standing on the scene of wonderful transactions as I looked upon the remains of Jericho. Israel came up mightily from Jordan—"And it came to pass, when all the kings of the Amorites, which were on the side of Jordan westward, and all the kings of the Canaanites, which were by the sea, heard that the Lord had dried up the waters of Jordan from before the children of Israel, until they were passed over, that their heart melted, neither was there spirit in them any more because of the children of Israel."†

* See Joshua iii. iv. † Joshua v. 1.

The conquest of Canaan had already actually begun in the faintheartedness of the kings, when Joshua having circumcised the people, and rolled away the reproach of Egypt from them,* beheld them encamped at Gilgal, in the plains of Jericho.†

And there stood Jericho in the pride of her strength—the devoted city. Joshua surveyed her fastnesses. The word of Jehovah was with him. "And it came to pass that when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand: and Joshua went unto him and said unto him, Art thou for us or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay: but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, What saith my Lord unto his servant? And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy."‡ The God of Israel was then preparing for his mighty work, while Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel. Six times and for six days did the priests, bearing the ark of the covenant, compass the city, blowing with the trumpets of rams' horns according to the commandment; while bands of armed men swelled the train, amidst the silence of the thousands of Israel, who shouted not, nor uttered any voice. Jericho still stoood in her pride of place. The seventh day dawned upon her. Seven times, on that seventh day, did the priests compass her about, still bearing the ark of the covenant. The last step was taken. The work of preparation was complete. "And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city. And the city shall be accursed, even it, and all that are therein, to the Lord; only Rahab the harlot shall live, she and all that are in her house, because she hid the messengers that we sent. . . . . So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets; and

* Joshua v. 9. † Joshua v. 10. ‡ Joshua v. 13—15.

it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city. . . . . And Joshua adjured them at that time, saying, Cursed be the man before the Lord, that raiseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."*

The curse of Jehovah thus rested on the fallen greatness of Jericho. Who can stand against the Lord of Hosts, when his word has gone forth? The word was literally fulfilled more than five hundred years after it was uttered, in the time of Ahab; for "in his days did Hiel the Beth-elite build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua, the son of Nun;"† but as it appears, that during the interval‡ there existed a city called the City of Palm Trees, or Jericho, it has been conjectured that the act against which the curse was directed, was an attempt at the restoration of the walls—the very walls which had been miraculously cast down.

Jericho was one of the Levitical cities. In the time of our Lord, it was next in size and political importance to Jerusalem itself. It was much adorned by Herod; and contained a stately palace and other public buildings erected by him. It experienced many vicissitudes. Till it was sacked by Vespasian, it grew in importance; after which event it was repaired by Adrian, and at length became the see of a bishop under Justinian. It was finally destroyed in the twelth century of the Christian era, by the troops of Saladin: and now —an inconsiderable heap of ruins remains to declare—This was Jericho!

It is probable that our Redeemer frequently visited Jericho; but it is made distinctly memorable in reference to him, on

* See Joshua vi. † 1 Kings xvi. 34.
‡ See Judges i. 16; iii. 13; 2 Sam. x. 5.

the occasion of his last approach to Jerusalem, when the time of his offering up was at hand. It was there that he declared, concerning the eager and enquiring Zaccheus, "This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham: for the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."*

The distance of Jericho from the River Jordan, is computed at about seven English miles. Lying across a plain, over which the eye glances rapidly, and seen in an exceedingly clear atmosphere, the distance appears less. Jericho is distant from Jerusalem nearly nineteen English miles, by a mountainous and difficult road, of which I shall have occasion by and by to speak.

Having been for some hours exposed to the heat of the morning sun, it was delightful to hear the sound of running water, amidst some overhanging trees of considerable growth. We hoped our servants and Arabs were not far distant. Suddenly we took a turn in the road—and there, stretched along in the shade, lay the whole party whom we had sent in advance from the Dead Sea. Our breakfast, consisting of coarse bread, figs, honey and coffee, was spread for us under the deep shadow of a noble nabbukh tree, impervious to the sun, while close at hand, and at our very feet, as we reclined, ran a rapid stream, as clear as crystal, fringed with water-cresses, and flowing immediately from Ayún es Sultan—the fountain of Elisha. I never shall cease to remember that precious—precious stream. We drank copiously of its cool, sweet waters; and I could have said—here let me rest all the day. Its water-cresses were delicious. The Arabs do not seem to understand the value of them. It was a charming spot in which we took our morning rest and refreshment, embosomed in thick, lofty trees, of various kinds, such as pomegranates, figs, and nabbukhs.

After breakfast, we went forth to explore the fountain of Elisha—the "Diamond of the Desert," as it was called in the days of the Crusaders. We found it distant between two and

* Luke xix. 1—11.

three hundred yards, bubbling up from the bed of the rock over which it flowed. It had the appearance of boiling water, and flowed with great force and rapidity. It is a secluded nook, and overhung by broad-leaved fig-trees and nabbukhs: and here, too, we found specimens of what I believe were accounted the "Apples of Sodom," none of which I had, however, seen at any spot nearer to the Dead Sea. They were as yellow as gold; and varying in size, from that of a hazel nut to that of a very large walnut. They grew upon a harsh prickly stem. It was a solemn thought, that the now sweet fountain of Elisha, once "naught," had been the subject of miraculous working. The prophet had been there: the power of God had been there too, working through him. "The men of the city (Jericho) said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth; but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters: there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha, which he spake."* The waters were indeed healed—they were sweet and delicious. The power of the miracle has not passed away.

At twelve o'clock we renewed our march towards Jerusalem, by the ancient road trodden by the feet of our adorable Redeemer. I thought of the parable of the good Samaritan:—"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves," &c.; and certainly it still retains the wild aspect of a scene of rapine and murder. It is solitary, secluded and savage. Indeed, even in the present day, it is an exceedingly dangerous road; and the traveller who omits to take with him a sufficient, vigilant, and well-armed escort, must expect to be plundered, even at noonday. While we were on our way to Jerusalem, a small body of Arabs came down upon

* 2 Kings ii. 19—22.

us, whose appearance and manner left no doubt that had our party been weaker than theirs, we should have been sufferers. They were a half-famished, hungry-looking set, and clad in a few rags, with their matchlock guns in their hands. They seemed at first to show us their teeth—but dared not do more than that, as we could have overpowered them at the onset. A few words were exchanged as we passed on steadily, just keeping watch that they made no reinforcement from the surrounding mountains.

The route from Jericho to Jerusalem is, in many places fatiguingly steep and difficult; and so shut in by mountain heights and savage crags, that scarcely any breeze can reach the traveller; and when, as in our case, the vertical sun sends down his beams into the narrow passes, the heat reflected from the chalky sides of the ravine, scorches like a furnace. I felt the effect of it on the skin of my face for a long while after; but we experienced no real or lasting injury. It was by far the most trying part of our expedition, and occupied six hours. By the mercy of God we reached Jerusalem in perfect safety crossing the Mount of Olives in our way, and re-entering the city by the gate of St. Stephen.

I dwell upon the recollection of this expedition with mingled feelings of delight and gratitude. Not one danger overtook us: not one untoward circumstance happened; and there is deposited in my mind, a vivid picture—bright—beautiful, solemn—that can never pass away. Would that I could communicate it, with all its wonderful reality, to the mind of my attentive reader—but I cannot. I have done what I could.

CHAPTER IX.

JERUSALEM, SYCHAR, NAZARETH, &c.

My last Sabbath in Jerusalem—Preparations for Departure—Departure from Jerusalem—Gibeon—Beeri (Beeroth)—Bethel—Shiloh—Bir el Lebyan—Mountains of Ephraim—The Ground bought by Jacob, of the Sons of Hamor—Jacob's Well—Mounts Ebal and Gerizim—Joseph's Tomb—Sychar (Nablous)—Bir Sharath—Samaria—Sebaste—Road to Nazareth—Embarrassment—Jenin—Plain of Esdraelon—Nazareth—Ancient Well of Nazareth—Mount Tabor—Approach to the Sea of Galilee—Tiberias—The Sea of Galilee—Cana of Galilee—Scripture Imagery—Adventure—Journey towards Mount Carmel—Amusing Misapprehension—River Kishon—Mount Carmel—Latin Convent on Mount Carmel—Schools of the Prophets—Acre—Journey towards Tyre and Sidon—Scorpions—Cape Blanco—Scalæ Tyriorum—Ras-el-Ayun—Tyre—Sarepta—Sidon—Naby Younes—Albanian Soldiers, etc.—Arrival at Beyrout—Beyrout—Lebanon—The Tribes of Lebanon—Route to Baalbec—The Bekaa—Nabey Noah—Nabey Sheeth—Baalbec—Deir el Akhmar—Ayun el Teene—Ascent of Lebanon—The Cedars of Lebanon—Return to Beyrout—Christian Education in Syria—Ancient Church of Syria.

Jerusalem had become my home. It was with unspeakable delight that I again traversed the Mount of Olives, and beheld the Holy City lying before me, bathed in the rich tintings of the evening sun. When shall the Sun of Righteousness again rise upon her, with healing in His wings? We passed slowly down the descent—pausing a moment at Gethsemane, and marking the spot, not far distant, where they stoned the first Christian martyr—Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The blood of the martyr still cries from the ground. Jerusalem cannot now hear the cry—her ears are closed. There is a day coming in which it will break forth upon her awakened sense with a voice of thunder.

It was a time of delightful repose which we passed, immediately after our return, within the cool walls of our convent-home, awaiting the dawn of the coming Sabbath.

—— My last Sabbath in Jerusalem! There was a melan-

choly feeling mingled in the joy with which I welcomed the light of that holy day. Earthly Sabbaths must have an end, but I looked forward in humble and hopeful anticipation to the eternal "Sabbath-keeping" of the people of God.* I was permitted once more to worship on Mount Zion. It was a season of serenity and peace. The evening was spent, as usual, with the good Bishop and his family, in religious exercises and profitable conversation. The Bishop solemnly laid it in charge upon us that we should "pray for the peace of Jerusalem," and reminded us that they shall prosper who love her.† Oh that the church may be thoroughly awakened to the claims of Jerusalem, and that her heart may ere long yearn over the scattered thousands of Israel! I thank God that our own national church has made her stand. I look to Jerusalem now, with many a bright hope glowing in my heart. Does any man say—"Where is the Diocese—where is the Church in Jerusalem?" I turn to the word of prophecy: I hang upon the word of promise: I dwell on the immutable sanctity of the covenant; and there I find a fitting answer—the answer, not for the men of this world, but for the people of God. When James was consecrated first Bishop of the church in Jerusalem, doubtless there were men ready to say—"Where is the Diocese—where is the Church?" The blindness of heart which then existed, has been perpetuated—is still manifest while we bid men regard the spiritual effort of our beloved church in Jerusalem, and say—"This hath God wrought." ——

As the day of our departure from the Holy City was drawing near, I availed myself of every opportunity for visiting again and again the sacred localities of which I have already given a faint description; sometimes prolonging my stay among them till the setting sun gave notice of the closing of the city gates. Between five and six o'clock, in the morning of the fifth of July, I made my last visit to the Garden of

* Heb. iv. 9. There remaineth therefore a *rest* (σαββατισμὸς—a *sabbath-keeping*) to the people of God.

† Psalm cxxii. 6.

Gethsemane. It was a lovely, quiet scene and season. I seated myself under the shadow of one of the ancient olive trees, overlooking the spot of our Lord's betrayal—the terra damnata: there I read and meditated upon the narratives of the four evangelists, and gave myself up to the deep contemplation of them. Though it was a matter of unspeakable delight, thus, on the very spot, to dwell on the marvellous record, yet I think the recollection is still more delightful—more beneficial. As I have already taken occasion to observe—it is the clinging to visible things—to memorials and to symbols, that has served to make the churches of the west and of the east so feeble in genuine faith, and so superstitious. Faith lives and expands while gazing on the invisible—on those things which the Spirit of God reveals, and which are only spiritually discerned. Yet it is a delightful exercise—to walk where the Saviour walked—to read and meditate and worship where he agonized and prayed; and it is not without its use.

July 6th.—This was the day of our departure from Jerusalem. It was a heavy day to me; for I felt as if about to quit one of the dearest spots of the earth. The three weeks of my sojourn had glided away all too rapidly. The morning was employed in packing and making ready our moveables, which had accompanied us in all the previous journeys. We had intended to start at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the hope of reaching Beyteen (Bethel) by sunset; but it was quite impossible to get the Muleteers to move with any thing like punctuality. No wheeled carriages of any kind are to be seen in Palestine; and if they were in existence, it would be utterly impossible to make way with them upon the stony and precipitous roads. All baggage is borne upon the backs of mules and asses, in the most primitive manner.

By about five o'clock we were loaded and ready to start. We left a suitable gratuity for our friends of the Latin convent, and found our horses awaiting us at the convent gates. We quitted the city by the Bethlehem gate, and took a last view of the heights of Mount Zion and the valley of Hinnom,

as we awaited the arrival of our cavalcade, without the city walls. As we passed out of the city, we saw several lepers sitting by themselves, not far from the gate, soliciting charity from those who passed in and out. They presented a sad picture of suffering, wretchedness, and destitution.

Our party was soon assembled. The cavalcade consisted of four mules and two asses, with the tents and baggage; each animal attended by a driver, one of whom was a Nubian slave—tall, slim, and as black as polished ebony. Then came the servants, who like ourselves were very fairly mounted on compact little palfreys supplied to us at Jerusalem. We took a northwesterly direction; and for rather more than half an hour, Jerusalem and its surrounding heights were still in sight. Again and again I paused and looked back as for a last glance. At length, between us and the city there lay a wide spreading track covered with vineyards and olive plantations, which gave an air of freshness and fertility to the otherwise bare and parched appearance of the soil. Another step—and I felt that Jerusalem would be no longer visible. I gazed then—for the last time indeed upon the scene of my Saviour's humiliation and triumph. The last object I saw, was the Mount of Olives, and the scene of the ascension. Henceforth, Jerusalem will be to me a lovely—a stately vision, ever present to my mind and to my heart. Mountains and valleys and oceans are now between us; but the mental portraiture can never be obliterated.

Our route was dull, rugged, and dreary. Several points of great interest, however, presented themselves as we proceeded: such as Naby-Samuel—about two hours distant from Jerusalem, occupying the summit of a terraced hill. For many centuries this spot has been deemed the ancient Ramah, the birth and burial place of the prophet Samuel—the spot from which he often surveyed and deplored the coming desolations of Judah, and contemplated the humbling apostacy of her king. Not far distant and upon an elevation of nearly equal height, was Bet-hanina (probably the abode of Hannah the mother of Samuel), and upon another, was Gibeah of

Saul and Micmash. In front of us, and somewhat to the right, was El Geeb—the ancient Gibeon, which "was a great city, and one of the royal cities . . . . . greater than Ai, and all the men thereof were mighty." The hill on which these remains now stand is remarkably round, and terraced in such a manner, that from a distance it has the appearance of being ascendible by a regularly formed flight of stairs on all sides. ——"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." It was the scene of a marvellous transaction, and the place of a terrible slaughter, when the kings of the Amorites had gathered together against it, and when Joshua in the strength of the Lord, "discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon, and smote them to Azekah and unto Makkedah."* Many and interesting are the Scripture incidents of which Gibeon was the scene.† We did not ascend its heights, being desirous of reaching Beeri as early as possible after sunset. It was somewhat to have fixed our eyes upon so celebrated a locality.

A continued ride of about four hours brought us to Beeri, the ancient Beeroth, where we resolved on pitching our tents for the night. Close by the spot selected was a delicious spring, the sound of which fell pleasantly on our ears after the heat and wearisomeness of our journey, as it gushed forth and deposited its streams in a rude stone trough, from whence it was turned into a small rill which wound among the gardens of the village. The village itself is poor and insignificant; although when we arrived in the darkness of the evening, the sound of dogs, loud and numerous, gave the idea of magnitude. The stars came forth with great lustre and beauty while we pitched our tents, surrounding us with their gentle influence: and it was a delightful thought that in this very spot, probably, it was first discovered by Joseph and Mary, that the Child Jesus was not of their company as they were returning from Jerusalem, by this route, to Nazareth.

* Joshua x. 10, &c. † See 2 Sam. ii. 12; xx. 8; 1 Kings ii. 5; iii. 5.

There seems to be a very ancient tradition in favor of this; and so far as I could learn, no other ancient well* was to be found within the distance mentioned in Scripture, on the high road to Nazareth; and it is certain, that then, as now, journeys were much regulated as to their distance by wells. There is nothing peculiar, or even picturesque about the spot; but it was pleasant to repose there, and to drink of the fountain which probably had quenched the thirst of the Holy Family and their companions. Two other matters recorded in Scripture are also associated with this neighborhood; the first of these is, that "Jotham ran away, and fled, and went to Beer, and dwelt there, for fear of Abimelech his brother."† The other is, that somewhere thereabouts was the abode of Deborah, the prophetess, who is said to have "dwelt under the palm tree of Deborah, between Ramah and Bethel."‡

Soon after sunrise on the following morning, we were on horseback. The women of Beeri were early at the fountain; some filling their earthern pitchers, and others washing clothes in the stream. It was a pleasant picture, especially as it presented to us the people pursuing the customs which had been continued for ages. Our first intention after quitting Beeri, was to visit the remains of Bethel, now called Beyteen. For this purpose we made a detour from the main path, turning off, in an easterly direction at Wadey Geeb, about two hours distant from the fountain. The remains of Bethel are still extensive, and present a sufficiently distinct idea of its site, plan and formation, even in the details of its streets. This was the ancient Luz; at least antiquarians and most modern travellers are agreed in deeming it such. If so, then it was the scene of Jacob's remarkable and blessed vision, as he went from Beersheba towards Haran, which constrained him to say, "How dreadful is this place! It is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. . . . . .And he called the name of that place Beth-el."‖ Beyteen (or Beth-el) is

* This fountain, or well, was doubtless a distinguished one: inasmuch as the village takes its name from it.

† Judges ix. 21. ‡ Judges iv. 5. ‖ Genesis xxviii. 10—19.

now scarcely inhabited. We found one family, who offered us goat's milk; and two or three straggling Arabs among the ruins. It is a scene of perfect desolation. Beth-el has indeed "come to naught."* We found reapers engaged among the scanty crops of the valleys around.

We find frequent mention of Bethel in the sacred writings. When the ten tribes revolted during the reign of Rehoboam, it was included in the new kingdom of Israel. It was here that Jeroboam set up one of his golden calves. On this account it was called by the prophet Hosea, Beth-aven—not the *house of God* as Jacob had named it, but the *house of Idols*, or of *vanity* It was seized upon by Abijah, king of Judah, out of the hands of Jeroboam, but was soon restored to the kings of Israel.† On the first division of the land by Joshua, it was allotted to the tribe of Benjamin.

Having rejoined our party in the main path, we proceeded till about eleven o'clock, through a country in some places bare, sterile, and desolate, yet with many remaining traces of ancient cultivation and fruitfulness. Thin crops of grain were here and there ripened for harvest, in the sweeping valleys. A detour, which cost us full three hours, gave an opportunity of visiting the remains of Shiloh, now called Siloun. Its geographical position is clearly laid down in Scripture, where it is said to be a "place which is on the side of Beth-el, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah."‡

With this, Siloun agrees exactly; and I am not aware of any other remains that can dispute with it the claim to the desired identity. Beside this, its present name contains in it the elements of the original—as Professor Robinson observes, "The full form of the Hebrew name was apparently *Shilon*, as we find it in the Gentile noun *Shilonite;* and Josephus writes it also, *Silo* and *Siloun.*" Few, if any, of the remains of ancient Shiloh are to be found amidst the ruins yet visible on the height. Indeed there is scarcely any thing worthy of attention, except a kind of tower or chapel of about twenty

* Amos v. 5. † 2 Chron. xiii. 19. ‡ Judges xxi. 19.

feet square, and some ruinous tombs eastward. The former is overshadowed by a splendid and venerable nabbukh tree, under which we tethered our horses and rested ourselves. We found many tessalæ—the remains of ancient pavements.

Shiloh is an interesting spot on many accounts. It was there that the tabernacle of the congregation was set up, when the children of Israel were assembled together after the land had been subdued before them ; and there also it was that the last division of the territory was made among the tribes of Israel.* From the time of Joshua, down to the close of Eli's ministry, the ark and the tabernacle continued there ; and there, too, the child Samuel was consecrated to God in the service of the sanctuary.† When among the ruins of Shiloh, I did not call to mind the solemn words of Jehovah by his servant Jeremiah—"Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it *for the wickedness of my people Israel.*"‡ But now, while recalling the scene, and pondering the subject of Israel's unfaithfulness, they speak the stern language of awful admonition. Viewed in the light of Scripture, Shiloh is at once a hoary memorial of the baseness of man, and of the righteous indignation of God. National sin brought down national judgments upon God's most favored people. History records the fact—inspiration confirms, and weeping Judea now echoes it. Is national sin no longer hateful in the eyes of a holy God? Does his vengeance slumber? Should we not be heedful?

Quitting Shiloh, we took a circuitous route through winding valleys and mountain passes clothed with tamarisk and other graceful shrubs, till we arrived at a ruinous structure called Khan-el-Lebyan, near the ancient fountain—Bir-el-Lebyan, around which a party of Syrian shepherds were gathered with their numerous flocks of sheep and goats. The assemblage about a well in the east, always presents a charming and interesting picture of that mode of early pastoral life, with which the page of scripture makes us so familiar. We

* Joshua xviii. 1—10. † 1 Sam. i.—iv. ‡ Jeremiah vii. 12.

paused but for a moment, and rejoined our escort who were awaiting us for the midday rest, under the shade of a thick olive plantation on the height of a mountain brow, from which we commanded an extensive plain, encompassed by gracefully swelling elevations, partially cultivated at the base and every where exhibiting traces of ancient terraces, where the vine and olive had once abounded, in the fruitful days of Palestine. It was two o'clock when we reached this spot; and the sun had for several hours been triumphing in his strength. The hour of repose was welcome indeed, and so was the homely meal, provided for us at our usual gypsy-fire. It was not until five o'clock that we yielded to the necessity for pressing onwards—repose was so sweet.

We had quitted the territory of Benjamin, and were now upon the mountains of Ephraim, amidst small quiet villages and ancient sites, presenting themselves here and there at almost every turn of the road, which must have been frequently traversed by our adorable Redeemer when passing from Jerusalem to Galilee. It was the main, direct—perhaps the only road. A wide and partially cultivated plain extended itself, shut in by the heights of Ephraim, across which we pursued our way. It is called Wadey el Luban. At the north-west end of it, and occupying a site of considerable elevation, is the village of Luban, believed to be the ancient Lebonah. Finding it quite impossible to reach Nablous during the evening march, we pitched the tents upon a threshing floor, near a small agricultural village called Hawarah, where we were soon surrounded by a large party of Syrian shepherds and villagers, from whom we obtained a good supply of delicious milk and cheese, and excellent water, for a trifling remuneration. We had been on horseback for about eleven hours altogether, and were heartily glad when our couches were prepared for our reception.

Next morning by six o'clock, we resumed our journey towards Nablous. Even at that early hour, the sun was intensely hot, and began to be oppressive. For about an hour and a half, our way was along a delightful and enclosed

valley, in a very fair state of cultivation, considering the miserable condition of the poor Syrian population. The chief productions are millet, the cotton plant, and both Indian and common wheat. From this valley we were soon ushered into an extensive plain much cultivated in like manner, and which could not be less than eight or ten miles northward, and in breadth about three or four, bounded by finely-lined mountains scattered over with villages. On entering the plain, we made our way close under the western ridge, from whence we commanded its whole extent. How fertile—how abundantly prolific must it have been in the days of Israel's prosperity. It is a memorable spot—the parcel of ground which Jacob bought "of the hands of the children of Hamor,"* and "gave to his son Joseph;"—the scene of frequent assemblage for the tribes of Israel. The plain is well watered by streams flowing from the "full-fountained" city of Nablous and is so exceedingly verdant and fruitful, that (as Maundrell has strikingly observed) "it may be looked upon as a standing token of the tender affection of that good patriarch to the best of sons."

Westward of this notable plain, stand the mountains Ebal and Gerizim—prominent and picturesque features of this most interesting landscape.

Bearing away towards the west, the plain narrows into a valley lying between Ebal and Gerizim, and leading towards Nablous, which has usually been deemed the *Shechem* of the Old, and the *Sychar* of the New Testament; though there is some ground for believing that a small village, called *Aschar*, lying in a northerly direction, and not so distant from the plain as Nablous, may be the true *Sychar*.

At the widest part of the opening of this valley, there is a low pile of rude masonry, surrounded by a large number of loose stones of considerable size, and remains of walls and their foundations. It is an object which many a traveller might overlook, were he not prepared for it by previous announcement. An ancient—a very ancient well is con-

* Genesis xxxiii. 18, 19.

cealed by these remains, the descent to which is made through a narrow mouth in the stonework above, usually covered with a massive fragment of stone. The stone was too heavy for us to remove without more aid than we could command. I should gladly have drunk of this water—but, in addition to the fact of its mouth being closed—I learnt that the "well is deep," and I had "nothing to draw with."

The most august traveller whose feet ever pressed the soil of the Holy Land, once rested on the brink of this noted well. That traveller was Jesus of Nazareth. The well is Jacob's well. St. John tells as that Jesus, on a certain occasion, "left Judea, and departed again into Galilee;" and that "he must needs go through Samaria." This well is in the high road—the road over which the generations of past ages have been wont to travel from Judea to Galilee. The Evangelist continues—"Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.) Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle? Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water

that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

It was indeed a charming event in one's life, to stand on the brink of that well—to hear, as it were, the voice of the sublime preacher, and to have the precious truth which he taught giving spiritual life to the believing soul.

But—is this the only well near Sychar, in the way through Samaria to Galilee? Are there not others which may equally claim to be the well of Jacob? These questions may naturally enough suggest themselves, when after the lapse of so many centuries, we endeavor to make out a satisfactory identity. Certainly there are other wells—but not in the direct road. There is one, and a considerable one, too, lying a mile or so in a more north-easterly direction; but the well in question seems to be the only one that really answers the description given by St. John, who speaks of it as being "*deep.*" Mr. Calhoun—a recent European traveller, ascertained its depth at seventy-five feet, with about twelve feet of water; while the other wells are so shallow, that the water may be easily reached with the hand. I stooped down and drank with perfect ease, at that which I have just mentioned. Besides all this—the identity of the well of Jacob is not sought for through any Popish tradition, but through a Mahommedan one, which appears never to have been disputed; and it seems time out of mind, to have been called by the Arabs *Bîr Yacoob* (the well of Jacob), and it is by that name they now universally designate it. On account of its great depth and the consequent coolness of the water at all seasons, it has no doubt been highly esteemed from the beginning; and this may be alleged as a reason why the woman of Samaria should come so far from Sychar to draw water, when other wells were near at hand, and while the vale of Sychar abounded with rich streams.

The divine doctrine propounded by the voice of an incarnate God at the brink of that well, has never passed away. It is recorded by the finger of the Spirit; and many a thirsty soul has tasted its life-giving reality. The weary traveller is gone. The woman of Samaria no longer lingers on the spot;

but the generations of eighteen centuries have heard the heavenly teaching, and it is now as much as ever the precious truth of the imperishable Gospel—"*Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.*" Oh may our hearts respond—

——— "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not."*

At a distance of not more than a quarter of a mile northward of Jacob's well, stands a "whited sepulchre." It consists of four walls, open at the top, and has a wide doorway opening towards the north. It is a place of frequent resort with the Jews; and many are the Hebrew inscriptions in the interior. On the left is a kind of covered sarcophagus, over which a wild vine clusters luxuriantly. Towards the right is a raised piece of rude masonry, like the common coverings of Arab graves, evidently marking the final resting-place of some one. The whole structure is of great age. Undisputed tradition claims it as the tomb of Joseph. That the remains of this servant of God lie somewhere thereabouts, there is no doubt: for we read that "the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, *buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor*, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver; and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph."† I am very much inclined to believe the tradition which points to this ancient sepulchre. If it be well founded, how venerable does the spot become to those who love to dwell upon the sacred narrative of God's wonderful dealings towards the once enslaved descendants of the "faithful Abraham."

The road towards Nablous is a valley of considerable breadth—lying, as I have said, between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, and running nearly due east and west. The former of these mountains, which was the mount of *cursing*, rises on the north side of the valley, and is nearly barren above, but skirted below in some parts by olive groves. Its

* John iv. 15. † Joshua xxiv. 32.

height is estimated at from about eight hundred to a thousand feet above the plain. The latter, which was the mount of *blessing*, rises on the south of the valley. It shows a few traces of cultivation, and is of equal height with Mount Ebal. Both these noted mountains are exceedingly bold and striking, when viewed only as parts of a fine landscape. Nablous is situate due west between them; and is approached through a fine grove of olives of great age and magnitude, with here and there springs of water, round which, shepherds and their flocks were gathered as we passed. The whole of the valley is very beautiful and quiet; while the massive sides of Ebal and Gerizim give to it an air of charming seclusion. On the heights of Mount Gerizim once stood, as is generally believed, a Samaritan temple, to the religious exercises connected with which the woman of Samaria most probably referred, when, at the well of Jacob, she said to her illustrious teacher—"Our fathers woshipped in this moutain." An annual procession is made to this spot by the small residue of the Samaritan people, who still occupy their ancient city. The summit of Gerizim is now occupied by a structure of modern character. It is the tomb of an Arab saint.

But what gives an abiding and peculiar interest to Mounts Ebal and Gerizim is, after all, the fact, that on their sides were gathered the tribes of Israel, to hear and respond to the blessings and curses of Jehovah; while the Ark of the Covenant, surrounded by its attendant Priests and Levites, was placed in the lovely valley between. How awfully solemn must have been the assemblage and the occasion. Israel was then victorious in the land of promise: and there it was that their whole destiny was open before them, as it was to result from either their obedience or the contrary. Alas—with what a melancholy interest does the subsequent history of God's ancient people invest the transactions of that day. On Gerizim, stood the tribes of Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph, and Benjamin, "to bless the people." On Ebal, stood those of Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali, "for a cursing." Soon the expectant silence of the vast con-

course was broken by the loud voice of the Levites, sounding upwards from the valley, uttering in the name of the God of Israel, the curses attendant on a disobedience to the divine will which had been revealed from heaven as a law, and written plainly on large stones, set up on Mount Ebal; and at every pause, the tribes on Mount Ebal gave forth their solemn "Amen." While in like manner the blessings of obedience were heard and responded to by the tribes stationed on Gerizim. The curse has been terribly fulfilled upon apostate Israel, and of this, every Jew of every subsequent age of their history has been a living memorial—not to be denied or overlooked. Perhaps there are not two more awfully interesting chapters in the Bible, than those which record these transactions on Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. and in the vale of Sychar.*

Sychar is nearly concealed by the thick olive groves of the valley, till you are within a few hundred yards of its walls, when it breaks upon the view—a charming object, with its graceful minarets embosomed in the richest foliage which this abundantly watered valley so richly cherishes. Almonds, pomegranates, vines, figs, mulberries, apples and orange trees grow with the greatest luxuriance; while the cultivation of melons, cucumbers, and such like garden produce affords an abundant supply for general consumption, which is carried as far as Jerusalem. The melons of Sychar are much esteemed. The garden hedges are for the most part formed of the prickly-pear (which is of the cactus family), and in many parts are interlaced with the spreading branches of luxuriant vines.

Sychar should be always viewed from without. The charm is lost when once you set foot within its poor and miserable streets and offensive bazaars. We rode through it but made no stay; only taking a leisurely survey as we passed, of the pursuits and occupations of the people. Some were seated in groups, amidst piles of melons, cucumbers, and other fruits; some were engaged in cutting and preparing

* Deut xxvii xxviii. &c.; and see also Joshua viii. 30—35.

for sale large supplies of tobacco; others were carrying to and from the fountains, water-bottles made of the untanned skins of sheep and goats, while veiled women were shuffling about in their yellow morocco boots, thrust into loose slippers, which gave them an awkward gait. In many of the houses and bazaars, we noticed an extensive manufacture of cotton in various stages; some were carding—others were spinning, and not a few weaving. There was a general appearance of liveliness and activity amidst the population, though in most streets were to be found large parties of those lovers of ease, whose day is spent reclining in the shade, and inhaling the fumes of Latakia. Sychar (or Shechem) was one of the ancient cities of refuge; and far more interesting on account of its scriptural associations than by reason of anything in its present character and appearance.

It is worthy of remark, that while our blessed Redeemer was honorably received in this city of the Samaritans, he and his divine teaching and mighty working were despised at Capernaum and the once distinguished cities about the Sea of Galilee; and that while the latter are now in ruins—nay, their sites almost untraceable—the former is still a prosperous town, so far as prosperity can be said to exist in this sadly changed country. One of its striking features is the abundance of fountains both within and around it, imparting coolness, freshness, and luxuriance to every part.

We quitted the city by a gate opening towards the northwest, which brought us into the midst of most delicious groves and gardens, and then again into the main valley, with the continuation of Ebal and Gerizim still on either side, and with a rapid narrow stream coursing its way with a sweet and refreshing ripple. For several miles the valley is still richly cultivated; and abounds with fine spreading fig, olive, and pomegranate trees, and climbing vines, embracing with their graceful tendrils the bold trunks of noble and spreading trees

Quitting the vale of Sychar, we journeyed towards Samaria. The way is often steep and rugged. It is doubtless

tne ancient path, over which buried generations have been wont to travel. It is worn deep in the face of the rock. After proceeding in a north-westerly direction for nearly two hours, we reached a delicious fountain called Bîr Sharath, surrounded and overhung by luxuriant and wide-spreading fig trees, the fruit of which was still unripe. They were of the purple kind which comes latest. We had eaten the earlier—the "first ripe figs" abundantly in Jerusalem; but found none of them hereabouts. Round the fountain was gathered a party of Syrian shepherds, with large flocks of sheep and long flap-eared goats. A few other peasants were engaged in conducting the streams of the fountain for the purpose of irrigation. We pitched our tents in this delightful shade, and were lulled to sleep by the sweet voice of the running waters. At half-past four we were on the march again; and, in little more than an hour, arrived at *Sebaste*—the ancient *Samaria*—the royal city of the kings of Israel.

Samaria was visible for full half an hour before we reached it; and perhaps there is not a more lovely scene in Palestine than that which presents itself, when its commanding position first meets the eye. I cannot well imagine a more noble site for a royal city. Israel was indeed magnificently enthroned there. It is a bold and stately mountain, belted about with guardian hills, as if to afford a natural fortification to the royal habitation. The mountain itself is of an oval form and richly clothed, almost to its summit, with stately olive groves. We quitted the heights from which we first gazed upon Samaria, by a winding path, through thick plantations which led us to green and fertile plains, extending around the spreading base of the mountain. Surely these must have been among "the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine."*

The prophecy concerning Samaria is most distinct, and its fulfilment has been exact. I wish an infidel could have stood with me and compared the present state of Samaria—even in minute particulars, with the prophecy of Micah which I read on the spot.† "The word of the Lord that came to Micah

* Isaiah xxviii. 1. † Micah i. 1—6.

the Morasthite in the days of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah kings of Judah, which he saw concerning Samaria and Jerusalem. Hear, all the people; hearken, O earth, and all that therein is; and let the Lord God be witness against you, the Lord from His holy temple. For behold, the Lord cometh forth out of His place, and will come down and tread upon the high places of the earth. And the mountains shall be molten under Him, and the valleys shall be cleft as wax before the fire, and as the waters that are poured down a steep place. For the transgression of Jacob is all this, and for the sins of the house of Israel. What is the transgression of Jacob? Is it not Samaria? And what are the high places of Judah? Are they not Jerusalem? *Therefore I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof.*" Though Israel's monarchs there swayed the sceptre—though there Herod reigned and revelled—though pomp and splendor and the glory of this world there shone and dazzled the thousands of Israel—yet, Samaria is a desolation. The sceptres are broken—the revel is hushed—the splendor has faded—Samaria is as an heap of the field, and as the plantings of a vineyard; her stones have been literally poured down into the valley—her foundations have been indeed discovered—and there they now lie; while from every heap and from every fragment there goes forth as it were a testimony, which cannot be silenced, to the righteous severity of an angry God.

We ascended the heights for the purpose of exploring the remains; and in our way met many of the Samaritan women coming down with their water jars, gracefully borne upon their heads, to a fountain which flows below. They are coarse and masculine, and contrast strongly with the men, who both in countenance and figure are extremely handsome. Their complexion is florid and clear, and slightly bronzed by their native sun.

The ascent is by a steep narrow pass which leads up to a small village—poor and insignificant; and to the left, on the

eastern brow of the hill, are the bo d and prominent ruins of a Greek church, said to have been built over the bones of John the Baptist—the victim of the heartless Herod and Herodias his adulterous paramour. A small enclosed part of the church is now used as a mosque; the door of which was closed against us as soon as we arrived. On either side of the ascent, immense masses of stone are piled and huddled together, and have the appearance of ancient foundations. On the summit there is a considerable extent of table-land thickly planted with fig and olive trees, among which are to be found a great many shafts of Corinthian columns deprived of their capitals—some of them erect, and others thrown down and partly buried in the soil. No one can survey these ruins without being sensible of the splendor with which this remarkable spot was once graced; all which is increased by glancing down into the valleys—particularly on the north-east, south and west, where the remains of bold and stately colonnades are still visible, amidst the heaps of piled up stones. Such are the remnants of Samaria, "the crown of pride." Was it here that Ahab built his house in honor of Baal? And here that Jezebel bore her cruel sway? And here, too, that those men of God—Elijah and Elisha, wrought wonders in the strength of the Lord of Hosts? Even so. And what do we now find instead? A few Syrian boors—a poor rude cultivation—spiritual dearth; the light of Christianity not merely dismissed, but extinguished; a monument—a memorial—the traces of Jehovah's presence in wrath and retribution.

The surrounding scenery, as beheld from the heights, is very ch rming; and it was beautifully garnished by the declining sun, as we gazed upon the grassy and olive-clothed valleys and "mountains of Samaria." We did not fail to notice the terraced sides of the hills, on which the vine and the olive once grew in cultivated profusion (compared with which the present is but barrenness), when the Ephraimites thence traded with Egypt, in oil*—the rich produce of the

* Hosea, xii. 1.

olive tree. Shall the poor and scanty cultivation which now marks the desolation of the land, continue? Is there no promise on which to ground a hope of better things? Oh yes: Israel—the beloved—the redeemed of the Lord shall return. He who foretold the desolation, and who brought it, hath given promise—hath said to banished Israel, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. Again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel: thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry. *Thou shalt yet plant vines upon the mountains of Samaria: the planters shall plant, and eat them as common things.*"*

We quitted the ruins of Samaria by a steep and difficult path, among olive and tobacco gardens, in a northerly direction; and on reaching the plain, were soon at the foot of a bold range of hills enclosing the valley of Samaria, over which we were to pass in our way to Nazareth. After pausing for a brief space, we commenced the ascent, having sent on the baggage mules while we stayed at Samaria; and, as we hoped, with exact directions as to the place where they were to await our arrival for the evening halting time. From the highest point of the mountains, and while traversing a winding path looking westward, a noble landscape opened before us. Immediately below, there stretched out a rich undulating plain, enlivened by villages and olive plantations, through which ran a beautiful glassy river, probably the brook *Kanah.*† Westward, was to be seen the line of the Mediterranean, with part of the plain of Sharon. On the north-east were the distant mountains of Galilee. Oh! it was a stirring scene. Every hair-breadth of the far-stretching territory was connected with the history and the hopes of God's ancient people, and interwoven, in all our associations, with the name and mission of Jesus of Nazareth. Had he not often gazed on this very scene, illumined and enriched by the beams of

* Jeremiah xxxi. 5. † Joshua xvi. 8; xvii. 9.

the same sun which now shed its evening lustre on every object?

By a descending path, north-eastward, we reached two villages, the principal of which our guides called *Birkah:* but I rather suppose it was *Gabath*—perhaps the ancient *Gibbethon*, where Baasha slew Nadab the son of Jeroboam.* The approach to it lies through a thickly wooded plain; and as we entered, flocks innumerable—of sheep, goats, and neat cattle, were crowding round the wells, from which the shepherds were busily drawing up water and pouring it from their leathern buckets into ancient stone troughs. We received many kindly salutations as we passed, and many a "*Marahab bah*" (you are welcome); the ordinary expression of courtesy with which the traveller is greeted.

A little beyond this village, we reached the place where it was understood that the baggage mules should await us, and where we hoped to find the tents pitched and all things ready. But, alas for the weary travellers—they had not arrived; and we could not but fear there had been some misapprehension. Every thing we possessed, besides the clothes on our backs, was under the care of our vagrant Muleteers. The sun had set; the evening shades had already gathered around us; and our only prospect was that of passing the night on the bare earth, without tents and without food, after our fatiguing expedition. We shouted with all our might; and Hassenein exerted his lungs till the valleys rang again. But there was no reply. We paused and listened, but all in vain. We had just resolved on turning off towards a spot distant about an hour, where Hassenein thought it possible the Muleteers might have gone. Had we fulfilled the intention, we should have lost them indeed. Just as we were about to move, I thought I heard a distant sound of the shrill bells attached to the mules' necks. Our hope was all alive. Hassenein shouted again—sputtered a little vehement Arabic, and fired a pistol the echo of which reverberated and died away on the evening breeze. Again there was a silence, and we listened breath

* 1 Kings xv. 27; xvi. 15.

lessly. A respondent shout was heard on a height far aoove us, followed by a shot. The sound of the bells was now distinctly audible. The voices of our Muleteers neared upon us. We fired another shot to show them exactly our position, and soon we were pitching our tents in a retired spot overhung with the full foliage of luxuriant fig trees, and near an abundant fountain. Close at hand was a village called Fendiomîr. As we sat at the tent door, fire-flies were playing their sparkling gambols, and thousands of crickets singing their night-song.

At an early hour the next morning, we were again in motion, in hope of reaching Jenin by the usual time of noontide rest. Our path lay for some time along a rich valley, which at length spread out into a magnificent plain of fine arable soil, but for the most part overgrown with tall thistles of a rich deep purple color. It was surrounded by hills of various magnitudes, and of graceful forms. Four hours brought us within sight of Jenin, where a shady olive grove invited us to halt for the midday rest. Jenin may be looked upon as the frontier town between Samaria and Galilee. It stands on the western declivity of a hill, surrounded by hedges of the prickly pear, and is beautifully picturesque without; but within, it is poor and squalid, though traces are yet to be found of its former importance. Some travellers have supposed it to be the ancient *Ginæa*, referred to by Josephus; and the supposition is not without foundation. In the midst of it is a magnificent fountain of delicious water, which forms an extensive pool, and was surrounded by a large and motley band of travellers refreshing themselves and their beasts of burthen. On reaching Jenin, we entered upon the territory of the half tribe of Manasseh; and, winding our way through the poor miserable streets, were ushered into the noble and indescribably beautiful plain of Esdraelon—the ancient valley of *Jezreel*—the plain of *Megiddo*. It is a vast and almost unbroken surface. On the east, it stretches off towards the Jordan; on the west, it nearly reaches the coast of the Mediterranean, and is there bounded by a range of small hills which sepa-

rates it from the plains of Acre. The mountains of Nazareth bound it on the north, and those of Samaria on the south. Noble and distinguished mountains look down upon it from their ancient thrones—Carmel, Hermon, and Gilboa; while towards the north-east stands Mount Tabor—the monarch of the scene, on which the eye fixes itself with delight and wonder. Maundrell estimates the extent of the plain at about thirty miles from east to west, and twenty from north to south. A river rises at the foot of Mount Tabor—it is the *Kishon*—that ancient river, which intersects the plain, and courses off westward to the sea. The stream in itself is inconsiderable, but is sometimes swelled by tributary waters—the efflux of mountain torrents, and the produce of heavy rains. The ancient fertility of this noble plain must have been amazing; and it still, no doubt, possesses its former capabilities. But a poor and partial cultivation—not far removed from sterility, is all that meets the eye of the traveller, who seeks in vain for the waving crop and the rejoicing husbandman. Is there not a cause? Alas, the breath of divine indignation has gone forth over its surface; and not till the thousands of rescued Israel rejoice in their restored inheritance, shall its wonted luxuriance return.

No one, in the least degree acquainted with the fate and fortunes of empires, could gaze unmoved upon the plain of Esdraelon. How many destinies have been sealed with the blood of thousands upon its surface; how many hopes crushed; how many an ambitious dream realized! It is well designated "the battle field of nations"—for such it has been from the day when Sisera there marshalled his bannered host; and from the time when the good Josiah fell,* and there went forth "the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon."† It was on this plain that the twofold subjugation of Judea was accomplished. And in more modern times, there is scarcely a warlike nation on the face of the earth, whose banners have not waved under the shadows of Tabor and of Hermon. There is another conflict yet to come—*a*

* 2 Chron. xxxv. 22—25. † Zech. xii. 11

conflict that shall be deadly, final, glorious—between the hosts of darkness and the children of light—between Antichrist and the Lamb! and does not the word of prophecy arrest the thoughtful traveller, and bid him look forth upon the plain of Megiddo?*

On quitting Jenin, we sent on the baggage mules by the ordinary route towards Nazareth, while we ourselves took a more circuitous one, by way of Zerin (*Jezreel*), for the purpose of visiting the remains of that city, and also Solam (*Shunem*), Nain and Endor. By some unaccountable mistake, we missed the proper path, and were able to visit only Zerin before the evening closed. We were then too far from Nazareth to reach it at any reasonable hour of the night. We had moreover missed our mules; and when the darkness closed upon us, we had no hope but of passing the night under the open canopy of heaven. I had for several hours been suffering severe pain, and was scarcely able to proceed —yet the possibility of finding the mules was worth an effort. We pushed on till we reached a considerable village on a steep elevation, where we made inquiries about the various roads to Nazareth; and while perplexed with conflicting intelligence, the far distant sound of the mules' bells greeted us. Some of the Arabs insisted that they were camel-bells, and urged us to stay in the village, offering to supply us with milk and other slight refreshments. But, we had no tents; and the prospect of spending the night amidst the *animalculæ* of an Arab hut was any thing but inviting. We no longer heard the sound of bells; but the distant barking of dogs encouraged a hope that the muleteers had arrived at some village within reach. We discharged fire-arms and shouted; but there was no reply. After a brief consultation we remounted and struck across the plain in the direction from which the dogs' voices seemed to come. Providentially, we soon found a horse-path; and after half an hour's riding saw light in the distance. We gave another shout, and it brought a reply. It was our party. They were just pitching the

* Rev. xvi. 14—16.

tents on the outside of a poor village, amidst extensive threshing floors. It was no small relief to find ourselves once more housed within our linen walls.

Early on the following morning we continued our way across the plain, with Mount Tabor towering on the right; and in about two hours reached the commencement of the ascent towards the mountains which encircle Nazareth. On our left, was Hasloh (Chisloth Tabor); on the right, the mount of precipitation. By an extremely fatiguing pass, which occupied about another hour, we reached the bare and rocky heights, from which we gazed on the spot where the early manhood of Jesus was passed, in subjection to an earthly parentage. It was NAZARETH. It is quite surrounded by a rocky girdle; and occupies the lowest slope of the west side of a hill. There is an appearance of chalky whiteness and sterility all around. The few figs and olives which are to be seen, are poor and stunted. Compared, however, with many other Syrian towns, Nazareth is still attractive, independently of the scriptural associations connected with it. It lay bathed in the morning light as we approached; and at a distance, wore the aspect of extreme repose. How busy was the imagination, as the eye glanced eagerly from side to side. Descending the heights, and making our way along a winding valley, we soon reached the city, exchanging salutations with some Syrian Christians on horseback, who paused and bid us welcome.

"*Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?*"—was a proverbial phrase of ancient origin. The extreme seclusion of its site once made Nazareth the resort of the bad and doubtful characters of Galilee. I fancy it is not much better now, if any judgment is to be formed from the physiognomy of the idle and wretched looking population.

We rode direct to the Latin Convent, and were civilly received, in a dirty cell set apart for pilgrims. Two rude beds were allotted to us, and a suitable place to stow away our baggage. I was unwell, and ill at ease. Nazareth seemed to be of all places the most outrageously clamorous. Every

hour of the day and night was broken by incessant yelling; scores of children were all crying and screaming at once, and at the top of their voices; donkeys were braying, cocks crowing, and camels grunting. I could have wept for the nervous feeling which all this helped to increase. I kept in my cell during the greater part of the day; and only emerged for the sake of visiting the more prominent objects of monkish interest—such as the alleged scene of the annunciation, the workshop of Joseph, &c. for which I had no great appetency, for reasons already stated in reference to those of Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

The greater part of the population of Nazareth is professedly Christian; but it is the deformed and lifeless Christianity of the Roman and Greek churches. I was present at vespers, in the church of the Latin Convent, but only a few stragglers attended as worshippers; and though it was the Lord's day—yet, the presence of the Lord seemed not to be regarded in Nazareth. It was so in the days of his sojourn upon earth. He did not many miracles there; his countrymen had no faith in him—they were offended at the meanness of his origin—"Is not this the carpenter's son?"*

But notwithstanding all that was wearisome in my short stay at Nazareth, one delightful train of thought kept possession of my mind—that there the human nature of our adorable Redeemer expanded to its full maturity; and that there in humble obscurity he trained his soul for those achievements which have shed light and lustre and hope upon a blighted world. How delightful was it to gaze upon every rocky height, and upon every silent valley around, and to be assured that there He walked and meditated and prayed, and yearned over the degraded posterity of the fallen Adam.

After a restless night we rose early, and by seven o'clock were mounted for the purpose of making an excursion to Tiberias and the lake of Gennesareth, intending to return to Nazareth by way of Cana of Galilee. Some little fuss was made about danger to be apprehended from marauding par-

* Matt. xiii. 54—58.

ties of Bedaween who infest the surrounding country, and we were therefore strongly urged to take an additional escort from Nazareth. This addition resolved itself into a single Arab, armed with his long spear, but incapable of affording much protection in the face of actual danger. He was, however, a Nazarene—and perhaps well acquainted with such enemies as we might have to encounter. He was a disagreeable lazy fellow, and made no way towards securing our good opinion; but we had no means of choosing for ourselves.

On quitting Nazareth, we found on its outskirts a very ancient well, round which, as is the custom of the east, a number of persons were gathered. The well is the place of general resort. Some of the women, in their picturesque attire, were filling their earthen vessels—others returning with their pitchers borne upon their heads. This in all probability was the ancient well of Nazareth, where Mary and the "holy child Jesus" no doubt often lingered, and from which he drank many a refreshing draught.

We made our way direct towards Mount Tabor, which we purposed ascending from the small village of *Dabourieh*, which lies west of the mount, and close to its base. This village is about two hours distant from Nazareth, by an extremely beautiful path, shut in by thickly studded oak-forests. Another hour brought us to the summit of Tabor. On reaching Dabourieh, we paused at the village well, for the purpose of refreshing our horses, and were treated with a volley of the most violent abuse by a hag of an old woman, who seemed quite disposed to raise the village against us. Money was offered for the use of the well, but indignantly refused—so we passed on and made the best of it, while Hassenein gave vent to his anger in a torrent of Arabic vehemence. I began to expect we should be pelted with stones—but were allowed to pass without further molestation. The ascent of Mount Tabor by the accustomed way, is not by any means difficult, though almost impracticable by others. The whole of it is deliciously shaded by a thick overgrowth of the ilex and such

like forest trees. Many wild gazelles—delicate, graceful creatures—were seen grazing on the surrounding hills.

On the summit of Tabor are extensive ruins; and to the southeast they assume the form of fortifications, overlooking a wide plain of an oval form, covered with herbage and forest trees. Perhaps one of the noblest panoramic views in the world, is that obtained from the highest point of the ruins. Northwest, in the distance, is the ridge of Carmel: south, are the lovely mountains of Samaria running east and west, and bounding the plain of Esdraelon, where the chariot of Ahab once rolled, as the monarch fled before the coming danger. Immediately in front of these are the hills of Gilboa; and nearer, is little Hermon, overshadowing the cities of Endor and Nain. On the east, stretches out the scene of the Redeemer's early ministry—while, embosomed in its undulations, the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee reflect the sunbeam. South of the lake is the plain of Jericho; and beyond, rise up the distant peaks of Anti-Libanus; while onwards to the north, the vast mass of Lebanon sets up its noble, snow-capped barriers.

As a military position, perhaps Tabor has been one of the most available, from the time that Barak went down from thence with ten thousand men after him, to contend against Sisera with his iron chariots and bannered hosts, all marshalled in the plain below. From its heights, Josephus for a long time defied the force of Roman arms in the last struggles of declining Israel. The ruins yet visible, tell a sad tale of violence, of conflict, and decay. But there is one thing which gives peculiar interest to this memorable mountain, and that is, the long-maintained tradition of its having been the scene of our Redeemer's transfiguration. I enter not into any discussion on this point. It is difficult (is it not needless?) to question a tradition so ancient and so steadily maintained. I confess, I gave my mind up to it, and felt—surely it is "good to be here."

Near the summit of the mount, hid in a cavern approached by a few rude steps, is a most delicious well of liquid crystal

Fatigued and weary, we descended and found the water to be of icy coldness. The burning sun could not reach it. A black Nubian slave, belonging to the Muleteers who accompanied us, sat on his heels in mute surprise at our ecstacy on meeting with such delicious refreshment in such a place.

Having made our descent, we proceeded along a mountain path surrounded by fine forest scenery, much like an English park; and at length found the Muleteers awaiting us in the high road towards Tiberias, under a magnificently spreading nabbukh tree, beyond a considerable Bedaween encampment, through which we had passed unmolested. Here we made our noontide rest. I gathered fresh water-cresses from a little rill hard by, and added them to the provisions for our slender meal. At about three o'clock we resumed the march, bearing off in an easterly direction; and, after passing over many miles of bare and uncultivated plain, with here and there a bit of rocky elevation, we reached in about four hours the brow of a steep acclivity—from which Tiberias, and beyond it the Sea of Galilee and the hills of Bashan broke magnificently upon the view. And here, then, began the wondrous ministry of that mighty Prophet—whom God had also "exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." Here was first heard the sounding forth of that gospel, which now vibrates through the inhabited world—the voice of the living God, speaking in mercy and love to apostate man, from the lips of One in whom dwelt "all the fulness of the Godhead, bodily."

As a picture, it was surpassingly beautiful. The setting sun cast his beams upon it, shedding also a richly empurpled hue on every object. I paused, in order to get it fully imprinted on my memory; and there it is now deposited—one of the loveliest pictures in the world.

A steep descent soon brought us to the gates of Tiberias—a scene of ruin and desolation, though once the abode of the luxurious Herod. The traces of the last earthquake were awfully visible in the shattered walls and ruined habitations

In many open parts of the town, tents were pitched among ruins—the only dwellings left for the poor inhabitants. Some of the injured houses had been partially restored, and others rebuilt: and on the flat roofs were constructed small sheds made of sedges and the branches of trees, under the shade of which the inhabitants of Tiberias usually pass the night for the sake of a cooler atmosphere. The temperature is usually very high. As we passed through the desolated streets, we saw a large party of Jews, of various nations, seated in the dust round the ruins of one of their synagogues, which they were making efforts to restore. Filth, poverty, and squalid wretchedness, characterize the ancient city of Tiberias; and an air of hopeless desolation pervades it.

We were lodged with a German Jew—a stirring and intelligent looking man. His house was a locanda or hotel—clean enough to be sure, for Tiberias. The first room was fitted up with homely dewans; and the inner one, with its stone floor and whitewashed walls, had the usual European furniture, of an uncostly kind. This was allotted for our accommodation. We did not expect to be thus lodged at Tiberias; and the surprise was increased, when in preparation for our meal, our host brought out from a massive chest of drawers—silver candlesticks, silver spoons and forks, and various other articles of the same metal—as if to show us what a set off he could produce, against all the external wretchedness around us. Hassenein had previously recommended us to take up our quarters with our Jewish friend (of whom he had some knowledge), because at this time of the year, he said, the fleas migrate from the towns to the country, for the sake of something they like in the dry grass and herbs, so that, if we pitched our tents outside the walls, we could only expect to be overrun with vermin. We were none the better for acting on this suggestion—for during our stay it seemed as if all the fleas, musquitoes, and other biting animalculæ of Syria were in league for our disquiet. I never passed two such nights—to say nothing of a height of temperature which kept me as if in a vapor bath all the time.

We set out to explore the western side of the Sea of Galilee. We had intended, if practicable, to procure a boat, for the purpose of going as far north as the mouth of the Jordan; but not one was to be had; so relinquishing that prospect, we proceeded on horseback. During the first two hours the road was rocky and steep, and afforded such a point of elevation as enabled us to command a charming view of the lake as well as of the interesting country on the eastern side, every part of which was associated with our blessed Lord's ministry and miracles. The waters of the noble lake were smooth as glass, and it was difficult to imagine that it was susceptible of being lashed by such terrific storms as are of frequent occurrence still.

Its estimated dimensions are fifteen miles in length, and about six in breadth; but the elevations on either side, give an idea of greater extent. The general appearance of the surrounding scenery was that of sterility—except on the western shore, where a green and richly wooded plain stretches downwards to the margin, and is intersected by many small rivulets of fresh water. The Jordan flows through the lake, and takes its course along the plain of Jericho to the Dead Sea. It is a very charming picture; but doubly delightful on account of the august associations which it awakens in the mind. It had often borne upon its bosom the most precious freightage—the incarnate Son of God. It had yielded obedience to the gentlest, though the mightiest voice that ever spake on earth, saying "Peace be still;" and many a time have its hushed waves paused as if to listen to a teaching more than human, when the assembled multitudes were gathered on its shores. Here, too, the faith of Peter was tried when he essayed to walk on the wave, and trembled at its wild threatenings. And it was from the banks of these very waters that those humble fishermen were called, who with all readiness of heart, left all, and followed their divine Master. As I surveyed the scene—I felt, this is surely one of the grand localities of the Holy Land. There can be no place for error. Here I can gaze with a satisfied eye and a full heart.

How often have my Saviour's feet trod these very paths—how often has his eye rested on these mountain ranges, as mine rests upon them now.

At about two hours distant from Tiberias we reached a poor miserable village, with a mere handful of population, called *Migdil*—generally supposed to be Magdala. A little beyond are several copious streams of brackish water, which flow into the lake, from springs rising in the mountains on the west. However abundant these streams may be, yet their constant flowing imparts no saline flavor to the waters of the lake, which are deliciously fresh—very like those of the Jordan. In about another hour, after proceeding through lovely coppices similar to those which fringe the Jordan, crowded with oleanders, tamarisk, and nabbukh trees, we reached another village called *Mingea*, commonly believed to be situate within the parts of Dalmanutha. Another hour brought us to *Telhoum*, deemed by some travellers to be the site of the ancient Capernaum. It is a slight peninsula, standing out into the sea for about a quarter of a mile beyond the line of the coast. At the extreme point is the ruin of a square tower, probably constructed of the stones of the fallen city. Amidst many other fragments are the remains of a temple on a bold scale, in rather coarse, white marble; and though some idea of architectural form and order is still traceable, yet Capernaum, with its towers and temples, is now but a name. Once lifted up to heaven, it has been cast down to hades. And Chorazin and Bethsaida—where are they? That they once existed and flourished, and were graced by the divine presence of the Eternal One, we are sure. That the woe denounced against them has been fulfilled to the letter, who will deny? But yet mystery—deep mystery, overhangs this region, once so privileged, but always so faithless; and now, when the passing Arab is questioned and bid to tell what he knows of Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida—he guesses, or is silent; and conjecture only, fills the mind of the intelligent and thoughtful traveller.

We lingered delightfully about the land of Gennesareth,

musing on the gospel narratives; and I indulged myself by bathing in the clear waters of the lake. In the evening we returned to Tiberias, having resolved on retracing our steps early on the following morning.

By six o'clock we were on our way; and after a ride of four hours and a half, came in sight of *Cana of Galilee*, which we determined to make the place of our noontide rest; and accordingly spread our carpets in a delightfully shaded grove of fig and pomegranate trees, having our horses and beasts of burden tethered around us. Just in front, on a slight elevation, stood the small and now miserable little village, picturesque enough, to be sure, but peculiarly interesting, as the scene of our blessed Redeemer's first miracle. Here then it was that Jesus with Mary his Mother, sat as guests, and shared the hospitalities of the assembled marriage party; and here it was—that the very water owned the presence and the power of its Creator.* The main fountain, or spring of Cana was near at hand; and from it we were supplied with water for our present refreshment and future use. It was pleasant to encourage the not unfounded notion, that from this very spring was drawn the water which the governor of the feast designated as "the good wine." The greater part of the few inhabitants of Cana are said to be Christians, which is in some degree indicated by its present name—*Kefer-kenna*, which means *infidel*-Cana. Keffer (*infidel*) is a term usually applied by the Musselmans to places whose inhabitants profess Christianity. It was when Jesus was once sojourning at Cana of Galilee, on his return from Samaria, that the nobleman of Capernaum, whose son was at the point of death, came beseeching him to go down and heal the child. "Go thy way—thy son liveth." The omnipotence of the divine will was displayed—"At the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that it was at the same hour in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house."†

In the afternoon we resumed our journey towards Naza-

* John ii. 1—11. † See John iv. 46—54.

reth, by a road—the usual road through which our Redeemer must frequently have passed. It is manifestly a very ancient road, but dull and uninteresting except on account of its associations. We reached Nazareth about six o'clock in the evening, charmed with the delightful excursion we had made. How many of the images employed in our Lord's parables and discourses arrested our attention while at Nazareth and in Galilee—the sheep and goats constantly herded together —the shepherds *leading* and the flocks *following;* the threshing-floor—the winnowing of the corn, and the burning up of the chaff; the birds of the air skimming along the valleys —the foxes, with their holes in the rocks which they inhabit; the flowers of the field, &c., &c. How very familiar and delightful did Scripture imagery become.

We had purposed to start early on the next morning towards Mount Carmel, but Abd'lawahyed discovered that he had been robbed during our absence. We had left all our heavy baggage at the convent; and he, amongst other things had left his purse, containing nearly the whole of two months wages which we had paid him at Jerusalem. Two hundred and fifty piastres were stolen. The key of our rooms had been left in charge of a servant of the convent, who had previously been in attendance upon us. As soon as the robbery was discovered, it was made known to the Superior, who waited upon us instantly, and appeared much distressed that such a thing should have happened. Abd'lawahyed and Hassenein went to the Governor's house (a Turk), with the intention of seeking redress; but he was *asleep, and must not be awakened.* We resolved on awaiting his worship's waking time, however it might interfere with our intended movements, in order that, if possible, justice might be obtained. We waited till half-past eight o'clock, when the servants were admitted to an audience of the Governor, and stated their grievance; but—oh shame! he said he could not interfere, as we (the masters) and the servants of the convent were all Christians! There was an end of the matter—and we departed without redress.

At nine o'clock we started, with no very pleasant impressions

either of the Turkish virtue or Christian honesty of the people of Nazareth. After descending the bare ridge of hills which surround the city, we again entered on the western portion of the plain of Esdraelon, and crossed till we reached that part of it which is usually called the plain of Megiddo. We were soon in the midst of the finest forests of oak, where we spread our carpets during the midday heat. I could easily have imagined myself transported to some of the fine old park and forest scenery of the best parts of England. The songs of joyous birds floated around us, as we stretched ourselves on our carpets for repose. I learnt to sleep at noon, with as much readiness as if I had been born an Arab. It is quite surprising to find how soon an European drops into the habits of the people among whom he lives. An Arab can scarcely take a recumbent position ere sleep closes his eyelids; and so it was with ourselves.

Much had been said before we left England, of the disturbed state of Syria, and of the danger that would probably await travellers passing through the country. Though much less apprehension was entertained by our friends in Alexandria and Cairo, still its unsettled state was freely admitted. But certainly we never experienced one circumstance tending to found a suspicion that Europeans would be endangered. We travelled as safely as we could have done in our own land. It is true, the people are all armed, and so were we; and we made a point of keeping our weapons visible; but never had the least occasion for doing more. We received the usual "*Marahabbah*," (You are welcome), from all whom we met by the way, and as we entered the various villages. We obtained for a small price, at most of them, delicious milk, bread, and curd cheeses, made in little round cakes. The people seem very poor, though industrious; and for reasons already stated, it is impossible, under existing influences, that they should be rich, or even in easy circumstances. From all I could learn, there was a prevailing dread among them of being put under the government of Ibrahim Pasha. An amusing incident occurred one day, when I had for a time

doffed my Arab attire and resumed an European one. We saw a large party of Syrians approaching from a distance, with their asses laden; and as they drew near they made a brief pause to reconnoitre, and fixed their eyes upon us with an intent inquisitiveness. When we had passed, they called aside one of the Muleteers, and cautiously asked him whether I was not Ibrahim Pasha, disguised in an European dress, and come over to assume the government of Syria. We had a hearty laugh at the amusing misapprehension. I had never in my life before had the honor of being mistaken for a great man.

Quitting our delightful forest shade at five o'clock, we reached in about half an hour the vale of Zebulun—a rich, but almost uncultivated waste, having on the west the long ridge of Carmel, which at the part nearest to us was clothed to the very summit with fine oak trees, amidst which were a few gazelles grazing. Soon after entering on the plain, we crossed the almost dry bed of the River *Kishon*. Its banks were fringed with beautiful oleanders in bloom, and many other flowering shrubs. By this noted river were slain the prophets of Baal; and hither Deborah the prophetess drew to Barak, Sisera the captain of Jabin's army with his chariots and his multitude, and delivered them into his hand. "The kings came and fought; then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo: they took no gain of money. They fought from heaven: the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon."* Silent was the scene of those awful transactions, and peaceful as a vale in which blood had never been shed. Before sunset, we had advanced far enough just to descry the horizon-line of the Mediterranean, and saw the last beams of the sun brilliantly defining it. By about eight o'clock, we were encamped for the night, with the summit of Mount Carmel—that part of it more particularly referred to in Scripture, looking down upon us in quiet majesty.

* See Judges iv. 5.

I confess that I gazed upon Mount Carmel with a slight sense of disappointment; but only because it did not quite correspond with the mental picture I had formed from the time that Scripture first made its name familiar to me. The length of the ridge diminishes the sense of height; and it becomes less lofty as it slopes off towards the sea, where the elevation is estimated at from nine hundred to one thousand feet above the sea level. The proper effect of Mount Carmel is however to be felt when occupying its summit, looking over the wide ocean-expanse, and again when seen from the heights of Acre. "The excellency of Carmel," if understood to have consisted in its luxuriant fruitfulness, certainly appears to have passed away; for though in many parts it yet abounds with the ilex, and is skirted with a fine growth of noble olives, yet the word of the prophet Amos—when he said "The top of Carmel shall wither"—has been realized to the letter.

We quitted our encampment in the plain at the usual time; and in about two hours reached Khaifa, from whence we obtained a charming view of the sea, and the bay of Acre. This little town has an inviting appearance, and the approach to it is very beautiful—through groves of palm, fig, and olive trees; but, like all Syrian towns and villages, it is wretched and uncleanly within. We passed as rapidly as possible through its crowded and untidy bazaars, and made our way to the Latin Convent—a stately building of its kind, occupying one of the finest positions in the world, nearly on the very summit of Mount Carmel, overlooking the sea. The ascent is by an extremely steep road, quite as much as our stout little Arab horses and loaded mules could manage. We were received with the greatest kindness by an intelligent and courteous monk; and nothing could exceed the civility we received during the whole of our short sojourn on this notable mountain. The convent has been entirely rebuilt within the last twelve or thirteen years, and is upon a fine bold scale, and of most substantial masonry. It presents its lengthened front due west, and is three stories in height.

The church is well constructed; and under the high altar is shown the cave in which the prophet Elijah is said to have dwelt. It may be so; and I dare say the monks believe it. Why should they not? The view from the roof is superb, in the full and real sense of the expression—and the sunset which I beheld was magnificent beyond description. Our accommodations in the convent were really comfortable. The sleeping-rooms are nice, airy, whitewashed habitations, with neat bed furniture, and as many conveniences as are usually afforded in those of an Italian hotel, which most travellers know are rather slender, after all. I could not join my friend and fellow traveller in exploring the mountain heights, on account of a sprain of my foot which happened at the Sea of Galilee, and kept me very much a prisoner, except when on horseback. But—it was enough to be on Mount Carmel—to realize in my mind the transactions of which it was the scene, as recorded in Scripture. It was there that Elijah "cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, and look towards the sea. And he went up and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not"* And certainly, on some part of this mountain range it was, that the prophet gathered "all Israel". . . . "and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which did eat at Jezebel's table . . . . . and came unto all the people and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: But if Baal, then follow him' —and there it was that the majesty and honor of the God of Israel were vindicated by a marvellous and miraculous interposition.† The recollection of Mount Carmel will not be easily obliterated from my mind.

Next morning we took our leave of the friendly monks

* 1 Kings, xviii. 42—44. † 1 Kings, xviii. 19, &c.

and proceeded towards Acre, the fine commanding position of which was very distinctly visible from the heights of Mount Carmel. We descended by a difficult path winding along on the western slope of the mountain, for the purpose of visiting some ancient caves, over and about which, rude buildings have been erected. These are called, and supposed to have been, the "Schools of the Prophets." There is nothing remarkable about them, except the tradition. Again passing through Khaifa, we pursued our way towards Acre, keeping at the very brink of the sea all the time, so that the waves sometimes washed our horses hoofs. On the right was the far-stretching plain of Acre, running up northward, and bounded on the east by the hills of Nazareth. This plain is well watered, and capable of great fertility—but alas! barrenness is its sad characteristic. It is indeed a melancholy thing to mark the capabilities of Syria and Palestine, and yet to see an impoverished and miserable population almost starving amidst the sources of abundance.

The bay of Acre is one of the finest things that can be seen. And every step which the traveller takes along its bold and graceful sweep, enables him to look back upon the noble ridge of Carmel, which then assumes its proper character and position. In about four hours we reached the gates of Acre, having crossed the shallow fords of the rivers Kishon and Belus, where they empty themselves into the sea, and are not deeper than the hocks of a small Arab horse. At the ford of the Belus, we met a large and picturesque group of Syrian Christians, male and female, dressed all in their best, and mostly mounted on horses, mules and asses, en route for Mount Carmel, for the purpose of attending a great festival, to be held in honor of the Virgin Mary. The convent was in all the stir of preparation when we left it.

On reaching Acre, what a scene of ruin presented itself! The history of its recent bombardment is fresh in the memory of most of my readers. There was no part which did not bear traces of the scathe of war. Many of its buildings appeared to have been thrown together as if by an earthquake.

The fortifications were but yawning and tottering ruins; and in the very streets, cannon balls lay scattered about in great abundance. My lameness confined me to the saddle, so that I could not mount the ramparts or explore the ruins minutely; but I saw enough to make me shudder at the immediate consequences of even the most justifiable warfare. Some few efforts at restoration were being made; but they were slow and feeble. Many a year must elapse ere, even under the most favorable circumstances, the lost importance of Acre can be regained. The few bazaars which remain are poor and scanty, and seem to supply only the barest necessaries of life.

We now bent our steps towards Tyre and Sidon; and it was with no small interest that I looked forward to visiting scenes with which the mind forms such melancholy associations, while dwelling on the word of prophecy which has had its most exact fulfilment. We were still upon the plain of Acre, on which are several small villages surrounded with groves of fig trees, under one of which we took our noontide rest, and then passed onwards through several cultivated tracts of ground bearing their abundant crops of melons and cucumbers; while in the midst of the various allotments was to be seen the "lodge in a garden of cucumbers." The prolific character of the soil was very apparent, more particularly when we reached some fine gardens, after the Turkish taste, belonging to Ab'dallah Pasha. They are of great extent, and surrounded by plantations of the stately cypress, going up with its graceful spire, and contrasting its deep tints with the fresh glossy green of the orange and lemon trees which grow in profusion within the borders. Through the gardens runs a delicious stream, coursing its way from the hills eastward, towards the sea. We pitched our tents for the night near a fine spring of water, within about three hours of Tyre, called Ayùn el Masergi; and so near the sea, that on the following day we enjoyed the luxury of bathing. There were two drawbacks upon the comfort of our encampment—the one was an incessantly clamorous chorus of frogs; the other, the danger of scorpions, of the poisonous kind, one of which was

caught by the servants while pitching their tent. Happily we escaped without being assailed by these venomous creatures, at any time; but were aroused from our slumbers at night, by an outcry from Hassenein, who came rushing into the tent, asserting that he had been stung on his hand. I instantly administered to him a dose of ammonia (which he deemed almost as bad as the mischief he professed to have sustained,) and sent him to his tent again. In the morning I inquired, and found he had not been really stung, but had probably in his sleep been punctured by thistles, which were abundant; and his fears had given them the form of scorpions. In former journeys he had been really bitten, and suffered very seriously. So great was his habitual dread, that once when I gave him a bottle to stow away, in which I had preserved one of these reptiles in brandy, he actually threw it on the ground in terror, as if the dead creature could attack him through the glass.

The temperature was very high during this part of the journey; but I had broken my thermometer, and could not continue to register the daily state of the atmosphere. It was often very trying to the strength and spirits. On quitting Ayùn el Masergi, we continued for a short time across a level surface, still within sound and sight of the Mediterranean waves, and soon arrived at the far-famed rocky promontory—the Album Promontorium, or Cape Blanco. It is a mighty mass of limestone, and ascends precipitously from the brink of the sea, whose restless breakers dash around its base. Our road to Tyre lay over this vast rock. The pass itself is called *Scalæ Tyriorum*, and is said to have been the work of Alexander the Great. Whether or not, it assuredly was the work of an enterprising and bold spirit. It looked very formidable as we began the ascent; but the way on the southern side was easy, compared with what awaited us on the northern. From the summit, the view was magnificent, and we were enabled to catch our first distant view of Tyre. After pausing a few minutes, we began the descent. The way is cut in stairs—steep and difficult. It must have been a work of immense labor and cost. Sometimes the path lay on the very brow of

the rock, overlooking the sea from a frightful perpendicular height—guarded only by a low natural parapet of rock. With any horses but those of the country, I think I could not have dared to attempt the pass: but our poor animals performed admirably, and brought us on the shore beyond in perfect safety, and without even a false step.

The way towards Tyre was now easy enough. There were no objects of particular interest to claim our attention, till within about an hour of the city, when we turned off a little eastward, for the purpose of exploring some remarkable artificial and ancient curiosities, consisting of fountains and reservoirs, originally intended to supply Tyre with fresh water by means of an aqueduct. They are called *Ras-el-Ayùn* (the head of the fountain). Their unquestionable antiquity, and the admirable quality of the workmanship, the solidity of which is quite unimpaired by time, invest them with a peculiarity of interest. They appear not to have undergone the least change since *Maundrell* visited them in 1697. I therefore subjoin his description, as being more minute and satisfactory than I am capable of giving.*

* "RAS-EL-AYUN is a place where are the cisterns called *Solomon's*, supposed, according to the common tradition hereabouts, to have been made by that great king, as a part of his recompence to king *Hiram*, for the supplies of materials sent by him towards the building of the Temple. They are doubtless very ancient, but yet of a much later date than what this tradition ascribes to them. That they could not be built till since *Alexander's* time, may be conjectured from this, among other arguments—because the aqueduct, which conveys the water from hence to Tyre, is carried over the neck of land by which Alexander in his famous siege of this place joined the city to the continent; and as the cisterns cannot well be imagined to be ancienter than the aqueduct, so one may be sure the aqueduct cannot be older than the ground it stands on. Of these cisterns, there are three entire at this day, one about a furlong and a half distant from the sea, the other two a little further up. The former is of an octagonal figure twenty-two yards in diameter. It is elevated above the ground nine yards on the south side, and six on the north, and within is said to be of an unfathomable deepness; but ten yards of line confuted that opinion. Its wall is of no better material than gravel and small pebbles; but consolidated with so strong and tenacious a cement, that it seems to be all one entire vessel of rock. Upon the brink of it, you have a walk all round eight feet broad. From which, descending by one step on the south side, and by two on the north, you have another walk twenty-one feet broad. All this structure, though so broad at the top, is yet made hollow, so that the water comes in underneath the walks; insomuch that I could not, with a long rod, reach the extremity of the cavity. The whole vessel contains a vast

We spread our carpets at noon under a noble fig tree, in the midst of a large plantation of tobacco—a matter of diligent cultivation in the neighborhood of Tyre and elsewhere. It grows very luxuriantly, and is, I believe, held in esteem. After taking our accustomed rest and refreshment we advanced; and another hour brought us to the gates of *Tyre*.

Tyre is an object of the deepest interest, not only on account of its ancient splendor and political importance, but also, and more especially, on account of the fulness and minuteness of the prophecies directed against it, which have been fulfilled with the greatest exactness. Tyre, as we now behold it, is as it were, a permanent, living witness to the truth of God—a hoary monitor—speaking forth from its desolation to us and to men of all ages and climes. Those who would rightly appreciate Tyre in this point of view, and understand the value of modern descriptions of it, should carefully study Isaiah xxiii. and Ezek. xxvi. xxvii. xxviii. My limits, as well as the plan and intention of this work, forbid all attempt at an exposition of these prophecies. But—is there any need? has not every prediction become history?

Tyre was the capital of the ancient Phœnicia, and enjoyed more commercial prosperity than any city of the known world. It was built by the *Sidonians*, after their conquest by the Philistines of Askelon, two hundred and forty years at least before the erection of Solomon's temple; hence it is call-

body of excellent water; and is so well supplied from its fountain, that though there issues from it a stream like a brook, driving four mills between this and the sea, yet it is always brim full. On the east side of this cistern was the ancient outlet of the water, by an aqueduct raised about six yards from the ground, and containing a channel one yard deep. But this is now stopped up, and dry; the Turks having broke an outlet on the other side, deriving thence a stream for grinding their corn. An aqueduct now dry, is carried eastward about one hundred and twenty paces, and then approaches the other two cisterns, of which one is twelve and the other twenty yards square. These have each a little channel, by which they anciently rendered their waters into the aqueduct; and so the united streams of all the three cisterns were carried together to Tyre..... The fountain of these waters is as unknown as the contriver of them. It is certain from their rising so high, they must be brought from some part of the mountains, which are about a league distant; and it is as certain that the work was well done at first, seeing it performs its office so well, at so great a distance of time."

Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem. in 1697.

ed "the daughter of Sidon." It was of this city that *Hiram*, the friend and coadjutor of Solomon in the work of the temple, was the noted king. The political and commercial force of the Tyrians was vast, and once irresistible. When the prophecies of Ezekiel were uttered, Tyre was at its height of opulence and power. The first blow effectually struck against its greatness was by Nebuchadnezzar, who reduced to subjection, and ultimately destroyed it, after a siege of thirteen years. This city is understood to have stood a little inland, and is usually spoken of as Old Tyre. Not a trace of it remains. This agrees with Isaiah's prophecy—"*The burden of Tyre. Howl, ye ships of Tarshish: for it is laid waste, so that there is no house, no entering in.*" The severity with which Nebuchadnezzar treated the Old Tyre, seems to have been provoked by the precaution long before taken by the Tyrians, to establish themselves in an insular position, more than half a mile distant from the shore, whither they removed their wealth, and erected a strong city; so that when after thirteen years of toilful enterprize, he took possession of the old city, he found little more than its void habitations, and the armed force placed there for its defence. Nebuchadnezzar was not then in a state to subdue the new city; and besides, the force of his arms was then turned towards Egypt.

But the safety of Tyre was not of long duration. The power of Babylon again came forth against it and prevailed: and so complete was the subjection of the Tyrians, that (as Josephus informs us), they received their kings from Babylon, and were tributaries to Babylon. The prophet Isaiah had thus predicted:—"It shall come to pass in that day, that Tyre shall be forgotten seventy years, according to the days of one king: after the end of seventy years shall Tyre sing as an harlot."* Here we have a note of time—"*seventy years*," corresponding with the termination of the Babylonish monarchy, after which, by the aid of Persia, the Tyrians reassumed something like independence, and acquired considerable wealth and importance; and then it was that Tyre

* Isaiah xxiii. 15.

sang as an har ot. Her final overthrow was yet to be accomplished: and this was, in a great degree, reserved for Alexander the Great, who, by a scheme of gigantic magnitude, rendered the city, even in its insular position, accessible to the then usual mode of warfare and siege. In vain had he endeavored to effect its subjugation by attacks made from the sea; and it was unapproachable in any other way. He then conceived the stupendous idea of constructing a mole, which should at once connect it with the main land; and this was actually accomplished by driving piles and pouring in incalculable quantities of soil and fragments of rock; and it is generally believed, partly on the authority of ancient authors, that the whole ruins of Old Tyre were absorbed in this vast enterprize, and buried in the depths of the sea—so realizing the word of prophecy—"For thus saith the Lord God, When I shall make thee a desolate city, like the cities that are not inhabited: *when I shall bring up the deep upon thee, and great waters shall cover thee* . . . . . I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more: though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God."* This wonderful preparation being complete, the might of Alexander was actively directed against the devoted city in every form, by sea as well as from the mole, which rendered it as accessible as a continental town; when after a close siege of seven months, the city being also attacked with fire, a surrender was made; and then was brought about the terrible announcement of the prophet Zechariah—"And Tyrus did build herself a strong hold, and heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets. Behold, the Lord will cast her out, and he will smite her power in the sea; and she shall be devoured with fire."†

Various were the fortunes of Tyre after this fearful overthrow. From one dominant hand it passed to another, gradually declining—till in 1516, it fell under the Ottoman dominion, where it has remained until now—a scene of wretchedness and squalid misery.

* Ezekiel xxvi. 19—21. † Zech. ix. 3, 4; Ezekiel xxviii. 18.

—— And what was the master-sin, among many, of Tyre? She had "said against *Jerusalem*, Aha, she is broken, that was the gates of the people: she is turned unto me: I shall be replenished, now she is laid waste."* This was her sin, she laughed Jerusalem to scorn.

—— "Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God, and it shall become a spoil to the nations." Here was her punishment.

—— Is it not said of Jerusalem—"*They shall prosper that love thee?*" What may not nations and individuals *fear*, if they have no love for Israel—for Jerusalem? Is there nothing in the fate of Tyre, to make men pause and think—when they look scornfully or even indifferently towards the "peculiar people" whom God hath chosen for himself?

Tyre is remarkable on many other accounts. It was there abouts that our Lord cast out the unclean spirit from the young daughter of the Syro-Phœnician woman, who pleaded so earnestly and so tenderly.† It was there too that Paul found faithful disciples, on one occasion of his journeying to Jerusalem; and in the heat of the Diocletian persecution, believers were found there, who "counted not their lives dear unto them." The Christian churches in Tyre were once remarkable—especially the cathedral so celebrated by Eusebius. As an episcopal see, Tyre was dependent on the Patriarch of Antioch. The renowned William of Tyre was its first Archbishop. Several councils were held here; particularly that which condemned as heresies the orthodox opinions of Athanasius.

With recollections such as these, how deeply interesting was the first view and the subsequent visit to Tyre.

* Ezekiel xxvi. 2. † Mark vii. 24—30.

We approached it by the mole of Alexander, which now gives the idea of having been the natural, rather than an artificial approach. Before we reached the mole itself, we passed over deep and fatiguing accumulations of sand, partly concealing numerous ruins scattered about in sad and desolate confusion. Besides the slight remains of the ancient fortifications extending outwards to the sea, the greater part of Tyre as it is, consists of modern structures; and there was still a slight effort at extending human habitations within the walls. Extreme poverty characterizes the place and people. The bazaars are poor and scanty in their provisions. The old harbor, which is on the north, and once received the largest trading vessels of the world, is now so circumscribed and filled up, that only small craft can enter, some few of which were lying at anchor. A few fragments of the old harbor walls yet stand up above the surface of the sea, to show that such things were. The remains of the church of Origen are yet visible. It is on the south, and forms part of the wall. The fragments which remain serve to indicate its magnitude. Pillars and capitals are to be seen as they have lain for ages, in various parts, partly buried in the drifted sands. Though Christianity once flourished here, yet it has dwindled and decayed—the light is indeed dim. The little Christianity which exists, is I fear but nominal, and the crescent gleams more brightly than the cross.

—— What a lesson does Tyre—even in her present state, address to the hearts of thoughtful—aye, of thoughtless men! When those who are citizens of a country, so highly honored—so spiritually privileged—so distinguished as England, come forth and gaze upon her, and remember how our Lord himself said—"Woe unto thee Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes; but, I say unto you, *It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you*"—when they have these awful words sounding in their ears, as they gaze—have they not reason to tremble for

their country, lest her privileges be fatally abused—lest she finally fail of giving glory to God, and lest his righteous judgments leap forth to the vindication of His oft-insulted majesty? The woe has come upon Chorazin and Bethsaida. The woe is still upon Tyre. Where may it fall next? Can we not "discern the signs of the times?"

Resuming our journey, we proceeded for about three hours almost entirely by the sea side, till we reached a river of considerable breadth, spanned by a solid bridge, having near it the almost ruined village of Gasimieh. The evening was closing; and as we found an agreeable spot, pleasantly shaded by blooming oleanders, we resolved on taking up our abode there for the night; and by six o'clock on the following morning proceeded in the direction of Sidon. Almost midway, they pointed out to us, on an elevated site eastward, a village of some pretension, called *Sarfend*, which most travellers deem to be *Sarepta*, though some have claimed that distinction for a smaller village nearer the shore, through which we passed, called *Ayún-teen*—the fountain of the fig. For the former there is a tradition; and the Turks have erected their mosque over the alleged site of the widow's house, where the prophet Elijah dwelt. We did not go out of our way to visit it; but pressed onwards towards Sidon, staying only a few minutes at a delicious shady fountain to refresh our horses, and get a draught of cool water for ourselves. When we were within about an hour of Sidon, we halted under the shade of some stately tamarisk trees for our usual repose, having ridden for upwards of six hours in the intense heat of the midday sun. We remounted at five, and another hour brought us to the gates of the city.

Approaching from the south, it presented a striking picture; but not such as to give an idea of its real magnitude, or to be compared with that on the north and north-east. It occupies an elevated site, and projects far into the sea. On the east it has a bold fortified wall, over which the minarets stand up gracefully. To describe Sidon, as to its interior, would be only to repeat the description of most Turkish towns. Its

bazaars, however, are pleasantly shaded; and there seemed greater stir and activity than we had noticed in other places. Amidst the modern buildings, of which there are a far greater number, and upon a better scale than at Tyre—we noticed many of the remains of ancient splendor—such as fragments of old masonry—columns—entablatures, &c. We loitered through the miserable streets, but did not dismount or make any lengthened stay. We found an abundance of grapes and water melons, of which the servants procured a supply, and also some small bunches of the most fragrant jessamine flowers. The blossoms were much larger than those produced in Europe, and their fragrance exceedingly powerful.

We quitted the city by a gate opening to the north-east, bringing us immediately to the sands of the sea shore, upon which the brisk waves of the Mediterranean were rolling gracefully. It was then that Sidon appeared in its beauty, and in this point of view it is beautiful indeed. The eastern side is enclosed by fine plantations of vigorous growth—cypresses, figs, tamarisks, and palms, which hide much of the poor and ruinous architecture, but exhibit the summits of some high fortifications and the minarets of two mosques. Stretching far into the bay, stands a bold fortress, founded on a rock, connected with the main land and the city by a bridge of many arches; beyond which the extent of the city may be seen. These are said to be the work of the age of the crusades. From hence several ledges of Mount Lebanon are distinctly visible. I do not know of a finer maritime position any where than that so gracefully occupied by the fallen Sidon. It is all that the most picturesque fancy could desire.

Sidon was once the abode of magnificence and luxury; and even in our Lord's days it was proverbial for this, as appears from the spirit of his allusion to it. From a passage in the book of Genesis,* it is probable that the son of Canaan was the founder of the ancient city. In the time of Joshua (B. C. 1445), it appears to have arrived at the height of its national importance and glory. There is no doubt that the

* Genesis x. 15, 19.

Sidonians supplied the first navigators in the old world. Their ships not only commanded the Mediterranean, but carried on an extensive traffic with the British Isles, in tin and other commodities; and they had, moreover, colonies in Africa, and settlements in Europe. They were a gifted and ingenious people, and excelled not only in the fine arts, bu in various kinds of manufacture. The glass of Sidon—the purple of Tyre and exquisitely fine linen, were the products of their country, and of their own invention. They had a remarkable skill in working of metals, timber, and stone: and the share they had in the work of the temple of Solomon, gives proof of the extent to which their talents had been cultivated.

Concerning Sidon—Jehovah hath spoken; and his word has been fulfilled. Sidon is even now another witness to the truth of prophecy. "Again the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Zidon, and prophecy against it, and say, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold I am against thee, O Zidon; and I will be glorified in the midst of thee; and they shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall have executed judgments in her, and shall be sanctified in her. For I will send unto her pestilence, and blood into her streets; and the wounded shall be judged in the midst of her by the sword upon her on every side; and they shall know that I am the Lord."* It was upwards of three centuries before the time of Christ, that this prophecy was signally fulfilled by the Persians, under Ochus; from which time to the present, she has never lifted up her head. The "Great Sidon" speaks volumes to the men of this generation, from the littleness to which the judgments of God have brought her. Her future condition will depend much upon the ultimate fate of the Ottoman empire and the adjustment of the questions (should they admit of adjustment) between the contending tribes of the Lebanon—the Maronites and Druses; and these are all in the hand of God. It is probable that the lapse of a few years may bring about results that will

* Ezekiel xxviii. 20—23.

be felt throughout the length and breadth of Syria and Palestine—all intimately connected with the hope and prospect of Israel. Oh! what a restitution of all things is now awaiting these scenes of desolation and decay.

We pursued our course three hours along the sands of the sea shore (the coasts of Syro-Phœnicia), with the waves washing the hoofs of our horses. Frequently turning back to gaze upon the city, we enjoyed one of the most charming pictures imaginable. The ocean assumed its most joyous aspect as it bounded towards the shore, while the ridge of low hills eastward were bathed in the rich hues of the west; and Sidon stood forth majestically—robed in the coming mist of the evening. Many parties of Turks, Syrians, and Albanian soldiers met us—some bringing melons and other fruits to the bazaars, others loitering in oriental indolence, and all of them picturesque in their attire, as the evening sun brought out the rich colors of their flowing garments. Leaving the coast, we struck off in a north-easterly direction to a steep, hilly pass, which bid fair to be troublesome, if not dangerous for a night march. The darkness overtook us, as usual, immediately after sunset; but soon we were cheered by the newly-risen moon, in the light of which we were enabled to make our way in safety for about three hours more; and at about eleven o'clock found ourselves again on the sands of the shore, where we determined to halt for the night near the khan of *Naby Younes*—a miserable hovel. We were invited to take up our abode within its walls, but we had lived too long in tents to forego their comforts for such an abode of vermin and filth as a khan. Moreover, we had reason to believe our own linen walls were the safer of the two. The khan was surrounded by palms, and had a small garden of orange trees connected with it. It was a charming spot for our encampment; and the hoarse voice of the sea sang our midnight lullaby.

"*Naby Younes*" signifies—the Prophet Jonah. And there is a Mahommedan tradition, that the scene of our encampment was that in which Jonah was cast ashore after having

been voided by the whale. There is a tradition—Mahommedan, Jewish, or Popish, for every part of the Holy Land; but happily, we have something more than tradition to guide us in its most important localities.

At seven o'clock on the following morning, we were again in marching trim—having Beyrout as the next place of destination. We had calculated upon a journey of about six hours; but on account of the depth of the sands over which we had to pass, and the difficulties of the rocky parts of the road, it was nearly eight. Soon after quitting Naby Younes, we reached an extremely picturesque village, through which a bold stream coursed its way to the sea, surrounded by vineyards and extensive plantations of mulberry trees, cultivated in a peculiar manner for the nurture of silk worms. Encamped in various parts of the village was a large regiment of Albanian soldiers, in the service of the Sultan—as wild and ferocious a set as one could desire to look on. Some were loitering about in parties with their guns; others stretched along in their tents—smoking—laughing—shouting; and their appearance and bearing were such as to make me not unthankful when we had fairly got out of their reach. We experienced no molestation whatever; but a few not very courteous words passed between some of them and our escort. The usual costume of the Albanian soldiers is extremely picturesque—a crimson tarbouch for the head—an embroidered jacket coming down to the waist—a white kilt reaching to the knees and hanging in thick folds, and white leggings fitted to the shape of the leg. A belt round the waist carried their pistols and daggers.

After about three hours we reached a khan, where we dismounted for half an hour, and refreshed ourselves with a cup of coffee—that ever ready restorative, the worth of which we scarcely understand in England. Here we found a motley party assembled—Turks—Albanians—Syrians—Bedaween, in eager talk, discussing the merits of sundry weapons—muskets, sabres, &c. Many an inquiring glance was cast towards the strangers as we sat by sipping our coffee, and as Hasse-

nein joined in the gossip, and I suppose related some of out adventures. In about three hours more we reached another khan—kept, as I learnt, by a Druse christian, who received us civilly, and gave us a water melon and a cup of coffee, under the shade of a fine spreading mulberry tree. Here I first saw the peculiar costume of the Druse women, the most remarkable feature of which is the *Tantour*, or horn, made generally of white metal, embossed, and so fixed on the head as to give an idea of the fabled unicorn. Over this is thrown a thin white veil, falling over the shoulders and lower parts of the person. Singular as the appearance may be, it is, after all, not ungraceful. It is worn by all the Druse women, and is to be seen constantly about the villages of the Lebanon. Another hour brought us over an extremely fatiguing way —sandy, and consisting of perpetual undulations. At length, with the range of Lebanon stretching out before us, and a lovely valley of olive plantations—cool and refreshing, we reached the steep chalky pass which leads down to Beyrout; and beneath us—with the charming bay to the left, lay the city itself, with its domes and minarets glittering in the sun. It was a superb scene. Words cannot describe the magnificence of the range of Lebanon, with its wondrous combinations of light and shade—hue after hue, and tint after tint—changing like the colors of the chameleon.

Weary enough with our journey, it was delightful to find ourselves within the walls of Beyrout; and so—threading our way, as rapidly as possible from street to street, we soon reached that abode of fleas and vermin—the Locanda of Giovanni Baptisti, which, for want of a better, we were content to make our home; and it was not long, ere a tolerable dinner in the Italian style, and a bottle of claret—cooled with the snows of Lebanon, effected for us the restoration which we needed. The temperature was intensely high. The room in which we dined was open at the top—that is, it had no roof; but a canvass covering kept out the beams of the sun, and admitted whatever breezes might be wafted over from the sea. The sound of the muezzin from the mosques

near at hand, calling the faithful to prayer, again reminded us, by its shrill, nasal quaverings, that we were once more in a Turkish city.

Oh the musquitoes, and the various other winged and unwinged tormentors in these warm regions! I had a woeful night of it, instead of the rest I craved, after the exhausting toils of travel. The incessant yelling and barking of dogs, as usual, made night itself wakeful; but I think I could have slept on in the midst of all this, but for those insinuating insects who luxuriate in European blood. I once asked Hassenein why they never attacked the Arabs. "Oh, Sir,"—said he—"our skins are too sour for them." The musquitoes are good judges in such matters. On the flat roof of the house were several beds constructed for such guests as chose to occupy them. We were content with such as we could find below—poor enough to be sure, and with musquito curtains so full of holes as to tempt the creatures they were intended to baffle.

The situation of Beyrout is admirable; and the view from the heights on the south and south-west, comprising the city itself—the fine bay, and the noble range of Lebanon, is all that the most tasteful mind could desire. But certainly—Beyrout is seen best at a distance. Like all oriental towns, it is sadly filthy; and in point of temperature, is usually deemed one of the hottest in Syria. This arises from its low position, and the want of land breezes. Though Beyrout occupies a distinguished place in ancient history, yet there are now but few traces of its former importance. It has quite the air of a modern Turkish town. Its population is estimated at about fifteen thousand, of whom two-thirds are said to be Christians in communion with the Greek and Roman churches. The harbor, though bold and beautiful, is bad; and so abounding in sunk rocks, that ships are usually anchored at more than a mile from the shore. The admixture of many European merchants and their dependants with the native population, helps to give an appearance of business-like activity to the

streets, particularly those which are immediately connected with the quays and wharfs.

"*His countenance is at Lebanon.*"* Such is the figure used by Solomon to indicate the dignity, beauty, and majesty of the "Beloved"—Jesus the great head of the Church. They who have gazed upon Lebanon from the heights about Beyrout, and marked its varied aspect, as the light and shade throw their garniture of beauty around it, must have felt how noble an image it is—how fitting in its application. Lebanon is a little world in itself; and the history of its tribes, its religious and superstitious institutions, its warfares and reverses of fortune, might well occupy a much larger volume than this. It is still abundantly populated, notwithstanding the ravages of the Druse and Maronite war;† and its fertility is very great, by means of the terraced manner of cultivation which has so generally prevailed in the East. From Beyrout, the eye traces numberless villages scattered about even on the higher ridges, amidst forests of pine and majestic oaks. The loftiest peak of Lebanon is called Sanin; and is computed at ten thousand feet above the sea-level There is an indescribable air of grandeur and repose pervading this grand mass of mountain, as the eye ranges over its graceful outline and dwells upon the wonderful filling up of the picture. Bu what must Lebanon have been, when the prophet Isaiah referred to it as an image to illustrate his announcement of gospel-blessing and gospel-glory—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; *the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it*. . . . . .they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God."‡ It must have been far-famed from an early age of the world's history, as intimated in the eagerly expressed desire of Moses—"O Lord God . . . . .I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is

* Canticles v. 15.

† The population of Lebanon is estimated at two hundred thousand. It this be correct, it exceeds the population of all the rest of Palestine.

‡ Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2.

beyond Jordan, that *goodly mountain, and* [*even*] *Lebanon.*"* If it were not still magnificently beautiful, yet, Lebanon would be an object of untiring interest to the traveller who loves his Bible, and delights in pondering its marvellous history.

The two principle tribes who inhabit Lebanon, are the *Maronites*—in communion with the See of Rome, though not entirely accordant in all particulars; and the *Druses*—whose religion is an unsearchable, secret mysticism. The feud between them is deadly and devastating; and during the late war, it was the policy of the Turkish government to supply them both with ammunition, in the hope of reducing their aggregate numbers to a more manageable scale. The former are of Syrian origin; and though found in most parts of Lebanon, yet are chiefly congregated in the central regions. They speak Arabic in common with all the inhabitants of Syria and Palestine, but write it generally in the Syriac character. This is the result of the subjection of the whole country to the Ottoman empire, whose policy it was to make their own a universal language. An expedient of atrocious cruelty was resorted to for this purpose. The Turkish conquerors cut out the tongues of the aged inhabitants, sparing only the children, the more effectually to prevent the propaga tion of the Syriac language which they desired utterly to extinguish. The Druses occupy Gebel Sannin, that is, the southern part of the mountain-chain, including *Kesrouan* and *Deir el Khammar*, the head quarters of their chief, the Emir Beshir. Like most ancient mythologies their's contains an idea of the incarnation of the Deity, in the person of Hakim, a celebrated khaliph of Egypt; and it is said that they are looking for his return in a glorified state, to perpetuate their superstitions.† Indeed, throughout the East (may we not say the world?) there is a prevailing expectation of the same character—a looking forth—an eager expectation of the advent of some great and mighty being, who shall perpetuate and

* Deuteronomy iii. 24, 25.
† See Vansleb's Present State of Egypt, pp. 170, 171.

make universal the particular system or superstition to which each section of the human family is addicted. It is the distinguished privilege of the Church of Christ to entertain an expectation grounded on the sure announcements of the prophetic word. It is a certain light, issuing out of the fulness of Him who is "light," that guides our spiritual vision, and directs us to the true object—to one who hath said, "Behold I make all things new." A similarly prevalent expectation was the precursor of His first advent.

Besides the Maronites and the Druses, there are two other important tribes—namely, the Meteualis, who live south of the Maronites, and belong to the Persian sect of Mahommedans, called Shiites; and the Anzairies, who dwell northward of the Maronites, and are descended from the ancient Pagan race of Syria. Both these tribes are said to entertain degrading superstitions, based partly upon the Koran, and partly upon Egyptian mythologies.

After resting for a day—if rest it might be called, amidst the heat and incessant clamor of Beyrout—we set out, on the twenty-second of July, for the purpose of visiting the remains of Baalbec and the Cedars of Lebanon. We were obliged to forego our intention of reaching Damascus. The route for which we were prepared, lay over the ridge of Lebanon. Between Beyrout and the foot of the mountain, we passed along roads of sand, often deep enough to be inconvenient for the horses; and on all sides were large plantations of mulberry trees, cultivated for the maintenance of silk worms. These plantations are hedged in by rows of the prickly pear, the fruit of which was then ripe. The Arabs eat it abundantly: indeed, it is one of their principal articles of sustenance during the season. It grows with a thorny skin, and requires, when prepared for food, to be handled with dexterity, or the hand may be severely wounded. The flavor of it is something like a fresh fig, but mawkish. It wants more acid to make it agreeable to a European palate.

In about an hour we began the ascent of Lebanon; and having reached an elevation sufficient to command a view of

Beyrout and the surrounding country, the picture was charming in the extreme. Palm groves, mulberry forests, vineyards, convents, and cottage habitations, combined to produce such an effect as cannot easily be forgotten; and the blue waters of the Mediterranean sparkled in the distance. The passes of Lebanon at length became very fatiguing and difficult; and required that we should keep our seats on horseback with great firmness. We were on the high road—the ancient one, to Damascus. The mountainous formation is very bold, yet graceful; and villages, occupying steep positions, are scattered in all directions. At noon we rested in a mulberry grove, in front of a miserable khan, about which were gathered many of the shepherds with their flocks. Refreshed by the savory fare of our clever cook Abd'lawahyed (who could contrive a welcome meal out of a very few simples), and having taken a quiet nap, we resumed our march, fortified against future toils and difficulties. We continued till eleven o'clock at night, pausing only for a short time to readjust our baggage. Some parts of our route were really formidable, the more so as the twilight gathered round us, and afterwards when the moon gave its uncertain light. The declivities down which we passed were sometimes so fearfully steep and precipitous—the ascents so abrupt, and frequently so like the sloping roof of a slated house, that as I sat on my horse, I positively wondered how I was borne along so safely. We made no false steps. In one place, however, I was glad to dismount and trust to my own hands and knees, while my horse gaily followed at his ease. We were excessively weary at the end of this day's journey; but happily had mastered the main difficulties of the way, and pitched the tents for the night in a field belonging to a ruinous Maronite khan, on the eastern brow of Lebanon, from whence, next morning, we could look down into the vale of Bekaa (possibly the "valley of *Baca*"*—both words signifying the "valley of mulberries"), a broad expanse as far as the eye could reach north and south, and many miles in breadth, dotted over with villages, and

* Psalm lxxxiv. 6.

skirted on the east by Anti-Libanus, showing in a south-easterly direction, Gebel el Sheikh (Mount Hermon), with its snowy peaks. This plain is the Cœle-Syria of antiquity.

During our afternoon ride—about an hour before sunset, we saw congregated in a deep valley, large masses of clouds connected with others resting on the surrounding summits. The low beams of the sun illuminated them in a very remarkable manner. There were no clouds upon the face of the sky. While the sun was setting they extended themselves on all sides and advanced rapidly upon us, till we were completely enveloped, and surrounded as it were with the temperature of autumn. When the sun gave forth his last gorgeous rays, the clouds seemed, like organized masses, to march away from side to side, taking up their position as for the night, with the sun-glow resting upon their sides and summits. There they stood like Alpine heights, and to all appearance as firm—a new mountain-region towering above the mightiness of Lebanon. It was what the poet Coleridge called "Cloud-land." In about an hour after sunset, the darkness was dense indeed; but as we passed on, with a bold peak of Lebanon before us—a dark—black mass, suddenly the moon rose up from behind, and stood like a brilliant beacon-light to guide us. During the rest of our journey she left us not for a moment, and so illuminated the wonderful mountain-passes, that we seemed to be journeying in fairy-land—the world of dreams. In this way we reached the place of encampment, on the eastern side of the Lebanon. Hassenein professed that he saw a wolf steal along before him, as he was a little in advance; but before he could make ready, present and fire, the creature scampered down a valley.

We slept soundly on Lebanon; and when we arose with the early morning, the scene before us was very charming. The place of encampment was on a high elevation; and there—in front stood the range of Anti-Libanus, rose-tinted, and shaped somewhat like the mountains of Moab. The snows of Hermon sparkled in the sunlight. At about six o'clock we began to descend towards the vale of Bekaa, and

as the way was easy, we reached it in little more than an hour and half. We met several parties of Arabs and Syrians, with their laden asses bearing various merchandize, from Damascus; for hereabouts the road thither bends off to the right, and runs over Anti-Libanus; while the way towards Baalbec is to the left. We continued along the plain northward, with the magnificent heights of Lebanon westward. There lay the snow-wreaths around its towering summit, from whence is procured that perpetual abundance of ice which enables the poorest man in Beyrout to cool his frequent draught of water or sherbet, and the richest his wine-cup. The plain or valley of Bekaa is but little cultivated, except in small patches around the many villages. It abounds in springs and fountains of delicious water; and though yielding only thistles and other such-like wild produce, on which the sheep, camels, and neat cattle browse, attended by parties of Bedaween, yet, like the rich plain of Esdraelon, it is a soil which would respond to every effort of agriculture in an astonishing manner. We passed a rather extensive village, in which is an ancient tomb, called Nabey-Noah decorated in the usual Turkish form, traditionally said to mark the burial-place of the patriarch Noah. Not far from this, is another village called Nabey-Sheeth—so called after Seth, the son of Adam. I was indisposed during this part of the journey, and unequal to any effort beyond that of ordinary travelling; and did not go out of the line of march to visit either place. Baalbec was upwards of eight hours distant from the place of our previous night's encampment; and it was for nearly two hours before reaching it, that we were able to descry something like a tower which indicated the spot. The tower by and by assumed a different form—it was an elevation of six noble columns, occupying a lofty position amidst the surrounding ruins, which then appeared very extensive and massive. Between seven and eight we were encamped on the eastern side of these celebrated remains; and when the moon rose, they presented one of the most charming pictures I ever beheld; but I was too weary and worn to enjoy it;

and soon betook myself to my couch for the night, after drinking abundantly of the clear cool waters which flow profusely round the walls of Baalbec, and gladden with their joyous music the weary traveller during every wakeful hour of the night. The tents were pitched in a fine grove of fig trees. Our horses were tethered around us; and soon sleep cast her mantle over the wanderers in a far land.

In the morning, great numbers of the wild and picturesque inhabitants of Baalbec surrounded the encampment to reconnoitre; and with prying curiosity glanced at every body and every thing both within and outside the tents. Hassenein being a great gossip, made many acquaintances among the loiterers. Though many travellers have been molested, and compelled to submit to large demands in the form of *Backsheech*, yet we suffered no annoyance beyond the characteristic curiosity of the people—a matter easy enough to bear after having travelled thus far.

I cannot venture on a minute description of Baalbec. It would demand too large a space; and even then would be scarcely intelligible without many drawings and diagrams. My first impression of it was received during a brief moonlight ramble on the evening of our arrival; and it left in my mind a sense of overpowering vastness—a sense which was not by any means diminished on the following morning, even though the shadowy, dreamy aspect of moonlight had passed away. The first thing that arrested my attention was the positive state of "tumbled ruin" in which the greater part of Baal's Temple lay. It does not appear like a thing which has gradually mouldered under the decaying sweep of ages, but as if Jehovah had breathed upon it with indignation, and its submissive masses had crashed downward at His bidding. One could almost fancy its destruction to have been the work of an hour. All its parts are of gigantic, yet most graceful proportion, and breathe a noble testimony to the magnificence of ancient genius. Column and capital—frieze and cornice—roof-stone and entablature—all lie in dire confusion, yet as fresh almost, as if the artist's chisel had but just wrought out

the conceptions of a delicate fancy, to perpetuate them in marble. Enough, both of the Great Temple and the Temple of the Sun, remains, to convey an accurate notion of the whole design, when once the mind receives the leading idea—without which all is but confusion—doubly confounded. The most satisfactory description, both of plan and execution, I have met with—at least in a compendious form—is that given by Lord Lindsay, in the second volume of his very pleasant, frank-hearted and instructive "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land."* His lordship has laid fast hold on the leading idea, and carefully though briefly followed it out.

I can and do admire Baalbec for the magnificence of its design—the severe and massive simplicity of its style, and the unspeakable delicacy of its details. I remember it as a noble specimen of the maturity of ancient art and genius; but apart from all things beside, I beheld in it an imperishable memorial of God's righteous dealing towards those who would rob Him of his glory, and transfer it to the creature. Every yet erect column, and every fallen capital—over which the lizard rushes, or about which the serpent twines†—speaks eloquently to men of all climes who muse and meditate in the silence of these majestic ruins—majestic still, in their desolation. In this point of view every ruined heathen temple is extremely valuable, especially to the mind imbued with christian principles. Oh the costliness which idolatry has lavished upon ruinous error! Little did the adorers of gods which were no gods, think how they were erecting monuments to the true and only One! How wonderful—how humiliating, that man, the creature of a day, should, by the steady efforts of his genius, be the creator of structures which remain, when even the name of the large-minded artist may

* Wood and Pococke should, however, both be consulted by those who desire to enter at full length into the spirit of this wonderful remnant o' ancient genius.

† Great numbers of lizards—graceful creatures, may be seen sporting and darting along at every step; and we found part of the cast skin of a serpent several feet in length. It must have belonged to a reptile of grea magnitude.

have passed away for ever from the tide of human traditions. Who designed—who built Baalbec? Conjecture only ventures a reply: and conjecture itself does but generate conjecture. Shall we listen to her musings? What avails it?

—— It was something indeed to stand amidst the ruins of Baalbec, and gaze westward on the heights of Lebanon. Lebanon had become old—had grown hoary in the lapse of ages, long before the rich dawnings of Grecian genius stood forth palpably in the magnificence of Baalbec. Baalbec, though comparatively modern, is overhung with mystery—the shroud of buried ages is about it. Lebanon—as ancient as creation—is known of all men: its record is written with the pen of inspiration. Conjecture has nothing to do with it. Lebanon stands looking towards Baalbec, like the truth of God smiling in majestic pity upon the weakness and error of a fallen race. As Baalbec crumbles in all the steady progressiveness of decay—Lebanon—the glory of Lebanon, only grows older, and carries on the simple idea of permanence. Let us have this idea prominently before us in our meditations upon the things of man and of God—of eternity and of time, and it will help to keep us rightly balanced.

Before quitting Baalbec we made a final visit to all the principal parts of the ruins, and were not a little annoyed by the officious attentions of a number of Arabs who proffered their aid as guides, &c., with evidently a lingering hope of *Backsheech* sparkling in their eager eyes. We could not easily rid ourselves of them, though we declined their services, rendered peculiarly useless by our mutual want of a medium of communication. While we were examining the minute enrichments of the Temple of the Sun, a middle-aged man, who appeared to be the *Sheikh el Beled* (Sheikh of the village), was attracted by my use of spectacles, and intimated by signs that his sight was defective. I put my glasses before his eyes—they acted upon him like magic; he seemed to be gazing on a new world. It was beyond his comprehension. He kissed my knees and my feet. I was unwilling to remove the spectacles from his eyes; but I could not spare

them. I bid him come to the tent, and made Hassenein explain that I would give him a similar pair on reaching Beyrout. He gave me the name of a friend there, to whom I could entrust them for him; and I suppose my Arab friend is now happy in his power of "second sight." An Arab in spectacles is certainly a novelty.

Quitting Baalbec at about three o'clock in the afternoon, we proceeded directly across the plain of Bekaa, in a northwesterly direction, for the purpose of visiting the far-famed Cedars of Lebanon. In about three hours we reached the village of Deir el Akhmar, occupying a pleasant spot at the foot of Lebanon. In various parts of the plain we saw large herds of camels and flocks of goats grazing on the rank and coarse herbage which springs up without cultivation, attended by parties of Bedaween, armed and watchful. And though travellers have often been obliged to repel the attacks of the wild tribes who inhabit the region of the Lebanon, we experienced no inconvenience whatever, and were many times saluted with "*Salaam aleicum*," (Peace be with you), or "*Marahabbah*" (You are welcome); the ancient and accustomed salutations of these ancient and peculiar people.

At Deir el Akhmar we laid in a store of provender for our horses, and a supply of coarse bread for ourselves; while large numbers of the villagers came round us with their habits of curiosity in full exercise. We had hoped to get fresh and palatable water; but it was poor and turbid. The inhabitants of Deir el Akhmar are chiefly Maronites; and notwithstanding their poverty and rags, are a graceful, handsome race of people. There is an extensive cultivation of tobacco here and about other villages of the Lebanon. The villagers were stripping its broad, long leaves from the stalks, and hanging them strung upon thread in the sun to dry. Having supplied as many wants as this poor village admitted of, we began the ascent of Lebanon; and after continuing our ride for about three hours more, through a charming winding road overhung by fine woods of prickly oak, valonidi, and other forest-trees, made vocal by the songs of joyous birds, we reached a second

village, the greater part of which, like many others in Lebanon, was in ruins—the effect of the Druse and Maronite warfare; this was *Ayùn-el-teene*—the highest part of the lower ridges of the mountain, and from which the steep and difficult ascent begins. The darkness overtook us before we reached it; when right and left, before and behind, fires were quickly lighted upon the heights and in the valleys by the wandering dwellers in this vast mountain-territory, whose home is frequently beneath the spreading oak, or the remains of a ruined wall—a new home, it may be, for every succeeding night. As we passed on amidst the forests—great numbers of fire-flies glanced with their brilliant glitter across our path, with fantastic elegance and beauty, winging their way sometimes to a distance before us, and then suddenly disappearing. The fire-fly is one of the most graceful things in nature. We were not long in darkness, before the moon relieved us, and made our route distinctly visible—showing the heights of Lebanon above us with peculiar beauty. The evening air was deliciously perfumed by flowers scented like the clove-pink so common in England. Just beyond *Ayùn-el-teene* we descended into a lovely valley at the foot of the upper ridge of Lebanon, into which rushes a bold stream or cascade, formed by the dissolving snows of the mountain. Here we determined to rest for the night. The tents were soon pitched, and the slender comforts of our locomotive home were again about us. So cold was the water which flowed through the valley, that I was obliged twice to put the cup from my lips before I could take such a draught as a traveller in Syria frequently requires. I have often recalled the wondrous beauty of the scene where we passed that night on Mount Lebanon. The moonlight was so brilliant—and its effect so surprising upon the bold rock and forest scenery, that nothing less than the vigorous pencil could depict it—words cannot.

On the following morning we set out by half-past five, to make the ascent of the upper ridge of Lebanon. For the first three quarters of an hour, the way, though steep, was not difficult. The lower part of the ridge over which we passed

during that time was thickly overgrown with evergreen oaks &c.; but after that, the trees were but scanty, and soon consisted of only a few poor stunted junipers and yews. There were many wild flowers perfuming the air, and supplying the bees of Lebanon with materials for their delicious honey. After about an hour, we had a charming view southward of the *Yamouni*, or "Lake Leman" of the East, as it has been called—a mountain-lake formed by the continually melting snows. Though it really lay at the further end of the valley of Ayùn-el-teene, yet it appeared elevated above its real position, as if nearly on a level with the spot from which we viewed it. The route now became steep and wearisome, but our horses performed surprisingly; and in about another hour we reached a small valley running round the base of the extreme mountain-ridge, where lay a large breastwork of deep and firmly-frozen snow, glittering in the morning sun. The atmosphere, for about twenty minutes before we reached this spot, was elastic and bracing. I think I never before felt my lungs so delightfully expanded. It seemed as if the air ministered present strength and nourishment. In the valley, where the snow lay on the side of the mountain, the thermometer—even with a July Syrian sun bearing down on us, stood at 54° Fahrenheit. We refreshed ourselves with handfuls of ice, and gave some to our horses. They knew the worth of it and took it readily. Another quarter of an hour brought us to the summit of Lebanon; and here again—words are feeble. The mountain heights recede right and left, and form two immense ridges of nearly equal elevation to that on which we stood, very like parts of an amphitheatre. From these the eye is conducted downwards on either side, over multitudes of minor hills—minor however, only when viewed relatively with the main ridges—but great in themselves Following the descent, the eye rests on a vast chasm, vast even at the distance from which we viewed it, through which the Kadisha, or sacred river of Lebanon flows into the Mediterranean; while on both sides are scattered numerous villages—Psherre, Eden, &c. And in the forefront of all, lies the mag

nificent expanse of the Mediterranean itself, which was hidden from us by the mists of the morning. It was altogether a scene of surpassing splendor, condensed by distance into the compass of one picture. The soil on either side of the chasm had a fertile appearance, and there was enough of woody garniture to give great freshness and gracefulness to the valleys. Now and then a moving figure was seen at a distance, ascending or descending a mountain path, or stealing along the silent plains; but it seemed as if there were a sunny Sabbath-keeping throughout the whole amazing region of loveliness and grandeur.

—— But, we came to see the Cedars of Lebanon—those ancient trees of which Solomon discoursed, when his wisdom extended from the Cedar even to the Hyssop that springeth out of the wall. In what part of this wonderful picture are they to be found?——Let the future traveller look downwards, about midway to the right, and he will see an apparently small clump—at all events, not a very considerable one when thus viewed at a distance—fresh, green, and apart from all other trees. That clump—those trees are the Cedars of Lebanon. The approach to them from rock to rock, is very rugged and fatiguing. I was sometimes glad to dismount and go warily on foot. We occupied about an hour and a quarter in the descent. On nearing them, the clump assumes the stateliness of a forest. The young trees which skirt the plantation are noble specimens, and justly claim our admiration. We wound our way through the midst of them with the "smell of Lebanon," about us, and soon reached those venerable trees which have received the reverence of ages. The ancient ones are twelve in number—seven of them clustered together, and the other five at various parts of the grove. I did not measure the girth of any, but I felt their gigantic proportions while reclining beneath their shade. And are these the trees—the very trees of which Solomon spoke; and which have supplied the inspired penmen with imagery to symbolize spiritual dignity and the glory which is of righteousness? Why should they not be? I know not.

Certainly they bear traces of the lapse of ages upon ages. They appear as old as Lebanon itself—as if they had never been seedlings. If they are not the very trees, surely they have sprung from the seeds of the most ancient ones. The seven which are clustered together go up like gigantic pillars; and their interlaced arms above—each in itself a vast tree—form a verdant dome through which the vertical sun penetrates not. I delighted in cherishing the persuasion of their full antiquity, as I mused on Israel's history, and thought of the glory of Lebanon. As I gazed upon them, I felt that description must always sound like exaggeration. I have seen noble cedars in Europe—the growth of centuries; but compared with those of Lebanon they are but saplings.

While assembled beneath the canopy formed by these natural wonders, we were visited by a small party of Maronite monks, who have a chapel among them, and are connected with a convent not far distant. They brought us a supply of new milk and very pleasant curd cheese, which, with a few eggs and bread already in our stores, made out a very fair breakfast. We had wished to be quite alone among the Cedars of Lebanon, but were unable to shake off two officious monks and an Arab boy, who tracked us in every step, knowing well the meaning of the word—the hateful word "*Backsheech*," and pronouncing it with perfect ease and no small importunity. We had paid liberally for our milk and cheese, and determined not to yield to the cupidity of these pests who followed us as guides. It is a disgusting thing to see the greediness of gain which characterizes these poor people. One of the monks seemed very anxious to secure our attention to the rude chapel, in which he was, I presume, the chief officiating priest. It consisted of four bare walls, open at the top, without any roof, having an altar with some attempt at tinsel decoration, and sacramental vessels. How sad that Popery should taint even the remains of the glory of Lebanon!

We returned to the valley of Ayùn-el-teene; and after due rest and refreshment resumed our homeward journey towards Beyrout, intending if possible to make six hours towards the

town of Zaakhli. We continued our way along the valley for a couple of hours—passing the eastern brink of the lake Yamouni, which we had previously beheld at a distance. We then struck into a bold forest path, and after about five hours' travelling found ourselves at a poor village called Furriehs, having by some mistake turned off from the route to Zaakhli. The moon was just up; and while the tents were being made ready, I seated myself on a fragment of rock, and was soon joined by a fine, venerable, grey-bearded Arab—the Sheikh of the village, who after a glance of enquiry, presented to me his lighted pipe—a matter of customary oriental civility, of which I took two or three whiffs; and, however silently we sat gazing upon each other, we seemed at least to be very good friends. We were soon surrounded by the greater part of the villagers, whose behaviour was as orderly as one could desire; and soon sleep put an end to our weariness. The next morning we resumed our route at an early hour; and, continuing along the valley of Bekaa, retraced our steps nearly by the way we had come.

During our short sojourn at Beyrout, I had the satisfaction of making the acquaintance of *Assaad Yacoob Kayat*, a Christian Syrian, and a member of the primitive church of Antioch, who is devoting his energies to the promoting of sound Christian education in his own land. He received us cordially in his charming residence, overlooking the town and bay of Beyrout, and overlooked by the noble heights of Lebanon. He presented us to his wife, whom he has emancipated from the oriental habit of seclusion. In Syria, as in other parts of the East, the females are kept in a state of sad ignorance, and destitute of all mental cultivation. To the cause of female education, Assaad has given much attention; and the work is progressing—prejudices are steadily declining, and difficulties are fast giving way. This intelligent and energetic man has thoroughly mastered the English language, and abundantly profited by a residence for two years in the University of Cambridge. In connection with "*The Church of England Society for Promoting Christian*

Education in Syria," he has established schools for both sexes; but his main object is eventually to raise up a native agency; for which purpose he has promising pupils now in England, one of whom is about to graduate at Cambridge. I had fully hoped to pay repeated visits to his schools, but in this I was disappointed, partly by our visit to Baalbec, and partly by the necessity for preparing immediately after our return, to sail for Constantinople. But the tone of Assaad's mind, in regard to the whole matter of Christian education in Syria, was such as to assure me that his movements would be zealously and judiciously made. On one occasion, he sent for one of his pupils, an intelligent boy of about fourteen years of age, named *Giaboor Bashoor*, who first translated a portion of the Arabic New Testament into correct, forcible, expressive English; and afterwards a passage from the English into the Arabic. The whole exercise indicated an amount of quick intelligence, which gratified me exceedingly. I was delighted with the singleness of heart which Assaad manifested towards this great business of his life—which may, in the providence of God, be an effectual commencement of a spiritual regeneration of Syria—once blest with gospel-light, but now so overshadowed and desolate. What Christian heart would not deem it a high privilege to lend a helping hand to this noble enterprize?

Besides the Maronites, Armenians, and members of the Greek church, there is a considerable body of Christians in Syria—descendants of the primitive church which has been perpetuated, amidst Turkish and other persecution, from the days of our Lord himself. Though in many respects superstitious, yet they hold "the head," and indeed embrace the great leading truths of the gospel, and desire the free and extensive circulation of the Holy Scriptures. Their form of church government is Episcopalian, under *Methodius*, the Patriarch of Antioch. Many of them, I am informed, give proof of sincere, if not enlightened piety; and feel the need of spiritual reform and renovation. Some of them, I am told, know what their church should be—and desire she should

become such. May the work prosper, and may the glory of it be seen in the day of the Lord Jesus.* The despotic hand which has so long held Syria in its grasp, is becoming relaxed. The Euphrates is drying up—that is—the Ottoman Empire is withering—perishing "without hand;" and there is a humbling consciousness of the fact in the very seat of government. As this power declines, surely the spiritual prospects of Syria will brighten. On this subject, scripture is our best, our only safe guide—the infallible interpreter of events which gather and thicken about us. The energies of the longest life, and the richest spiritual gifts and graces that God bestows, would be nobly employed in promoting the regenerative movement in Syria through her apostolic church.

* While writing this note, ASSAAD is my guest, with his interesting wife and child, and PATRAGIE ZACHARIAS—a young pupil. ASSAAD is now in England for the purpose of interesting the members of our church in his important work, and providing means for maintaining and securing the education of his pupils already here, and others who may succeed them. Three of them, namely, ABDALLAH ARAMAN, MOOSSA TANOOS, and NASSIF GIAMAL are at the National School, Chelsea; one, ANTONIO AMIUNI, is studying medicine at King's College, London; and a fifth, PETRAGIE ZACHARIAS is preparing to enter the University of Cambridge, in October.† These are all of the better class of Syrian Society. There are many other promising youths who might also have been sent to England for a like purpose; but the want of adequate funds has stood in the way. ASSAAD has succeeded in establishing two schools at Beyrout—one within the city, the other without; and also a third at Damascus. These schools are now chiefly supported by the natives of Syria; so that the great object to be aimed at is the securing means for educating pupils in England for missionary labor—for circulating the Scriptures, and superintending the schools. Let but the foundation of religious education be well laid, and all will be hopeful. The worth of a body of well educated and spiritually enlightened natives would be incalculable. Indeed I cannot see how any effectual progress can be made without such instrumentality. I cannot but think that the advance of this work may have an important bearing upon our Episcopal establishments in the Mediterranean and in Jerusalem. Enlightened Syrians are peculiarly adapted for useful employment in most parts of Asia and Africa, where Arabic is the common language. They are capable of bearing all climates, and of course familiar with all oriental customs, habits, and prejudices—matters in which the best qualified Europeans would find great, and in some respects, insurmountable difficulty.

† He is now a member of Sidney Sussex College.

CHAPTER X.

THE ISLANDS OF THE ARCHIPELAGO AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

Departure for Constantinople—Cyprus—Rhodes—Colossus—Islands of the Archipelago—Smyrna—The Seven Churches of Asia—The Hellespont, etc.—Constantinople—Lazaretto—Dancing Dervishes—Fatalism—Scutari—Bulgooroo—Howling Dervishes—Journey to Broussa—Olympus—Thoughts of Home.

It was on the thirtieth of July that we embarked for Constantinople, having completed our brief visit to the Holy Land. Had I been quite master of my time, I should probably have lingered amidst scenes so touching to the Christian heart, and perhaps retraced my steps—again to gaze on objects towards which the mind instinctively turns. Though compelled to forego this, there is yet deposited in my memory a mental picture of Palestine which returns upon me with all the freshness of reality, whenever I dwell upon the pages of the Holy Word, and connect the facts of sacred history with the undoubted localities which I have visited. Lord Castlereagh arrived late on the previous evening, having safely accomplished his intended visit to Petra (by way of Hebron), Djerash, Ammon, &c., for which he set out while we were sojourning at Jerusalem. We had the pleasure, before we embarked, of congratulating his Lordship in his tent pitched outside the walls of Beyrout, and passed a short time in recalling the delights, fatigues, and adventures connected with our past movements. Leaving his Lordship quietly reclining on his dewan, we gave ourselves to the stir of preparation, and by four o'clock were on board. Our two servants, Hassenein and Abd'lawahyed accompanied us to the vessel, with the feeling on both sides, that as soon as the anchor should be weighed, our connexion would be at an end. I believe we

were all truly sorry when the hour of separation arrived; for they had attached themselves to us by unmingled fidelity and consideration amidst all the fatigues and difficulties of our journey. We gave them copies of the New Testament in Arabic, with which our friend Assaad Y. Kayat had furnished us; and it may be that the Spirit of God will lead them to the fountain of living waters. Our next meeting may be in the white garments of salvation, before the throne of the Lamb.

By five o'clock we were bidding farewell to the venerable scenes of sacred story. The anchor was weighed—the last farewells were spoken; and as the boat returned to the shore, we gazed upon the receding bay and graceful city of Beyrout, and the noble ridge of Lebanon; and it was not long ere the shores of Syria, and the heights of Lebanon itself became confounded with the rising mists of the ocean horizon-line. Our vessel was crowded with Asiatics, bound for Smyrna and Constantinople—amongst whom was the Deftar Dhar—the Bey and Treasurer of the Pashalic of Aleppo—a great man in his way, and a fair specimen of Turkish indolence and indulgence. He was attended by his suite—a poor miserable set, whose whole time seemed given to the supply of his incessant personal wants. The great man spent most of his time reclining on his temporary dewan on deck, now and then reading a page or two of sundry books, and sometimes turning over the leaves of a copy of the Arabic Scriptures; but the charms of literature seemed small in his estimation when compared with those of the chibouk and coffee, the pilau, the melons, grapes, and arakee, of which he received large and frequent supplies. Then there was the Governor of Aleppo—a ferocious and cruel-looking Turk, whose dark restless eye seemed familiarized with scenes and transactions of terror, the more especially when stimulated by arakee, of which he was perpetually taking large draughts. As I watched the movements of this man, I felt I should entertain but small hope if it rested with him to determine whether my neck should be laid bare to the sabre or the bow-

string. His was one of those countenances whose physiognomical indications could not be mistaken. Notwithstanding all this, he was a considerable poet in his way; and often, after sitting in dreamy meditation for a time, would retire and commit to writing the creations of his fancy—which never went far beyond a stave in praise of the Sultan, as I was informed by a young Maltese who knew something of both his history and habits.

In addition to these, there was a party of five Abyssinian female slaves, huddled together in a kind of pen formed upon the deck. They were the property of the Deftar Dhar, and intended as presents to certain of his friends at Constantinople. They often indulged in shouts of merriment, and gave but a faint notion of having perceived the degradation of slavery. We had also on board a deputation from the Maronites, charged with a commission to the Sublime Porte, in the hope of obtaining a Christian, instead of a Turkish, governor. In this I am informed they succeeded—or at least that a christian governor has been appointed. Something more forcible, however, than a Maronite deputation must have brought about this desirable object. The Porte has learned a lesson of submissiveness, which will not be easily unlearned. The Maronite deputation consisted of three energetic and intelligent looking men—men likely to be in earnest in what they undertook. The church of Rome is powerful in the Lebanon, through the tribe of the Maronites.

We made way successfully all night; and by nine o'clock on the thirty-first of July, were anchored off the southern shore of Cyprus. The greater part of the island consists of bold rock. We remained at anchor till about three o'clock; but were unable to go ashore (except as far as the Lazaretto, which had no charms for us), on account of an existing quarantine. Cyprus is said to be about one hundred and forty miles long and forty broad, with a population, chiefly Greek, of about eighty thousand. Turkish tyranny has reduced it to a sadly desolate condition. Dr. E. D. Clarke observes that "Instead of a beautiful and fertile land, covered with groves of fruit and

fine woods, once rendering it the paradise of the Levant, there is scarcely upon earth a more wretched spot than it now exhibits. A few words may forcibly describe it—agriculture neglected, inhabitants oppressed, population destroyed, pestiferous air, contagion, poverty, indolence, desolation." The wines of Cyprus are the only produce of any note; and the quantity of it is now greatly diminished. Whatever may be the present condition of Cyprus, however oppressed and desolate, the Christian cannot gaze upon its rocky shores without many a fervent recollection, as connected with the first planting and early spread of "the faith once delivered to the saints." He remembers that "Joses, who by the Apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, The son of consolation), a Levite, and of the country of *Cyprus*, having land, sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the Apostles' feet;"* and afterwards went forth with Paul from Salamis to Paphos, furthering the cause of the gospel with which the Apostle was entrusted. In Cyprus also dwelt Sergius Paulus, and Elymas the sorcerer—the former an enlightened convert—the latter a punished opposer;† and there too in his early days lived the "old disciple" *Mnason*, who showed hospitality to Paul in Jerusalem.‡ Unspeakably delightful was it to gaze upon this rocky territory standing up in the wide ocean, and to feel assured that there the glad tidings of great joy were fully proclaimed by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and that there the "true light" once shone in its majestic splendor.

During all the next day and night, we were sailing over the "Sea of Pamphylia," in the track of the Apostle. A rather unfavorable wind made the vessel rock uncomfortably, and somewhat retarded our progress. We passed Patara§ (or Patras) about noon, but on account of a slight mist, were unable to discern more than the mere outline of its rocky elevations. Further inland, but of course invisible to us, lay Lycia and Myra. We ought to have reached Rhodes by this time, or nearly so; but it was about five o'clock in the after-

* Acts iv. 36, 37. † Acts xiii. 1—12. ‡ Acts xxi. 16. § Acts xxi. 1.

noon when we cast anchor in the harbor, for the purpose of taking in coals and other needful provisions. We lay in harbor all night; but were prevented going on shore, by the quarantine regulations. Yet it was something to see and touch at Rhodes. We naturally enough made enquiries as to the precise spot in which stood the celebrated Colossus—one of the "seven wonders of the world," but were unable to get any certain information. Some recent travellers have supposed that the remains of buttresses yet standing at the entrance to the ancient harbor, are part of the foundations on which that wonderful statue stood. The space between them is about twenty-seven yards. The statue was of brass, and is said to have been eighty yards in height, and to have spanned the mouth of the old harbor. It was erected by the Rhodians to celebrate their successful resistance of the tenth siege of Demetrius Poliocertes, the son of Antigonus, emperor of Syria. Though set up in triumph, it was, in rather more than half a century, thrown down by an earthquake. So perishable are the monuments of man's pride. In the year 653 its fragments were transported from their site, on the backs of nine hundred camels.

Rhodes and its harbor form a striking and interesting picture. The main town itself runs down to the shore connected with the harbor, and is flanked by green hills and verdant gardens. There is a massive boldness about the whole scene, which rests upon the memory. About noon next day we sailed out of harbor, and made way but slowly on account of a contrary wind, bearing towards Coos,* which I hoped to glance at, and Patmos and Miletus also; but the night closed upon us too soon. In the morning, I found we were sailing between Samos, the birth-place of Pythagoras, and Scio—the Chios of old Homer. The former was so far behind that it appeared more like a mass of cloud than any thing else. The latter stood boldly before us—a finely lined mountain-land, but barren. As long as Scio lasts, the strains of Homer will vibrate in the world, charming the excited

* Acts xxi. 1.

fancy as the pale student toils by his midnight lamp. I cannot describe the sensation of mind with which I glanced on these various objects of deep interest, passing before me with much of the shadowiness of a dream. Classical or Scriptural associations were connected with every one as we drew upon the stores of memory. The pictorial effects of these Islands of the Archipelago, or Egean Sea, are very charming, as they gradually come into the field of vision. Scio presents a beautiful aspect of fertility in the plains which reach down to the very edge of the sea. The town itself is considerable, and picturesque. But the entrance into the gulph of Smyrna is one of the finest things in the world. The harbor is bold and extensive. It is guarded by a large fort, planted with ordnance, standing about two miles or so from the harbor. It was quite delightful to see among ships of various nations, two British men of war. The town of Smyrna extends along the greater part of the bay, and has the appearance of great commercial activity. Most of the houses are built of wood; and with their balconies and somewhat European roofs, give an appearance to the town very unlike that of the oriental towns and cities with which our eyes had been so long familiar. Within the last twelve months prior to our arrival at Smyrna, nearly one-third of it had been consumed by fire; but as the disaster happened at the rear, there is no visible disfigurement. In various parts, even amidst the buildings, there are fine plantations of cypresses, with their feathery spires of dark green—surrounding the many places of sepulture, and throwing a solemn and sombre shade over the otherwise animated scene. The town is flanked by noble ridges of bold rock and mountain, whose sweeping forms are as graceful as can be imagined; and the town itself slopes down from a considerable distance to the brink of the bay. On the summit of the nearest and boldest mountain, stands a castle of large dimensions—a noble object in the picture. The plains which surround the approaches to the harbor are profusely covered with vines, fig and olive trees, growing in full luxuriance. The season for preserving raisins and figs had commenced

When we lay at anchor, the harbor presented an entire circle of rock, island, and city; and the sunset was unspeakably superb. The effect was perfect. We had not been long at anchor ere numerous boats surrounded the vessel, laden with fruits of various kinds—the produce of this far-famed spot—delicious grapes of extraordinary size and sweetness, melons, figs, pears, &c., of which we laid in a supply. Besides these refreshing productions, we were served with various preparations of ice. The quarantine regulations forbade our landing. I was vexed at this, as it was the only site of the seven churches of Asia which we had any hope of visiting; but still, as one of them, it was interesting even to lay at anchor in its harbor. What is written by the pen of inspiration concerning the "Church in Smyrna?" "And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna, write; These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and thy tribulation, and thy poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death."*

It is a remarkable fact, that while the sites of most of the other churches of Asia are but scenes of desolation, Smyrna, notwithstanding the vicissitudes to which she has been exposed (all of them probably intimated in the prophetic word just quoted), has been, and still is in every way the most prosperous city of the Levant. Two causes may be assigned; first, the church which existed in the time of John, has been really perpetuated, however its present form may be degraded by the superstitions and corruptions of the Armenian and Greek churches; secondly, although such admixtures exist, and the church is therefore manifestly corrupt, yet *she has never merged*

* Rev. ii. 8—11.

herself in the apostacy of Rome. It is true that many *individuals*—members of the Greek church, are said to have apostatized to Rome (a most probable statement), but *no act of the church* has constrained them to such a movement. If then the Apostolic Church—though confessedly corrupt, yet maintaining her positive position as to Rome—still exists, then in a comparative sense, we may say of Smyrna—"Thou art rich." The church in Smyrna (IN Smyrna—not OF*) has been tried—has endured her prophetically announced tribulation; and there she still stands IN Smyrna, containing within her, as we trust, the seeds from which, in the providence of God, her regeneration shall spring, so that she may be "faithful unto death," and so receive the "crown of life." I do think the history and present state of the church in Smyrna are among the most interesting matters of reflection; and if the reasons above assigned for the existing prosperity of the city be just in fact, and scriptural in inference, then Smyrna speaks a lesson of admonition to the world; a lesson which demands attention at a time when churches and governments seem disposed to yield to the arrogant assumptions of the See of Rome. If it be the perpetuation of an apostolically established church *in* Smyrna, yielding no allegiance to Rome, which, in the providence of God, has secured to the city her continued civil prosperity—then we conclude, that in whatever degree churches or states coalesce with, or even countenance the apostacy of Rome, in the same degree may civil discomfiture be expected.

The foregoing observations and inferences apply, I apprehend, in some degree, to Pergamos, where Antipas was the faithful martyr of Christ,† and where Satan dwelt. A christian church still exists there, though tainted as that in Smyrna has been; but it acknowledges no allegiance to Rome. It is still a fairly prosperous town—now called "*Bergamo.*" The present population of Smyrna is estimated at about one hundred and twenty thousand; twenty thousand are said to be Greeks, nine thousand Jews, eight thousand Armenians, and

* See Rev. ii. 8. † Rev. ii. 12—16.

one thousand Europeans of various countries. Bergamo is said to contain about thirteen thousand Mahommedans, one thousand five hundred Greeks, and two hundred Armenians.

Though I was unable to visit the sites of the seven churches of Asia, yet the indubitable information which has been collected, enables me to trace a strong contrast between those just mentioned, and the rest, upon the principles already stated.* Let the announcements of prophecy be examined in reference to the ascertained state of Ephesus, Thyatira, Sardis, &c. and the truth will be at once apparent; at least, a striking accordance between prophecy and fact will be obvious. *Ephesus* is no longer a city. She "left her first love"—she repented not, and did not the first works. The Lord therefore came quickly, and removed her "candlestick out of his place."† *Thyatira* is still distinguished, as in the days of Lydia, for the manufacture and sale of purple;‡ but this is all. Her commercial insignificance in other respects is remarkable, while a few Greeks and Armenians only, possess a mere nominal christianity, in which there is no spiritual *light*—the candlestick is gone. *Philadelphia* still occupies its original position of beauty, and has its gardens and vineyards overhung by the heights of Tmolus. It has been observed, that "its comparatively retired situation might be one of the means used by God in fulfilling the promise 'I will keep thee from the hour of temptation that shall come upon all the world.'"§ Only the corrupt form of the Greek church exists there; and its members are said to be numerous. The word of prophecy held out encouragement to Philadelphia, but nothing in the way of severe threatening. "Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. . . . . Behold I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."‖ *Sardis* is said to be altogether destitute of christians and christian profession. "I know thy works" says the prophetic word, "that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." Then follows the language of

* See Dr. Keith's Evidence from the literal fulfilment of prophecy.
† Rev. ii. 4, 5. ‡ Acts xvi. 14. § Rev. iii. 10. ‖ Rev. iii. 8—11.

stern admonition:—"Be watchful and strengthen the thing which remain, that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God. Remember therefore, how thou hast received and heard: and hold fast and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief."* The Lord has made good his word. No successors are found to those "few names even in Sardis" who defiled not their garments—who walked with their Redeemer "in white"—because they were "worthy."† Sardis is a scene of ruin and decay. *Laodicea* is characterized by emptiness and poverty—the lukewarm Laodicea, of which the Lord said "I will spue thee out of my mouth."‡ She has not bought of Him the "gold tried in fire," that she might be "rich," nor the "white raiment," that she might be "clothed," and that the "shame" of her "nakedness" might not "appear;" nor has she anoined her "eyes with eye salve," that she might "see." She has been neither zealous nor repentant, though the Lord has stood at the door, knocking;§ and the word of threatening has lighted upon her. Oh! that the nations of the earth would take warning while the word of prophecy and the history of the churches of Asia are open to their observation. Oh! that we, a highly privileged and spiritually honored people, may *hold fast that we have, that no man take our crown!* May we strengthen those things which remain—may we repent and do the first works—may we beware against corrupt admixtures and innovations either in doctrine or practice. God gave us a pure scriptural church from the first; and though the waters of life which flowed through her, were for a time tainted by the heresies of Rome, yet God in his good time stood forth for her reformation; and now—she truly breaks and dispenses the bread of life, and pours forth the pure waters, whose fountain-spring is in the spiritual rock—that rock which is Christ.‖ May we preserve for ourselves, and extend to the utmost, what God has so benignantly restored to us. Let but the character or position of our National Church be compromised

* Rev. iii. 1—3. † Rev. iii. 4. ‡ Rev. iii. 16.
§ Rev. iii. 18—20. ‖ 1 Corinthians x. 4.

by indolence, indifference or design, and future ages may have to gaze upon the torn and everlastingly furled banner of England, upon her crushed diadem and her commercial insignificance; while the supplement to her glorious history, written by the pen of the historian of another day, dipped in tears—may be condensed into one short sentence—retrospective—humiliating——'Such was Christian England, on whose territory the sun never set, in her prosperity: but alas! her sun has gone down—she is fallen; and the stranger from a far land smiles at her desolation!'

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the fifth of August, we quitted the harbor of Smyrna, and in a few hours were again among the Islands of the Archipelago, which rose up like shadows in the dim star-lit medium through which we gazed upon them—scenes over which the young imagination used to hover, when our hearts vibrated at the grandeur of Grecian story. When I went on deck next morning, we had Tenedos on the left, and soon the plains of Troy stretching off to the right, with Mount Ida topping the mountain range, from which the poetic vision had conceived of "gods" looking down on the warfare of heroic and mortal man. And there oo, was the site of the *Troas* of St. Paul—the place where, in a vision, the Apostle saw a man of Macedonia, who said "Come over to Macedonia, and help us;"*—the place also, where, on the first day of the week, the disciples came together to break bread, and Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow, continuing his speech until midnight; and where he afterwards restored life to the fallen Eutychus.† It was charming thus to gaze on spots rendered sacred by the presence and devoted labors of the great Apostle, and to know that we were borne onwards over those waves upon which his bark had often made its missionary way.

I cannot—I have not space, to dwell upon the many objects of abiding interest which crowd the picture—such as the *Rhœteum* of Ajax, and the *Sigeum* of Achilles, where Alexander once stood, as it is said, and wished for another Homer,

* Acts xvi. 8, 9. † Acts xx. 6—10.

and another mighty sweep of the harp-string; and such also as the tumuli of *Antilochus* and *Patroclus*—those memorials of a wondrous and heroic age. With every spot there is connected some christian or some classical recollection—often both, all tending to keep the mind in a continual stretch of imaginative reflection.

Before the evening closed, we entered the *Hellespont*, and passed between Sestos and Abydos. Here the two great continents of Europe and of Asia—the Thracian Chersonesus, and the cape of Sigeum approach within little more than a mile of each other; while the blue waves of Hellas rush between like an "arrowy river." Was it not here, that *Xerxes*, the fourth of the kings of Persia, ("far richer" than the rest, who "by his strength, through his riches, stirred up all against the realm of Grecia"*), was it not here that he constructed his bridge of boats—thereby practically uniting Europe and Asia, so as to pour in the force of his warlike legions? Was it not here—while they crowded the shores of both continents, that the ambitious monarch wept at the thought—that in an hundred years more, not one of the thousands would be left to give token of the pomp of his regal power? Even so. Xerxes and his bannered hosts are dust! Not one heart now beats responsive to the clarion's cry, or the thrilling phantasy of ambitious daring. Yet there are the mighty continents, standing as they stood when the pageant passed upon them; and Hellas flows onwards with the freshness of a youthful stream

We lost much of the beauty of the Hellespont, by reason of our night-sailing; but we just glanced from side to side till the last shadows of evening gathered over scenery that was very lovely—the land of the "cypress and myrtle," with its graceful minarets and mosques, and picturesque, painted houses of wood, amidst groves of olives, lofty cypress and prolific gardens. We lay down to rest soon after the beautiful vision was closed, in the expectation that our waking eyes would rest on the splendors of Stambool—the ancient Byzantium—the capital of the first christian emperor—now the

*Daniel xi. 2.

capital of the crescent. Alas! for Constantine. Alas! for Constantinople.

August seventh.—At five o'clock I was aroused from my berth by the announcement that we were at length within sight of Constantinople. I started up instantly; and without staying to dress, threw on my large cloak and rushed upon deck; and certainly I was abundantly repaid by one of the most superb scenes on which my eyes ever rested. Far ahead rolled the Bosphorus—before us stretched the magnificent ocean-entrance to the wondrous city. All was dim and shadowy, as the mists of the early morning hung like a veil of gossamer over the vast array of white domes, towers, and lofty minarets. So dreamy, changing, and vast was the picture as we moved on, that there was almost need to pause and be satisfied it was not a night-vision of the excited fancy. The morning sun was struggling with the thin mists—and beneath their veil, cast a pink hue upon the white and glistening expanse of architectural magnificence. The whole city seemed to have sprung up from the ocean's depths at the bidding of some enchanter. On the right lay Scutari—the Asiatic part of the city. On the left, Stambool—and Pera—the European part. On either side, the city is carried up bold and rocky elevations, flanked by hills still loftier, crowned and in many parts covered by groves of towering cypress, which made old Sandys say, "It seemeth to present a city in a wood to the pleased beholders." As we advanced up towards the extreme part of the sea of Marmora, the view became more and more definite. The mist was gradually departing, and the sun acquiring greater power and brightness. At length, we actually entered the port, having on our left the ancient royal residence—the Seraglio—that dark scene of cruelty, treachery, and blood. It is of great extent, walled round; and has the appearance of a considerable town in itself. The walls, which abut upon the sea, are massive and lofty. Between and around various parts of the Seraglio are rich plantations of luxuriantly growing trees, various in their kinds, intermingled with some of the noblest cypresses I have

ever seen. Palace after palace presented itself to our view as we passed—all royal palaces; and one especially, of great magnitude and somewhat in a European style, built principally by the late Sultan Mahmoud, and finished by his son and successor, the present despot. Almost grouped together with the Seraglio, but yet towering above its highest elevations, stands the most ancient mosque of Constantinople—once the christian church of Santa Sophia, with its conspicuous white dome and lofty minarets. Ships of all flags crowded the port, and displayed a scene of grandeur and animation quite indescribable. At length, the sun broke forth in full morning splendor, and the almost overpowering magnificence of the city on all sides was unveiled. Surely it must be the noblest position in the world for a great capital; and one of the most marvellous pictures on which the eye of man ever gazed. When fairly in port, you command the whole city in one circular glance. We swung round upon our anchor for a time, while proper officers obtained the usual license to remain; and forthwith were carried down the Bosphorus to the Lazaretto, on the Asiatic side, for the purpose of enduring the infliction of quarantine; while all along, we continued to be surprised at the vast succession of palace, minaret, dome, and tower, intermixed with the ordinary painted residences of the people. My dear friend and fellow traveller had for some time shown symptoms of an intermittent fever, which made the prospect of performing quarantine doubly distressing.

We were soon deposited, with all our baggage, in the Lazaretto—a large prison-like building, as filthy as can well be imagined. Our arrival was an amusing scene—Turks, Greeks, Arabs, Syrians, Jews and Christians, were all impatient and clamorous to get on shore; most of them carrying their few articles of convenience, baggage, &c. on their backs —such as mattresses, carpets, mats, and cooking utensils, and hastening to secure the best berths in this house of misery. Languages of all kinds were grunted and screamed at the highest pitch that eagerness and anxiety could give to the human voice. Happily for us we had found on board a

kind, intelligent companion—a friend indeed—in Mr. Casolani, a young Maltese, of the medical profession, who had been for some time in the quarantine service at Beyrout. This gentleman not only spoke good English, but sufficient also of Turkish to make himself fairly understood—an acquirement of no small importance in the Lazaretto of Constantinople, where all the guardians or attendants are Turks, and have no idea that there is any other language spoken in the world besides their own—at least worth acquiring or listening to. But for the assistance of our kind young friend, I fancy we should have come off but badly, amidst the horrors and privations of quarantine. As it was, the certainty of spending nine or ten days in that wretched Lazaretto, was more than enough to break the spirits even of a man in health like myself. It must have been peculiarly distressing to my sick friend.

When we first reached the Lazaretto, I quite feared that we should be obliged to share one poor apartment, only a few yards square, with a set of untidy Turks and Arabs. After a little perseverance, however, we had a room—a single room for all purposes, allotted to us; but when we opened the door, an old grey-bearded Turk had already taken possession. When civilly told that he must vacate, he became outrageously angry. However, I and Mr. Casolani entered, and told him plainly that he must go out; at which announcement he became like a bedlamite with rage, and his eyes seemed to flash fire. He made a violent rush at us, and endeavored to thrust us back—vociferating at the same time, till his voice became a wild scream. The poor man was evidently deranged; and certainly his previous behavior, while on board, was extravagant and eccentric enough. At length, one of the quarantine officers interfered, and made him go to another room, stamping with rage; and thus we were left tenants of our wretched whitewashed walls and a bare unwashed floor, without a single article of furniture of any kind, or even a prospect of obtaining any. There was only one redeeming point about our miserable habitation, and that was a superb

view of Constantinople to the left, and the other splendors of the Bosphorus to the right—all of which presented at sunset one of the most surprising and lovely pictures on which I ever gazed; while the sounds of the muezzin from minaret to minaret—so peculiar—so unlike any other utterance of the human voice, sounded in our ears. Great numbers of *caiques*, the common boats of the Bosphorus, were flitting like shadows across the smooth waters—noiseless and graceful. While I pondered over the enchanting scene, I could almost have wept to think that any thing so surpassingly lovely as Constantinople should be but a sty of sensuality, vice, and ignorance—a filthy slave at the chariot-wheels of the false prophet. But—the Ottoman empire is foredoomed of God; the time of her *evaporation* is not far distant, and she knows it.* And what will Stambool become, when the reins of government shall be in the rightful hand—even that of the "King of kings, and Lord of lords?"

We spent eight comfortless days in quarantine, amidst rats, which gambolled about the room at night, and swarms of other vermin which kept all hope of refreshing sleep at a distance. Through the kindness of our young friend Mr. Casolani, we procured at length a few articles of furniture—a small table, two wooden chairs, a tub for washing, &c. &c.—and were daily served with provisions brought down the Bosphorus from Pera. My only bed was my segaddeh (Mahommedan prayer carpet), which I had brought with me from Cairo; and a carpet bag was my pillow. I do not purpose entertaining my readers with a narrative of all the disagreeables attending a Turkish quarantine; but certainly I may say that the Lazaretto of Constantinople seems far more likely to promote than to check the plague. Such was the effect of this loathsome imprisonment upon my mind and spirits, that I could neither read nor write, with any feeling

* The Turks have long entertained a traditionary belief that Christianity must prevail *universally* for a limited period of *forty years*. This belief has now become a matter of positive and present expectation. And as the religion of the Koran has *fatalism* as one of its distinguishing features, all hostile opposition to Christianity is gradually subsiding.

of comfort, for any length of time together—and so the hours dragged on heavily indeed. My poor friend continued sadly invalided all the time, and almost a prisoner to the room—sometimes worn almost beyond endurance by the endless shoutings and chantings of Dervishes and other noisy varieties of the Arabian family, who occupied the adjoining and surrounding rooms.

Soon after breakfast on the eighth day of captivity, we were summoned from our den into a large quadrangle within the walls, where, with others who had shared the same fate, we were marshalled, like a file of soldiers, before the medical officer of the establishment, and were one by one declared free from plague, and fit to mingle with the *untainted* people of Stambool. The hour of our release was fixed for six o'clock on the following morning, and we were called upon to pay one hundred and forty-five piastres for the luxury of imprisonment. We were then permitted to resume the possession of our baggage, the greater part of which had been taken from us on our arrival, for the purpose of disinfection—if tainted; and while we went to the storehouse to claim it, our room was fumigated by burning certain disagreeable drugs, which left for a long time an offensive odor behind. The Lazaretto seemed quite alive with the proceedings of the day; and most countenances brightened at the prospect of emancipation.

On the following morning, all was in readiness for our departure; and we were invited to pay a visit of ceremony to the Bey or Governor of the quarantine establishment. We accordingly mounted the stairs of a poor dirty habitation, and were immediately ushered by Turkish attendants in waiting, into a pleasant room, with the usual projecting latticed window, overlooking the Bosphorus, and commanding a noble view—especially to the right, looking to the point where the smooth waters flow onwards majestically to the Black Sea. In his appearance, the Bey was half Turk—half Frank, and received us, squatting on his dewan, with civility and courtesy. The visit, as usual, resolved itself into pipes and coffee—and

so passed off in *vapor*. We turned our back on the Lazaretto as soon as possible, and stepped on board our light *caique*, the first stroke of whose oars spake gaily of liberty to the captives. About an hour's sharp pulling brought us to Pera—the Frank quarter of Constantinople; and soon we found ourselves comfortably housed at the European hotel of Madame Giusippini Vitali—to whom we had been recommended by our young Maltese friend.

Once the traveller sets his foot on shore at Constantinople, his first impression of the city is sadly interfered with. Its filth and habitual untidiness present themselves at every turn. But still—Constantinople opened to us at once a fresh page in the history of man—another phase of the endless variety of the human family, in which may be readily traced the present tone and character of the Turkish mind. The impression constantly forced upon me, was that of a people just resolving to make shift with things as they are, upon the conviction that their end is not far distant. There is an air of sadness and hopelessness intermingled with all that looks like stir and activity and enterprise. The national heart beats slowly; and there is every thing in the spirit, even of the modern form of despotism, to check a healthful development of the resources of national mind. The Ottoman empire is stagnant; and its poisonous *malaria* hangs over Stambool.

Formerly, Christians were never allowed on any pretence to ride through the streets of Constantinople, or any other Turkish town, on horseback, or even on an ass; and that for two reasons:—first, lest they (the "*infidels*") should assume an equality with the faithful; and secondly, lest, being elevated over Mussulmans who might be walking, their *shadow* should be projected upon the faithful, and so cause *pollution* by an imaginary contact. All this is, however, at an end and every body who chooses to mount a horse, mule, camel, or ass, may do so. Formerly, too, every Christian was obliged, on meeting a Turk, to incline his head as far as possible towards the left shoulder; and if he dared to omit it, was usually treated with a smart slap on the face, or other

manual castigation; but this also is at an end; a Christian may carry his head as he pleases—even in the presence of the Sultan himself.

The Turkish carriages, chiefly used by ladies, are clumsy, tawdry things, like gilded gingerbread, drawn by two horses, with a driver running by the side. As you glance into them, you see little beside masses, as it were, of white muslin, the ugly disguise of the Turkish women. Waggons drawn by oxen are also common enough in the streets, often laden with fruits of various kinds, and other merchandize. The number of ugly, gaunt, and hungry looking dogs which infest the streets, is quite disgusting; and at night they go about in immense droves, howling and yelling hideously. The street-passenger after nightfall is obliged to go armed against them with a stick or dog-whip made for the purpose. While in the east, I could well understand the figure used by the Psalmist, in reference to the ungodly—the enemies of God's people:—"And at *evening* let them return, and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied."*

Immediately in front of our hotel was the ancient burial ground of Constantinople—an extensive forest of noble cypresses, which are the customary garniture of all places of sepulture. I made it a place of frequent resort for exercise. The cypresses emit a delightful balmy fragrance, not unlike the Cedars of Lebanon. Their deep shade was almost impervious to the sun. The whole surface of the ground is thickly covered with tombs and grave stones—sometimes beautifully wrought, and covered with inscriptions in the Turkish character Most of them have a turban carved in stone on the top of an ornamented pillar. The descendants of the prophet, or those who claimed to be so in their life time, have the turban painted green. Many, even of the most costly memorials of the dead are sadly defaced; indeed, freedom from it is the exception rather than the rule. 'Thou

* Psalm lix. 14, 15.

sands upon thousands of the followers of the false prophet, slumber in that vast charnel-house. They will one day know Christ in his resurrection-power, though they owned him not as the one Mediator between God and man.

The objects of positive interest in Constantinople are, after all, really but few; and such as they are, one looks on them only as remnants of a passing pageant. We made many excursions to Stambool, crossing from Pera, in one of the light graceful caiques, just at the mouth of the golden horn, opposite the Seraglio point. We availed ourselves of an opportunity of ascending the Seraskiers' tower, for the sake of the view which it affords. In our way thither, we passed through the court-yard of the grand mosque of the Sultan Bajazet, and were just permitted to peep within the doors without being stoned. We had not obtained the costly key —called a *firman*, and therefore could not be admitted. In the court-yard were immense numbers of pigeons, for which the Turks entertain a kind of religious veneration. A dove was said to be the medium of spiritual communication to the false prophet. The Seraskiers' tower is principally used for the purpose of keeping watch over the city, in order that timely notice may be given by a signal, of the breaking out of a fire in the midst of the many timber-built habitations. From the summit of the tower, there is a magnificent panoramic view of Stambool—Pera—Scrutari—the Bosphorus—the Sea of Marmora—the Hellespont—the Mediterranean, &c. &c.

We visited the tomb of the late Sultan—Mahmoud the Second, which is a handsome marble structure, with a dome, and open ironwork windows, through which the exact place of sepulture is seen, surmounted by the shape of a coffin, overhung with rich and costly cashmere shawls, and the jewelled tarbouch of the deceased. The entrance to the tomb is planted with beautiful, cool looking shrubs. We visited also the tombs of Selim and Mustapha, the two immediate predecessors of Mahmoud. Mustapha deposed and murdered Selim; and Mahmoud, in his turn, deposed and mur

dered Mustapha. These three men were brothers—the sons of one father! The fever of their murderous ambition is now effectually subdued. What will be the meeting of these three brothers, at the judgment of the great day!

The *Hippodrome*—near the mosque of Akhmet, is a spot of some interest, as being the scene in which Belisarius celebrated his victories in a Roman triumph, when the full blaze of his glory was around him. It was an aceldama—a field of blood, when, in 1826, the late Sultan Mahmoud strewed it with the mangled corpses of the butchered Janissaries. On that awfully memorable occasion, blood ran like water in the streets of Constantinople. The extermination of the Janissaries was a tremendous and terrible stroke of Turkish policy; but if we admit that human policy could justify while it demanded such a blow, the necessity for it is not to be questioned. The Hippodrome is a large open space, or oblong square; and in the middle, is a fine obelisk, said to have been transported by the Emperor Theodosius, from Egypt. It is as fresh and perfect in its hieroglyphical inscriptions as if it were the work of the last age. Near the obelisk, is a curious bronze pillar, wrought in the form of three intertwined serpents. It is said to have been brought from Delphi, and to have borne the golden triphod consecrated to Apollo, after the defeat of Xerxes. Not far distant is the celebrated pillar of Constantine, bound round with iron bands to hold it together. It is of porphyry, surmounted by a white marble capital, and surrounded at intervals with wreaths sculptured in relief—but all much defaced. It has been preserved with great care; and even now, is a fine remnant of an early age of Christianity.

We saw as much of the Seraglio as could be explored without a *firman*. It is an extensive pile of irregular building. The main gate is an awful place; and has borne witness to the rivers of blood shed by Turkish tyranny. On each side are arched recesses in the wall, where the heads of common persons were heaped together after wholesale decapitations. The heads of discarded ministers, and persons of

rank and condition, when called on to submit to the Sultan's sanguinary will, are usually exposed on a silver dish,* placed upon a low marble column, about eighteen inches high, and still standing between the first and second gates of the Seraglio. I felt half sickened as I stood on this scene of blood and treachery, and suffered dark thoughts of the past to steal over my mind.

Every Friday, the Sultan goes in state to some one of the mosques. We took an opportunity of witnessing the procession. The present Sultan, *Abdul-Medjid*, is a son of Mahmoud the Second. On reaching Stambool, we found the people all on the alert, and many forming themselves in groups to await his arrival. Immense numbers of women, veiled from head to foot in white muslin veils which are so disposed over the face as to give them the appearance of corpses, sat on the pavement in every open part of the streets, while others occupied balconies and the roofs of houses. The Sultan's hebdomadal visits to the mosques afford occasions, of which the people usually avail themselves, for presenting petitions and memorials as he passes along. These documents are courteously received by some official person in attendance upon his Majesty, and are never, on any account, rejected. The procession commenced with many fine horses, led by grooms, richly caparisoned. Then followed several Pashas, all well mounted and attended. Next came the Capitaine Pasha (chief of the naval force), and other members of the council. After them followed some of the Sultan's horses, attended by grooms—splendid animals, about fourteen and a half hands high—the fullest size of Turkish and Arab horses. At length, surrounded by a large body of military officers on foot, came the Sultan himself, mounted on a noble charger. Instead of the stately and magnificent costume of Turkey, the Sultan and all his suite wore common tarbouches, blue surtouts, and strangely shaped trousers; and the only difference between the dress of the monarch and his attend-

* There was probably a custom somewhat similar in the east, long prior to the existence of the Turkish dynasty. See Matthew xiv. 8—11.

ants was a short military cloak worn by the former, clasped at the throat with a rich jewel. The Sultan has the appearance of a mere stripling, and is pale, sickly, and effeminate. His countenance is placid enough—but void of meaning and character. He has, however, the easy bearing of a gentleman. He glanced slightly from side to side as he slowly rode along; but not a single voice greeted him. I suppose it is not the popular custom to salute the monarch as he passes. Many of the national peculiarities of Turkey are giving way; amongst other things, I may refer to their gradually discarding the Asiatic costume which has been worn ever since they became a people. The late Sultan was the first innovator in this particular, by introducing a semi-European uniform into the army, the appearance of which is exceedingly mean; and it sits in the worst manner possible upon the clumsy ungain figures of the fat and shapeless Turks.

Every body has heard of the "*Dancing Dervishes*" of Constantinople. We made a point of witnessing their solemnities. The Dervishes are an order of men somewhat equivalent to the monks of the Greek and Roman churches. There are colleges in which they are trained to their office, which is of a mystic kind. I believe they sometimes pretend to be the recipients of divine revelations. They may be always known by their dress, the peculiarity of which consists in white flowing garments, and a conically shaped hat made of drab colored felt, without a brim. The chief of the order wears a small green shawl bound upon his temples, somewhat like a turban over the hat. They profess great sanctity; and although Musselmans who can afford it are now becoming much accustomed to the use of arakee, and sometimes even wine, yet the Dervishes still profess to abstain from all. But, certainly, I must affirm that I have seen an actually drunken Dervish; and that, too, on board the vessel which brought us to Constantinople—the only instance of intemperance I remember to have seen from the time I left England till I returned. Alas for England and her abominable national vice! On one occasion during the voyage, the Dervish in question dined with the

Deftar Dhar of Aleppo; and after having drunk arakee beyond endurance, he behaved so rudely that I called to the steward to put him out of the cabin. The Deftar Dhar prevented actual expulsion by coaxing him on deck; and there was an end of the matter. But—judge of my surprise when I attended the solemnities of the dancing Dervishes, and saw the guilty lover of arakee joining with a large party of his fellows in the mystic ceremonies of the day, and looking as sedate and exemplary as any hypocrite could desire to do.

On reaching the place of exhibition, it was necessary to be provided with a pair of loose slippers, drawn over our boots, to be left at the door outside; without which there could be no admittance. The Dervishes were assembled when we arrived, in a large area of an octagonal shape, with a wooden floor smoothly polished, round which various partitioned pews or recesses were ranged for spectators, with a gallery above. The head or chief presided, squatting on a small crimson-dyed sheepskin, at the further part of the area, while the inferiors first proceeded in slow and solemn march round the floor, to the music of softly sounded pipes, somewhat like badly-played flutes; to which was occasionally added the—*tum-tum*——*tum-tum*——*tum-tum*——of a small kind of tabor, struck with the hand. After this had continued for a quarter of an hour or thereabouts, the Dervishes began one by one, slowly to revolve, as if on a pivot; till at length, all were in rapid motion like so many peg-tops. Each turned "on his own axis," keeping up at the same time, a kind of a planetary motion round and about the area. Most of them had their eyes closed, and appeared as if in a magnetized sleep or stupor; while the rest had their eyes partially opened, but void of expression, like people walking in their sleep and amused by dreams. Their arms were extended in a nearly horizontal line while the evolutions continued, and seemed to be rigidly fixed. After having continued these exertions for upwards of a quarter of an hour, they wheeled off by degrees, and formed into a circle, bowing lowly at the same time to

the superior. After a very brief pause, these movements were twice repeated: and then the whole party lay prostrate, and apparently exhausted, wrapped in the folds of their ample garments, during which time, a chanted prayer was offered. At a signal, they all rose at once, and one by one approached the superior and kissed his hand; then filing off to the right of him, kissed the hands of each other. With this ceremony the whole affair concluded.

The remains of the ancient walls of Byzantium are objects of great interest. They are on the south and south-western sides of the present city, and consist of a threefold fortification, each wall being lower than the other; and the inmost one—the highest, is surmounted by towers of, I should guess, about thirty or thirty-five feet square, placed at intervals of about four hundred feet. Many of these towers are much decayed and some quite in ruin. All the walls are battlemented, and constructed for the discharge of archery. They are said to be of the age of Justinian. Trees of great magnitude are now growing between them; and at the foot of the outer wall, in a kind of moat, are gardens well cultivated, and abundantly productive. The walls now remaining extend upwards of two miles—terminating at the river which is connected with an extensive lake, called the "sweet waters" of Europe.

On our return, we rode through the Jewish and Greek quarters of Constantinople; and certainly it were no easy matter to describe the filthy and squalid appearance of the former. The latter was a trifle better. The Jews are now suffered to live without any *sanctioned* molestation; and the Sultan has, moreover, issued a strong proclamation in their favor, on the intercession of Sir Moses Montefiore. Some of them are said to have amassed great wealth; but still they persist in maintaining an air of indigence, so as to attract as little as possible the cruel glances of Turkish cupidity.

If a traveller would form an idea of the habits and character of the population of Constantinople, he must make frequent visits to the bazaars. There he will see most classes passing before him—full of their peculiar external nationality. Some

traces of the ancient stateliness of the Turkish bearing are still visible; but no one can pass a few observant days among them, without feeling that there is a rapid national change in progression—whether for better or worse is yet to be seen. European tastes and habits are acquiring great ascendancy; and should the Ottoman empire hold together a few years longer, it is more than probable that the pure orientalism of Turkey will glide off altogether. But is not the decline of national characteristics an indication of decline in far more important matters? The heart of the Ottoman empire is faint—and like the botanical class of sycophant plants, it clings to what is nearest, and to whatever is stronger than itself. The only thing to which Turkey should now cling, is that of all others which she most hates. She has risen and declined under the crescent—she must fall and wither under it unless she cling to the cross; and this she will not do. Her prospects, as well as her present condition, are proclaimed by the voice of inspiration. Her day is not far distant. She knows it. Asia knows it. Europe knows it. Who does not know it? The strong arm from the north is stretched over her—she sees the shadow of it, and trembles. Let but the day of her decadence finally set in, and from that moment will commence a moral—a physical—a political change on the face of the earth, that shall supply and fix the interpretation of many a prophecy over which men have mused with speculative wonder and varied anticipation—a change in which returning Israel shall trace the faithfulness of a long-suffering God. If Mahommedanism, in its past history, present state and ultimate prospects, be speculated on in any other light, or through any other medium than that afforded by revelation—it is a series of inexplicable phenomena. View it in God's own light, and it becomes at once intelligible in all its bearings.

I cannot but remark how strikingly influential, on national character, the *fatalism* of the Koran has ever been. "Allah is great—Allah is good—Allah has unalterably fixed every event and circumstance in which his creatures are concerned.

From his predetermination there is no appeal—against it there is no help. The chain of fate binds the universe." Such is the fatalism of the Koran; and it presents a melancholy picture of a right principle wrought out in error. It is an *unrevealed* predestination. It is the "*natural* man's" view* of the sovereignty of God: a view which resolves itself into the notion of a *mere* despotism. But however erroneous—however opposed to that revelation of Himself as the moral governor of the universe, which God has been pleased to bestow upon man, yet it does actually and effectually influence the followers of the false prophet; and the charge which they bring against the professors of the true faith is, that their avowed principles have but little bearing upon their outward conduct. "You profess allegiance," they say, "to God as your sovereign; but you seek to resist him by your will. We recognize his will as manifested in his acts, and submit." Hence, the Turks never commit suicide under distressing affliction or reverses of fortune; such a thing is never heard of. They never mourn for the dead; they do not even murmur under the heaviest burthens of existence. "Allah is great—Allah is good," say they. An intelligent gentleman, Mr. La Fontaine, long resident in Constantinople, and familiarized with every thing Turkish, once mentioned to me a remarkable instance of this. A Pasha, with whom he had long lived on terms of intimacy, was possessed of an immense, a princely revenue, and was moreover the favorite of the Sultan. Under one of those sudden reverses of fortune so commonly connected with Turkish despotism—the result of caprice or intrigue—the Pasha was disgraced and despoiled of every piastre. He was no longer the favorite of the Sultan—the world was no longer his friend. A few days after his misfortune, instead of flinging himself into the Bosphorus, or blowing out his brains with a pistol—as many a nominal Christian, under similar circumstances, would have done—he was seen, with an unperturbed countenance, selling a few lemons at the corners of the bazaars of Constantinople. Mr.

* 1 Cor. ii. 14.

La Fontaine saw him so employed, and actually purchased some of his little stock. He inquired whether he did not keenly feel this sad reverse of fortune? "Not at all," said he. "Allah is great—Allah is good. He gave me all that I once possessed—he has taken it again; and he had a perfect and indisputable right to do so. I am well content." Mr. La Fontaine assured me that this was no singular instance of the powerful activity of the principles in which the Turkish mind is disciplined. Would that the pure and eternally true principles which revelation has set before our Christianized population, were as practically influential upon national and individual conduct. Alas, there is a deplorable inconsistency, observable at a glance, between our doctrines and our practice —our acknowledged principles and their results. The fault is not in our system, but in ourselves. God himself lays down the principle of moral conduct—man modifies before he attempts to obey; and his obedience therefore is to a law of his own constructing. The result is—disobedience towards God.*

We made a delightful excursion to *Scutari*, which lies on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Scutari is the ancient *Chrysopolis*—the sea-port of *Chalcedon*. It is now densely populated, and chiefly by Turks. We crossed over from Pera, in one of the caiques. The Turkish watermen are very careful and dexterous; and so they had need be. On reaching the Asiatic shore, we immediately mounted some hack horses which stood ready caparisoned, and proceeded beyond the crowded bazaars to a finely elevated spot called *Bulgooroo*, which commands a splendid panoramic view of the Turkish Capital, and its surrounding objects of classical interest and

* Let us take, for instance, our blessed Redeemer's Sermon on the Mount, as an expansive view of a divine legislation; let us press upon men the principles there disclosed, in their exact, literal sense and application; and there is scarcely one from which they are not disposed to shrink, as if the principles were too stringent—too minute also as practical rules of conduct. And as to the mere moralists of the world—they say that the morality of the Gospel is too high for society *as it is*. And they say truly Let society be modelled upon Christian principles—and the practice i easy. Turkish society *is modelled* upon its avowed principles—and we see he result.

association. It is one of the most wonderful scenes in the world. You forget the filth and wretchedness of detail; nor do you quite remember the political insignificance of the "Sublime Porte," while the eye ranges over such a picture of unparalleled magnificence and natural beauty. In our way towards Bulgooroo, we passed the small country house in which the late Sultan Mahmoud ended his eventful, miserable life. He had been removed from his favorite palace below, in the hope of obtaining cooler breezes than the banks of the Bosphorus afforded. Of late years he had habituated himself to an enormous—an almost incredible daily consumption of ardent spirits; and while enduring the pangs of his last sickness, he constantly complained that he felt as if he were burning. He died in a state of horrible mental excitement; and it is said that he thoroughly foresaw the hopeless prospect which overhung the Ottoman Empire. Life's fitful dream is past: the pageant is gone: and Sultan Mahmoud fills a single page of history.

From the heights of Bulgooroo a fine expanse of Asiatic territory was visible; but the traces of cultivation were few. This is the case also on the European side. Perhaps Turkey contains some of the finest and richest arable land in the world, and capable of almost unlimited production; but it lies waste, like the territory of a hopeless and stagnant people. The genius of enterprize and the spirit of industry are not there. The greater part of the grain consumed in Turkey is imported—and that chiefly from Odessa.

While at Scutari, we had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies of the "*Howling Dervishes*"—a scene, the very remembrance of which inclines the Christian heart to say—"Have respect unto the covenant, for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."* We found these strange devotees assembled in a square building, about thirty feet each way, constructed very much like that in which we had witnessed the solemnities of the dancing Dervishes, with separate places all round, for spectators. On our arrival, a

* Psalm lxxiv. 20.

large party of Dervishes were assembled, kneeling in a semi. circle, while in front of them were several superior or chief persons of sage and venerable appearance, ranged on a kind of dewan, with mats or carpets formed of the dyed skins of animals. Around the enclosure hung various instruments of torture, which, until prohibited by the late Sultan, were used for superstitious purposes of self-infliction. Some of them were hooks with sharp points; others were heavy metallic balls with iron spikes projecting from them—which when thrown upon the ground recoiled and inflicted a wound: and there were also long pointed wires used for thrusting through the cheeks of devotees. Perhaps they were after the manner of those instruments used for a like purpose by the prophets of Baal.* Besides these there were various musical instruments, tambours, tom-toms, &c. Some of the Dervishes wore the usual white costume; while other persons of all ages—even young boys of eight or ten years old, attended in the ordinary Turkish dress, and engaged, apparently as novices, in the ceremonies. The exercise at which we found them, consisted of chanting in a heavy monotonous tone, bowing rapidly for a length of time till their foreheads almost struck the floor, and then altogether swaying from side to side. Suddenly the tones changed, and sounds like the barking of large dogs followed. This continued for at least twenty minutes; and often the musical time and vehemence of utterance and action increased till all seemed ready to faint, and were, apparently, quite insensible to the presence of external objects. Upon a signal from the superiors they suddenly ceased; and after a little pantomimic action and changing of position, resumed their exercise, but again in a totally different strain and with frightful vehemence. The action seemed to be involuntary, and every fibre of their bodies appeared to be strained by it. At length, in the midst of this excitement, one of them appeared perfectly frantic: he fell heavily on the floor, striking it with his head and hands, writhing about with hideous contortions, and crying also at the utmost pitch of his voice,

* 1 Kings xviii. 28.

"*Allah!* —— *Al—lah!* —— *Mahommed!* —— *Mahom—med!*" Then, as if in extreme agony, he gnashed his teeth, and foamed at the mouth. Several of the Dervishes came to his assistance, while the rest continued their hideous exercise. Scarcely had he become a little calm, when he fell into a stupor; and another broke out in the same manner. A further change of ceremonies took place; and amidst all their wild extravagances, sick persons were led before the superior, who touched and breathed upon them, and bestowed a benediction. Others, who were too sick to attend in person, sent various garments to be breathed upon and blest. All who approached the superior kissed his hand and offered him a great show of reverence. It is impossible to convey an accurate idea of such a scene. We did not await the conclusion. We had seen and heard enough to give us a humbling sense of the power of superstition over the natural mind of man, and to make us more thankful, I trust, for the possession of a pure faith, upon which the slightest act of superstition, in whatever form presented, is a dishonoring innovation. Superstition is the very life of every religious system that is not of God; and in whatever degree man mingles superstition or superstitious usage with the elements of that pure religion which is of God, he invests it with the weakness and fallacy of his own fallen humanity.

Before quitting Constantinople, we resolved on a visit to *Broussa*, which is the Cheltenham or Malvern of Turkey. It is on the Asiatic side. A sail of about seven hours brought us to *Ghemlickh*—a miserable Greek town, the inhabitants of which make out a poor subsistence by the cultivation of silkworms, and a little fishing. Its situation is, however, very beautiful; and the harbor, when viewed from the shore, has the effect of a very lovely lake, bounded by lofty hills on both sides. On landing, we found a great part of the inhabitants loitering, smoking and sleeping. Utter indolence was the order of the day. A few of the more active people crowded round us, offering a very considerable choice of wretched horses to convey us to Broussa. It was not difficult to make

a selection when all were so bad. We certainly cut a grotesque figure when fairly mounted for a seven hour's ride. The manes and tails of the poor horses appeared as if they had never been pulled, and their coats as if they had never once been groomed. The saddles were mere bundles of old woollen rags and leather. As to the bridles, it would be difficult to determine of what materials they were composed. The road to Broussa is very agreeable, and in some parts really beautiful—lying over and between mountains clothed with the richest oak timber and underwood. When rather more than half way, a sudden turn in the road gave us a full view of *Olympus*—the noble and distinguishing feature of this charming district of Asia Minor. It stood before us with an air of indescribable majesty—skirted below with immense forest-sweeps, while its bold summit, partly white with snow, towered upwards as if in the repose of conscious permanence; and certainly, though the poetic fancy of a past age did not invest it with divine honors, but rather selected the Thessalian Mount—yet Olympian Jove might have been proud at finding himself enthroned on so noble and glorious an elevation. As a natural object merely, without any enrichment of either classical or scriptural associations, I do not remember to have had my mind more impressed by the calm grandeur of any object, than by that of Olympus. Its vastness interfered not with its gracefulness. Its gracefulness waited like a handmaid upon its vastness. While on the height from which Olympus first became visible, we looked down into a richly wooded plain, stretching along to the very base of the mountain-range, at the extremity of which, overshadowed by the hanging forests of the mount, and embosomed in luxuriant foliage, lay Broussa, with its white domes and minarets. As we advanced, the setting sun cast an empurpled lustre over the sides and peaks of Olympus—presenting such a vision of august natural beauty as would have kept an ardent-hearted painter wakeful during every hour of the night. In Broussa itself there is nothing very remarkable, beyond its most charming situation, and its abundance of thermal springs,

chiefly alkaline and sulphurine, which are beginning to acquire a great degree of local celebrity. During our brief sojourn, we made a partial ascent of Olympus, amidst its fine forests of chestnut and oak. We could not undertake the full ascent, which would have cost us twelve hours at least, and the descent almost as many more. We returned to Constantinople on the following day, by the same route we had come, as the time of our departure for England was at hand.

I have nothing worth adding to the numerous and minute descriptions of Constantinople already extant, and within the reach of most readers; and I must confess, that having been permitted by Divine goodness and mercy to accomplish the main purpose of my journey—having trodden the length and breadth of Immanuel's land, and being blest with every indication of restored health and energy—as the head of a happy family, I longed for my home—as the pastor of a beloved flock, I sighed for my spiritual employments; so that, even Constantinople itself became quite second-rate, in comparison with the objects of my desire and anticipation.

—— Am I to be blamed for either the fact or the confession?

CHAPTER XI.

HOMEWARD.

Homeward—Danube Route—Companions—Black Sea—Varna—Kustanje—Czernavoda—Nikopol—Widdin—Skelegladova—New and Old Orsova—Mehadia—Wallachian peasantry, etc.—Drencova—Semlin—Peterwarden—The Danube—Pesth—and Buda—Presburg—Vienna—Schonbrun—Linz—Ober-zell—Passau—Ratisbon—German Apprentices—Nurenburg—Frankfort—The Rhine—Home.

—— HOME!—HOME! —— Surely none but they who have wandered as strangers in strange lands, where even their native language is unknown, can fully understand the charm which hangs around the far-distant home. Dear countenances beam upon us, and beloved voices float over the wide expanse to greet us, when the imaginative faculty essays to draw present solace from a recollection of the past, and a hopeful anticipation of the future. I should gravely question the healthiness of my affections, if all the delights of travel—even such as mine—had power to deaden my love of home. My happiness has been sought and found at home. May it be ever so. A *Pastor's home* comprehends a great deal; country—kindred—flock—each has its peculiar place in the wide circle; and if his heart be but right with God, there is room in it for all.

While in Palestine, I had cherished the hope of visiting Athens, Corinth, and other parts of Greece, as well as the principal towns and cities of northern Italy, and Switzerland. From the days of my boyhood until now, those scenes of enduring interest have been the subjects of many an eager thought and desire. How all that is august in religion, heart-stirring in history, and glowing in poesy, clusters round their very names. Yet, while unvisited, they are, to the mental perception, little more than names. I cannot so

positively localize my associations with them as I can those which pass through my mind when Sinai, the Wilderness, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jordan, Galilee, &c. are mentioned. The leading facts of Scripture-history are now written indelibly in my memory and on my heart. My Bible is, as it were, a new book to me. I do not *believe* it more firmly, but I *feel* it more intensely. I cannot read it without retracing my steps in all the vividness of recollection. I am content with the privileges I have enjoyed; and so I felt, when, giving up the hope of Greece, we resolved on the less attractive, but more direct homeward route by the Danube. My narrative of this will be brief. My readers will perhaps be glad to find it so, after having followed me through my more delightful wanderings. It will be like the last stage of a weary man's journey.

The steam navigation of the Danube is a bold undertaking; and with a few drawbacks that might be mentioned, for which a thorough-paced traveller knows how to make sufficient allowance—it is not very disagreeable. If taken as a principal excursion, it would not be destitute of interest. It brings you in contact with parts of the continent of Europe which otherwise would be but little visited.

At about noon, on the first of September, we embarked at the Golden Horn—the magnificent harbor of Constantinople, on board the Seri-Pervas, an Austrian vessel, destined to convey us up the Euxine, or Black Sea, as far as *Küstanjè*, where the arrangements for the journey were to be made. Soon afterwards we received on board His Excellency *Count Stürmer*—the Austrian Internuncio to the Ottoman Porte, and his Countess, who were on their way to Vienna. Judging us to be Englishmen, he kindly requested a mutual acquaintance, General Jokmus, to introduce us to each other as those who were to be compagnons de voyage for so long a time. All that polished manners, finely cultivated minds and cordial kindness could contribute to our enjoyments, was bestowed by our amiable friends during the whole of our delightful intercourse; and even His Excellency's delicacy

of character and habit will not, I am sure, be hurt when, on reading this page, he finds me telling my countrymen how delightful the Danube route became, under the auspices of a friendship so happily commenced. We found also a kind friend, and fellow-traveller to Vienna, in Mr. La Fontaine, a European merchant of Constantinople, whose attentions and intelligent conversation I have often remembered with the sincerest pleasure. If this page should ever meet his eye, he will not doubt the cordiality with which I refer to our many hours of pleasant intercourse.

As we sailed up the Bosphorus, salutes in honor of the Internuncio were fired from the Turkish batteries; and very animated scenes presented themselves. On reaching *Therapia*, the usual place of residence for European Ambassadors, salutes were repeated, and the yard-arms of several vessels in port were manned as he passed. From the Golden Horn, as far as Therapia, the shores of the Bosphorus on both sides are very lovely—few scenes can be more so. Turkish villa-residences abound in all directions, often surrounded and surmounted by steep elevations clothed with fine oaks, interspersed with towering cypresses. The backward view of Constantinople is superb beyond description. Oh! that the Cross could but occupy the place of the Crescent; that the light of the Gospel could but chase away the darkness of the Koran; then—*Christian*-Constantinople might become the noblest capital in the known world.

Before the evening closed we had reached the Black Sea —the rough, "inhospitable sea" of the ancients—the sea of Jason and the golden fleece. Though there was nothing to alarm, yet it gave us a tossing indication of its long established character. Next morning we cast anchor for a few hours at *Varna*—a position successfully defended for two months by the Turks against the Russian army; and from which eventually they repulsed the northern force. The view of Varna from the sea gives but little idea of its capability of defence. The houses are of wooden construction, low and mean, surmounted by a few white minarets. The

town is surrounded by a white wall of no lofty dimensions, with loop-holes for musquetry. We lay near to the western coast of the Black Sea as we sailed away from Varna, which in many parts was bold and beautiful, and included the *Pontus* of Ovid, and *Tomi* in Sarmatia, the place of the poet's exile. By six o'clock next morning we were at anchor off *Küstanjè*. The rain descended profusely; and the Black Sea frowned darkly and rolled angrily as we prepared for disembarking. With some difficulty we reached the boat, and were safely landed. Küstanjè is a dreary miserable Bulgarian village, inhabited by a few Boors; and, but for the Danube company, would not have the slightest accommodation for travellers. We spent the remainder of the day and night there at a small comfortless albergo; and next morning, after eight hours' drive over a waste uncultivated country, as dreary as can be conceived, we reached *Czernavoda* on the shore of the Danube, when we were soon fairly embarked; and at five o'clock in the afternoon, our journey commenced. During the first two days the banks of the Danube reminded me, in many parts, of the Nile—except that I missed the occasional solitary palm trees and miserable Egyptian villages. The scene at length became monotonous and wearisome; and but for the pleasant society of our Austrian friends, the day might have ended in a fit of the vapors.

During the first five days, we passed only two places of the least importance—the first was *Nikopol* (Nicopolis), the place where the last peace between Austria and Turkey was established. It is a poor, though picturesque town, and occupies a beautiful site. The next was *Widdin*, the principal town of Bulgaria. We went on shore for an hour or two, and wandered among the bazaars, marking the semi-oriental appearance and habits of the people. How poor—how uncleanly! The Pasha of Widdin (Hussein Pasha), was an active instrument in the hands of the late Sultan Mahmoud, for the slaughter of the Janissaries; and was promoted to his present post as the reward of his sanguinary merit. I had curiosity enough to wish for a view of him, but he was absent on account of an

insurrection, which was then rife. We were, however, presented by Mr. La Fontaine, to his son—a youth of about sixteen, and also to an officer, acting as lieutenant during the Pasha's absence. They were seated on a dewan, in a room whose latticed windows looked out upon the Danube. Soon after taking our seats, we were served as usual with coffee and pipes—the amber mouth-pieces of which were studded with diamonds. The young Turk remained silent during the visit, glancing at us now and then with a look of curiosity and inquiry. The lieutenant was very conversable on small matters. He expressed a vehement desire to visit England, but avowed an unwillingness to travel so far by *water*.

About noon on the ninth day, we reached *Skelegladova*, where we were transferred to towing boats, for the purpose of passing the rapids—a part of the river where the steamer was impracticable. The boats are made without keels, on account of the great number of rocks which are sometimes but slightly covered. This towing is a very irksome affair, and a great trial of patience. From Skelegladova the scenery, on either side, becomes really bold and beautiful, something after the manner of lake-scenery in England. In the evening we reached *New Orsova*, situated on an insular promontory, northward, having in connexion with it a Turkish fort on the opposite side of the river. We accompanied Count Stürmer on a visit of ceremony to the resident Pasha, preceded by a few poor, half-starved looking soldiers, with drums and fifes, and with the sound of a salute from the few small cannon of the fort ringing in our ears. The echo among the surrounding rocky heights was very curious. First, it was like a loud peal of thunder; then it was carried off to a distance, so as to be scarcely audible; again it returned, and rumbled on till the next gun was fired. In about another hour we reached *Old Orsova*, which is the frontier town of the Austrian dominions, and where we were destined to perform a sort of brief quarantine. Immediately on landing we were all conducted to the Lazaretto, and made the best of it; it was but for a night and part of the next day. They who

have endured a Turkish quarantine will be little disposed to complain of an Austrian one. Thanks to the kind Count Stürmer for a considerable diminution of disagreeables.

Early on the following morning we were waited on by certain official personages, whose business it was to examine our baggage, passports, &c. They performed their duty with as little inconvenience to us as possible, and furnished us with the proper certificates of having submitted to the quarantine and other regulations. Once more in Europe, we thus be came again subject to the annoyance of passports and other matters of police—an unwelcome change for us who had passed from Alexandria to Sinai—from Sinai to Beersheba—from Beersheba almost to Dan, with as much unrestraint as we are accustomed to in our own free country. Being again at liberty, we enjoyed a delightful day's excursion to *Mehadia* —the Matlock (I may so call it), of Hungary ; for certainly it bears great resemblance to that lovely place of resort in England. Mehadia is celebrated for its mineral springs. It lies just within the border of Hungary—that border which separates it from Wallachia. The drive from *Old Orsova* occupied about three hours. On either side of the road, hillls of great boldness and beauty, richly clothed with beech, fir, and other forest trees, and skirted by carefully cultivated vineyards, gave a great charm to the scene ; while a small branch of the Danube, winding like a thread of silver by the road, side, made sweet music in coursing over its rocky bed. We saw great numbers of the Wallachian peasantry. Their costume is picturesque, and their gait graceful. The women (often very comely) wear a great quantity of hair braided in bands and twisted round the head, to which they commonly add the ornament of natural flowers. I frequently observed that the hair was of various colors ; and on enquiry, was informed that a peculiar and very ancient custom prevails, in compliance with which a woman of the present day usually wears the hair of several generations mingled with her own, her mother's, grandmother's, and great grandmother's which, on their decease descends in the way of natural inheritance.

The peasantry appear to be a cleanly, industrious, and happy people, and most respectful in their behavior to strangers. The Wallachian villages are very picturesque in their situation, and graceful in their appearance—partaking frequently of the Swiss character. It was delightful again to see the spires of Christian churches peeping up amidst the masses of fine foliage. The roofs of the houses, churches, and cottages, are mostly covered with wood, cut in the form of slates or tiles, and fastened with nails to the rafters. The usual mode of travelling, among the humbler inhabitants of Wallachia, is in heavy carts or wagons rudely constructed with poles, and drawn by oxen of a handsome breed. We returned to Orsova by the same route, after spending a delightful and happy day; and made preparations for resuming our journey by land towards Drencova—a distance occupying about ten hours, for the purpose of avoiding some dangerous rapids in the Danube.

September eleventh.—I was awakened at five o'clock this morning by the sound of the early bells announcing the opening of the Sabbath. Their tones forcibly reminded me of my own, and increased in my heart a desire which almost grew into impatience, for the time when I should again enjoy Sabbath ordinances with my beloved flock. I was very unwilling to renew my journey on the Lord's day, but it could not be avoided. We started soon after eight o'clock, and proceeded by a fine new road along the banks of the Danube, in many parts cut out of the bold rock, and constructed at the sole expense of *Count Zichini*—a large-hearted and munificent Hungarian nobleman, who seeks in every way to improve the state of his country. This celebrated road is most substantially made, and finished upon the principle of the macadamized roads of England. The scenery of the whole route was magnificent, and often drew from us all the strongest expressions of delight. On the opposite side of the river are still to be seen the remains of the road or causeway formed by the Emperor Trajan—a work of immense labor and boldness. On reaching Drencova, we were compelled

to crowd altogether in one small hotel for the night, in order to be ready for recommencing our Danube navigation on the following morning. The only person who was really annoyed by the inconveniences to which we were exposed, was a fussy Frenchman, who seemed both by temper and habits but ill calculated for roughing it up the Danube. What a pity that people who cannot put up with traveller's fare, do not keep quiet at home. Certainly the whole scene at Drencova was very comic; and I dare say our friends and fellow travellers have had many a laugh over it. The adventures of travellers are often wondrously amusing; and the shifts to which they are obliged to submit, especially in such a country as this, make them increase their estimate of the comforts and conveniences of home.

Once more upon the Danube—we anchored for a few hours at *Semlin*, and with a fine view of *Belgrade*, the position of which is bold and commanding. The mosques and minarets are sufficient proofs of its continued subjection to the Turkish domination. Beyond the city of Belgrade, we could just descry the white tents of a party of Servian insurgents then under arms. We next touched at *Peterwarden*, but not so as to make any particular observation; and then for two days proceeded, without any object of interest whatever, between the flat shores formed by the extensive plains of Hungary. But for our delightful companionship on board, it would have been a dreary time indeed.

September sixteenth.—By five o'clock this morning, we reached *Pesth*—the modern capital of Hungary, where we spent the whole day agreeably enough. Pesth, and Buda the ancient capital, when viewed as parts of one picture, form a bold and interesting scene. Pesth has a fine esplanade to the water's edge, flanked by a noble range of hotels, and several public buildings upon a large scale. On the opposite side of the river is Buda, occupying a commanding elevation, and approached from Pesth by a bridge of boats. The highest point is occupied by the palace of the Viceroy, the uncle of the present Emperor of Austria. Soon after breakfast we

visited the cathedral. It is in very good taste. The nave is constructed without the usual pillars, and supported by pilasters in the walls. The choir is upheld by columns in the form of nave-pillars, of dove-colored marble, with gilt capitals. It is not separated from the nave by any screen; and its effect is lightness itself, and undoubted elegance. The demeanor of the assembled congregation was worthy a better form of Christianity.

There is a bold suspension bridge in process of erection—said to be the largest ever undertaken, for the purpose of permanently connecting Pesth and Buda. It was commenced about four years ago; and by this time, I presume, the foundations of the piers may be completed. The architect or engineer, is Mr. Clarke, an Englishman. The estimate for this spirited undertaking is said to be £300,000. While engaged in examining the work, Count Stürmer presented us to Count Zichini—the munificent Hungarian to whom I have already referred. His appearance and manners were those of a thoroughly bred, intelligent man—full of energy and force. He conversed briefly with us in English, with perfect facility. The English language is much cultivated in Hungary, and English literature is highly esteemed. We afterwards walked through the principal parts of the city, which gives proof of being the capital of an improving country. Perhaps the effect of it might be a little heightened, by its strong contrast to the scenes we had so long been familiar with. Pesth is well supplied with excellent shops, furnished apparently with all the necessaries and elegancies of life. Every part of it is beautifully clean, and the streets are kept in the best order. It was, moreover, market day, which gave us an opportunity of noticing the varieties of national costume, and of seeing the fine rich produce of the country. The fruits, vegetables and flowers were abundant and beautiful. I was much struck with the fine breed of horses in Hungary—not only those used for the saddle, but for draught also. They are very powerful and active, and admirably formed.

On the following morning we quitted Pesth, and again

committed ourselves to the steamboat and the Danube. In the evening of the next day we reached *Presburg*—then *Hamburg*, with several other places of minor importance, amidst scenery occasionally possessing considerable beauty. At Presburg we spent an hour very pleasantly, chiefly in exploring a fine old Church, dedicated to the Virgin, and connected with a monastic establishment. There are many interesting monuments and other matters about the church, which is, however, grievously disfigured by statues badly executed, and painted to represent the natural color of flesh. They consist of saints, angels, martyrs—and of Christ himself in the agony of the cross. It is quite distressing to see the grossness of taste into which the mind declines, while acting under the influence of a system whose fatal characteristic is departure from the written word of God; and which seeks to stimulate the imagination rather than to purify the heart. Let but the simple "truth as it is in Jesus" take full possession of the souls of those poor monks who pointed out these objects to us; let faith accomplish its perfect work—and they themselves would be the first to banish and account them loathsome. The genuine faith of a true Christian needs not to be propped up by painted images; it stands firmly, without a crutch of man's constructing.

We reached Vienna on the nineteenth of September, and spent a few days in visiting some of the more prominent objects of that interesting capital. The ancient city is bounded by walls, and is small in extent. Between it and the suburbs is a circular plain, of six or seven hundred yards in breadth, extending all round the city, on which none of the modern additions have been erected. This precaution has no doubt added to the salubrity of the place. In some parts it is planted, and has a very agreeable effect. The cathedral is a fine specimen of the style of Gothic, usually denominated "florid." The spire is said to be four hundred and forty-seven feet high —extremely beautiful; and the citizens are justly proud of it. The archiepiscopal residence—a noble-fronted structure, is immediately connected with the cathedral. The internal

enrichments of the church are abundant, but do not distrac the attention. There is, however, extravagantly bad taste displayed in the erection of modern, tawdry, gilt altars, with the most absurd decorations, against the nave pillars. The high altar is superbly enriched with splendidly chased silver furniture. In the eastern window is some magnificent old stained glass. A very sombre air pervades the whole edifice; and upon minds suffering themselves to be influenced by externals, its effect must be very great.

The arsenal and armory are extensive; and, in addition to the usual matters found in such establishments, contain many interesting objects—trophies and relics connected with the history of Europe, which I cannot stay to particularize; but I must not omit to mention that in one of the quadrangles are preserved the vast massive chains of iron, forged by the Turks, with which they hoped to impede the navigation of the Danube, when they besieged the city, in 1683, and were effectually and finally repulsed by John Sobieski, King of Poland.

We visited the Church of the Augustines, for the sake, chiefly, of examining a deservedly celebrated work of Canova, a tomb in memory of Maria Christina, daughter of Francis I. and wife of Albert, Duke of Teschen. Its only inscription is "*Uxori optimæ, Albertus.*" I think I have never before found my mind so affected by sculpture of the funereal kind, against which, in general, I have some sort of objection. This work is full of the rich genius of Canova. The background of the composition represents a pyramidal tomb, the door of which is open. There is a procession approaching it, the figures of which seem to breathe. The foremost have advanced quite to the door. The principal one is Virtue (a lovely female figure, habited in full, following drapery), bearing an urn, overhung with garlands, towards which her head is bowed. On either side are two other delicate female forms, bearing torches. Behind these, are three figures, the foremost of which is Benevolence—a charming female figure, leading a graceful child and a blind old man. On the other side of

the open entrance is a slumbering lion, upon whose shaggy sides, a winged male form, of the most exquisite modelling reposes. Like every other beautiful triumph of genius, it must be seen to be understood. The impression of it is still vivid in my memory. After enjoying this delightful production, we were conducted to a small iron-doored chamber, or cell, in which were ranged, in small silver urns placed in rows, the hearts of the sovereigns and other members of the imperial families, from Maximilian downwards. Amongst the most recently deposited, was the heart of the son of Napoleon—the young Duke of Reichstadt. Alas! how cold and motionless are those hearts which once throbbed with ambition, and swelled with human pride and daring! That small chilly cell, contained as it were, a little world of hearts —what a breadth of history do they cover!

In the Convent of the Capuchins, there is an extensive crypt, in which are deposited the other remains of members of the imperial family—most of them in sarcophagi of the most splendid kind, in admirable taste, and of costly material and workmanship. They are, for the most part, in bronze, finely cast or sculptured in relief, with enrichments of silver, beautifully chased. Some of the panels, in basso-relievo, may be spoken of as among the finest specimens of the art. I have often thought it would be desirable for some skilful British artist to make elaborate drawings or engravings of these beautiful objects, that the public at home might, in some degree, share the enjoyment of such an exhibition. But after all that can be said—that crypt in the Convent of the Capuchins is rife with the dishonors of death, though the rich creations of genius live and flourish there—untouched, untainted by the worm.

We took an opportunity of visiting Schonbrün, one of the royal palaces, between three and four miles distant from the city. The site of it is good; and was originally selected by the Emperor Maximilian. It was occupied by Napoleon while the French troops held possession of Vienna. It is approached through a straight avenue, of rather more than a

quarter of a mile in length. The structure itself forms three sides of a quadrangle; the fourth consists of gates, lodges, &c. The elevation is somewhat deficient in effect; and its height is disproportioned to its length. It is in a kind of Italian style. The Emperor happened to be in residence at the time of our visit, so that we were prevented exploring the interior. I am, at the best, but a poor visitor of show-palaces, either at home or abroad—so the disappointment was but little. We spent a considerable time in the grounds, the nearer parts of which are laid out in the old Italian style—formally cut and clipped, and adorned with statues, fountains, and arches. In several large reservoirs were thousands of gold and silver fish, so tame that they came readily to be fed when we threw leaves or a few blades of grass upon the surface. Beyond the formal gardens are extensive plantations of fine oaks and beech, growing very luxuriantly. Schönbrün is altogether a delightful place of residence, and worthy the attention of a traveller.

The gallery of the Prince Esterhazy is an object of great interest—less, perhaps, to me than to many others; for, though delighting in pictures, my mind is wearied and disturbed by large collections. I was particularly charmed with some fine specimens of the works of Wouverman, Claude, Both, Canalletti, Rembrant, Reuysdael, P. Potter, &c. There are also many pictures of the Spanish school, amongst which the Murillos are held in high esteem. There is a noble work of Christ before Pilate. It is Rembrant's. The moment selected by the painter, is that in which Pilate washed his hands, declaring that he found no fault in Him. The figure of Christ is totally void of that affectation so common in many modern masters, aye, and in some ancients, too; and it is subdued—quiet—humble—abased. Pilate's countenance, especially in the eyes and lips, is deeply expressive of the state of his mind at the moment. The figures in this fine picture are about half-size.

The general impression left on my mind by the city of Vienna, after this brief visit in passing, is extremely agreea-

ble. It presents far less of what is usually offensive in Roman Catholic countries, than many principal cities and towns which I have visited. The churches and church porches are not infested by such swarms of mendicants as I observed in France, Rome, and Naples; indeed, mendicity scarcely seems to exist; and even in the suburbs, where less wealthy classes are to be sought for, I saw but little that gave me an idea of prevalent poverty. Cleanliness and decency characterize the city and its inhabitants, coupled with an external appearance of good order.

We quitted Vienna on the twenty-third of September, and were again on the Danube, in our way to Linz, which we reached in the afternoon of the following day. The town is situate on both sides of the river, and is beautifully picturesque. It has the external indications of wealth and prosperity. From the ramparts we commanded a fine view of the course of the Danube and its surrounding scenery. On the following morning, a dense fog, which obscured the course of the river, delayed us for several hours. At length, we proceeded amidst lovely scenes equalling any thing upon the Rhine; but in the evening, the fog again became so thick that it was unsafe to proceed. We anchored, therefore, at *Ober-zell*, an inconsiderable town of Bavaria. It was difficult for us all to obtain tolerable accommodations for the night. However, like travellers who had roughed it for so many months, we made ourselves as content as we could amidst the boorish inmates of a poor Bavarian hotel—where nothing but German is eaten, drunk and spoken. A German bed is an amusing contrivance. It consists of a mattrass below, with a pile of downy pillows for the head, packed together in a kind of wooden box; and the only covering is an immense pillow, the size of the mattrass, stuffed with down, seven or eight inches thick. It is no pleasant thing, in the middle of the night, to wake and find this curious invention, without any means of fixing it, fairly spread upon the floor, or only covering the sleeper crosswise. At Ober-zell we could have only one room, with four of these strange beds placed in a row. In order to

secure this room to ourselves, we expressed our intention to be the tenants, if not occupiers of all the beds; and it seemed quite unintelligible to the Bavarian chamber-maid, how two Englishmen could possibly want four beds. However, our will became law, and we kept uninterrupted possession of our quarters.

At five o'clock on the following morning we re-embarked, and after a delightful passage of three hours, reached Passau; from whence our route lay to Ratisbon. We now took leave of the Danube; and certainly though many interesting objects presented themselves to our notice, I have but little desire to retrace my steps. Our journey up to Passau had cost us twenty-six days, accompanied by all the inconveniences of small and ill-adjusted steamers. We were now in Bavaria, of which Passau is a rather interesting ancient town. It is the capital of an episcopal see. The cathedral is deemed one of the finest in Germany. It was originally Gothic, but has been remodelled after St. Peter's at Rome. I cannot say much for the taste that suggested the change. From Passau we took a carriage towards Ratisbon, resting in the evening at Pattsling—a considerable village, with but rude accommodation; and then onwards next day, till we reached Ratisbon at about six in the evening. The roads of Bavaria are excellent; and the country is exceedingly well cultivated. The peasantry appear healthy and industrious, and present no indications of squalid poverty. A remarkable custom prevails among the apprentices. For the purpose of being instructed in their respective trades and occupations, they go from town to town, seeking employment among various masters. The most respectable do this, as well as the humbler; and they are not permitted to exercise their various callings on their own account, till they have had the fullest experience in this way. They make their progress on foot, or get a chance lift in an empty carriage; and without assuming the air of mendicants, ask assistance of travellers by the way. It is a custom well understood in the country, and there is no sense of degradation connected with it. We overtook many apprentices in our way, some of

whom looked like clever and intelligent lads. The Bavarians are good farmers; and the towns and smaller villages have about them an air of comfort and respectability. The children are commonly fine specimens of healthiness and natural beauty.

Ratisbon contains little to fix the attention of the traveller besides the cathedral, which is a beautiful specimen of florid Gothic—with very few of the modern disfigurements to which so many fine ecclesiastical structures on the Continent have been subjected. The general effect is sombre and quietly graceful, neither too rich in ornament, nor too poor. The color of the stone has been defaced by time. The groined roof has been spoiled by the common disfigurement of whitewash, for the purpose of sprinkling over it a number of gilded stars. If the roof could be restored, the whole effect would be all that could be desired. The exterior has been left unfinished. Spires were evidently intended to be erected upon the towers over the western entrance, which are now only capped with tiles in a pyramidal form. The greater number of the inhabitants of Ratisbon are Protestants.

Pursuing our journey by night, we reached Nurenburg early on the morning of the thirtieth of September. It is a Lutheran town, and remarkable for its fine cathedral, which contains some admirable specimens of the works of Albert Durer in excellent preservation. The popish decorations still remain untouched. The inhabitants of Nurenburg are considerable mechanics in iron, steel, ivory, wood, and alabaster. There is also a great manufactory of toys, usually called Dutch toys. It has the appearance of a wealthy, ancient place. The roofs of the houses are curiously constructed. They are very steep, and have several rows of windows built in them. From Nurenburg we passed on rapidly, by night, through Wurtzburg to Frankfort where we arrived in the afternoon, and there fixed ourselves for a few days at the Hotel de Russie—a truly comfortable place

of sojourn, after all we had put up with since quitting Constantinople.

Frankfort has an entirely modern aspect; and the extremely flat regularity and whiteness of its buildings becomes wearisome to the eye. It is beautifully clean, and has the appearance of a prosperous town. The cathedral is very poor indeed. The public library is a delightful place of resort. In the entrance hall is a noble statue of Goethe. It is indeed an admirable work, and worthy of its great subject. There is a grandeur of repose about it, quite indescribable. Every true Protestant who visits the library of Frankfort, gazes with delight upon the autographs of those men of God—mighty-hearted *Luther*, and gentle *Melancthon*—the spiritual champions of an iron age, for whom and for whose achievements we praise God in the same degree in which we love our Bibles, and live upon the unmingled, unadulterated truth of God—"the truth as it is in Jesus." Though the hands that traced those names are dust, yet their record is written on high, and they are embalmed in the memory of the people of God. Even the rude shoe of Luther, preserved with veneration, and shewn in the library, is an object from which one cannot turn away without many a thought directed towards him who trod the difficult way of duty in the firm majesty of truth—though all that was terrible in earthly domination and spiritual despotism sought to frown him off from his integrity of purpose.

Frankfort, and the adjacent parts of Germany, are now so generally known and so frequently visited by the English, that English faces and English sounds prevail in every part. I felt all the time as if I were on the very boundaries of home. If the reader be half as impatient for the end of my narrative, as I was for home, he will be disposed to skip over the remainder of this chapter, and sympathize with me in the concluding one.

Our route lay down the Rhine, of which so much has been said and sung and sketched and painted, that, really, I have nothing to tell, further than that we reached Mayence by the

short railroad, and steamed down the Rhine to Cologne, of which expedition every drawing-room table abounds with details, graphic and literary. From Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle was but a railroad step; and from thence to Liege by diligence, a dreary drag of eight hours. Then came Courtray—Ypres—and last of all, Calais, and the far-famed hotel of "*Monsieur Dessin*," our final continental resting place; and then, next morning, midway in the British Channel looking right ahead—What are those white cliffs, and that little sparkling town below, and those masts bearing a well-known flag? ——

—— Oh joy! It is Dover—England—my father-land: the home of my family—of my flock—MY OWN BELOVED HOME!

A brief space—and the anchor was cast. With a calm and thankful spirit I again stood on the venerated shores of highly-gifted England—a better man, I trust; if not at least I think a wiser.

CHAPTER XII.

FINAL.

The growing interest about the Holy Land—Inferences—Fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecy—Conclusion.

Once more at home, and with the familiar and beloved objects and pursuits of home around me, I sometimes find it difficult to muse upon the substance of my narrative, otherwise than as the recollection of a bright vision that has past away for ever. But if I have fulfilled my intention, there will be deposited in the mind of the intelligent reader, a deep —an abiding sense of reality, which will gain strength as he dwells upon the records of inspiration; for he will go on steadily filling up the outlines of thought which I have rapidly sketched out before him. The reader who does not love his Bible, will doubtless deem mine a dull narrative indeed—to him it must be so; for certainly all the interest with which it may be invested is dependent upon Holy Scripture, and the previous deposit of its wondrous contents in the heart.

It is a remarkable feature of the present times, that there should be an almost universal—an unprecedented interest felt and manifested in all that relates to the Holy Land. The most intellectual and gifted are never weary of inquiring; and the humblest artizan will suspend his labor that he may listen. Artists love to portray its venerable scenes; and all men gaze on them with wonder and delight. Moreover, those who possess the means—the Jew and the Gentile, the Poet and the Philosopher, the Scholar and the Divine—the subjects of most kingdoms, the dwellers in distant climes—are daily bending their steps to the land of Scripture-history; and soon, I

imagine, the route will become as familiar as the "grand tour" has been for the last half century. All this increase of interest is the growth of but few years. Time was, when only a few bold, enthusiastic and daring spirits went forth as pioneers, braving danger and enduring privation for the sake of pushing their inquiries to the utmost. Some of these were Christian—one, an infidel; but all have in their way helped to open more widely the volume of inspiration; and even Volney himself—the infidel Volney, has, in the purpose of God, been remarkably instrumental to the manifestation of truths which he daringly sought to assail. And now, looking to the labors of later years, we find a mass of authentic information placed on record, which, by evidencing the literal and exact fulfilment of prophecy in its minutest particulars, serves to define the ground on which we are to stand while seeking out the interpretation of prophecy yet to be fulfilled. And it is not easy to suppose that any important addition can be made —except, it may be, in reference to geological science, and some few other particulars of the physical condition of the Holy Land.

And it is to be borne in mind that there has been no spirit of mere worldly enterprize at work in this movement. Men have not gone out, and are not now doing so, for the purpose of securing temporal interests—and just stumbling upon truth by the way; far otherwise. Most candid-minded men have gone with their Bibles in their hands, in the simple hope of understanding more exactly what the Bible contains. In the days of the crusades, Palestine was thronged by ardent-spirited men; but they went for a different end. They hoped to earn an earthly honor and a glorious name, in what they deemed a spiritual chivalry. They went with a closed Bible and an unsheathed sword. The sword at length returned to its scabbard and rusted there—the Bible remained clasped. Our earliest views of Palestine are, therefore, little better than fabulous dreamings. But, with the singleness of purpose which has characterized the men of a later day, we see at once an important result connected; and I will venture to

affirm that the whole Bible is now more fully and simply apprehended than in any previous age of the world.

From these matters of fact, I think two things are plainly deducible, from which we may perhaps humbly infer somewhat of the intention of the Divine mind. First, that the Bible, as a revelation from God, has been steadily assuming its true position in the estimation of men, and that the more thoughtful are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the fate and fortunes of kingdoms and people are positively involved in the reception or rejection of Bible-truth. Secondly, that there is felt to be a peculiar and positive relation between the present state and final prospects of God's ancient people Israel, and the announcements of His unchangeable word concerning them; and along with this, a growing interest, as universal as the circulation of the Bible, in whatever concerns the Jewish people—so long despised and accounted vile and hopeless.

Now if the intention of the Divine mind be really, in anywise, indicated by these things, may we not fairly inquire to what end it is probably directed? And may we not soon and safely arrive at the conclusion, that it is towards a preparation of the church for a signal fulfilment of prophecy? I am inclined to suppose that the preparation of the church will be, not the result of any marvellous or miraculous means, but rather the consequence of a series of events, and of a course of procedure which, upon a superficial view, will seem to be only the result of a progressive development of mind and mental perception; but which will really have the whole purpose of God involved in it. Clear views of prophecy will at length be extensively embraced. The things prophecied will be deemed desirable in the highest degree; and next they will appear plainly practicable; and as this state of mind in the church progresses, she will be so much the more prepared for the fulfilment. With every fresh ray of Bible-light imparted by the Holy Spirit to a waiting, prayerful church, some direct purpose of God will, doubtless, be connected. All the confidence which the church enjoys stands upon pro-

phecies fulfilled, and promises made good. Every thing for which she hopes fervently and waits humbly is announced in prophecy and secured by promise—in prophecy, yet to be opened—in promise yet to be realized. As the church's view of unfulfilled prophecy and promise becomes clearer, her hope will become brighter, and she will wait with a more patient humility—alive with confiding expectation. It is not, then, out of a spirit of mere curiosity that thoughtful men are exploring the Holy Land, and investigating things as they are, in the light of revelation.

And here we may ask—To what does the great bulk of unfulfilled prophecy and promise point? We answer—mainly to two august events, involving many subordinate ones. Those events are the second coming and kingdom of Messiah, and the final restoration of Israel. I do not here venture any opinions as to the mode or circumstantials of either; but I only direct attention to them as events divinely announced, and therefore to be expected; and moreover, as events which I deem to be positively connected with each other in the divine purpose. Now then, let the Church be in her proper attitude of expectation, and she will be steadily preparing herself for the events. The germ, so to speak, of that preparation is I think easily traceable in the movement to which I have referred; and I am inclined to believe that it will not be long—very long, ere the scriptural position and prospects of the Jews will be extensively recognized, and the way—God's way, prepared for their final restoration. I confess I cannot account for the unparalleled interest which the very name of the Holy Land now so generally awakens in the world, upon any principles but those which I have glanced at in these pages. But I must not dwell upon the subject here. It is too vast both in its nature and bearings; and besides, I do hope I may have grace and strength to mature my views in the light of Scripture and careful observation, so as to treat them with some degree of clearness in a volume supplementary to this. None but those, who like myself, have trodden "Immanuel's land," and tracked Israel

in their wanderings through "the great and terrible wilderness," can fully understand the emotion with which from time to time I muse upon their past history and future prospects. Would that I could impart it to those who may glance upon these pages. But I do entertain a hope, that the growing interest will ere long become so deep and so expansive, that from all Christendom there shall go forth the cry—"Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom of Israel?"—the kingdom that shall be glorious under the royal sceptre of the SEED of David.

For my own part, I have learnt many a lesson amidst the toils of travel, which I never could have acquired so well even in the quietest retirement of literary leisure, had such been my lot. My heavenly Father who saw good to suspend my pastoral exertions by enfeebled health, was graciously providing for my heart's refreshment and for my soul's nou rishment in the truth. If I have not laid bare to my readers' perception the whole result of my experience, it is solely because there are parts of it which lie too deep for verbal expression, and which have become blended with my being, rather than reflected on my mind.

I look back upon the past with wonder, delight and gratitude. I shall never cease to do so while my memory lasts. Perhaps the retrospection has afforded me far deeper enjoy ment amidst the effort of authorship, than any can expect to draw from a perusal of these pages. In the pointed language of an elder traveller in the same scenes,* I may add, "The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms; once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valor and heroical actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility have been planted and have flourished and lastly, where God himself did place his own common

* George Sandys, 1632.

wealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired his prophets, sent angels to converse with men—above all, where the Son of God descended to become man; where he honored the earth with his beautiful steps, wrought the work of our redemption, and ascended into glory:—which countries, once so glorious, and famous for their happy estate, are now through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplored spectacles of extreme misery—the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility, and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion; who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude, under which, to the astonishment of the understanding beholders, it now faints and groaneth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves, and murderers; large territories dispeopled, or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted or prostituted to impiety—true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished; violence and rapine insulting over all and leaving no security save to an abject mind, and unlooked on poverty; which calamities of theirs so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions . . . . . thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutabiltty of whatsoever is worldly; and assurance that as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable but by his grace and protection."

And now—my pilgrimage is ended—my labor finished. Henceforth I will be a pilgrim to the Heavenly Canaan and the New Jerusalem; and I will go forth leaning on the cross of my adorable Redeemer, and looking to His righteousness alone for my place in the kingdom, and my share in the coming glory.

Oh! that the Pilgrim-Pastor and a goodly growing Flock

may journey onward in faith and love together, singing—
"UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US, AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER; TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION, FOR EVER AND EVER! AMEN."

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